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FARM & FIRESIDE



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24 NUMBERS.

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has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation. A large majority neither work for others nor have others work for them. A considerable number mingle their own labor with capital, that is, they labor with their own hands, and also buy or hire others to labor for them; but this is only a mixed and not a distinct class. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable, it is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence it is just encouragement to enterprise.

"Let not him that is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself; thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

In his letter accepting the Democratic nomination for the presidency, Mr. Bryan states that he unqualifiedly indorses each plank of the platform adopted by the Chicago convention. The question of free, unlimited coinage of silver is not discussed; what he says on finance relates to bonds, national-bank notes and greenbacks.

The letter concludes as follows:

"It is not necessary to discuss the tariff question at this time. Whatever may be the individual views of citizens as to the relative merits of protection and tariff reform, all must recognize that until the money question is fully and finally settled, the American people will not consent to the consideration of any other important question. Taxation presents a problem which in some form is continually present, and a postponement of definite action upon it involves no sacrifice of personal opinion or political principles; but the crisis presented by financial conditions cannot be postponed. Tremendous results will follow the action taken by the United States on the money question, and delay is impossible. The people of this nation, sitting as a high court, must render judgment in the cause which greed is prosecuting against humanity. The decision will either give hope and inspiration to those who toil, or 'shut the doors of mercy on mankind.' In the presence of this overshadowing issue, differences upon minor questions must be laid aside in order that there may be united action among those who are determined that progress toward an universal gold standard shall be stayed, and the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution restored."

THE national convention of the National Democratic party was held in Indianapolis the first week in September. Eight hundred and twenty-four delegates, representing forty-one states and three territories, were present. Gen. John M. Palmer, of Illinois, was nominated for president, and Gen. Simon B. Buckner for vice-president.

The part of the platform adopted giving reasons for the action of the sound-money Democrats reads as follows:

"This convention has assembled to uphold the principles upon which depend the honor and welfare of the American people, in order that Democrats throughout the Union may unite their patriotic efforts to avert disaster from their country and ruin from their party.

"The declarations of the Chicago convention attack individual freedom, the right of private contract, the independence of the judiciary and the authority of the president to enforce federal laws. They advocate a reckless attempt to increase the price of silver by legislation, to the debasement of our monetary standard, and threaten unlimited issues of paper money by the govern-

ment. They abandon for Republican allies the Democratic cause of tariff reform, to court the favor of protectionists to their fiscal heresy.

"In view of these and other grave departures from Democratic principles, we cannot support the candidates of that convention, nor be bound by its acts. The Democratic party has survived many defeats, but could not survive a victory won in behalf of the doctrine and policy proclaimed in its name at Chicago."

The platform reaffirms the doctrine of tariff for revenue only; denounces protection and free coinage of silver; demands modern and liberal policies toward American shipping; commends the administration; upholds civil-service reform; favors liberal pensions; favors arbitration in the settlement of international disputes; and condemns all efforts to degrade the Supreme Court.

On the silver question the platform reads:

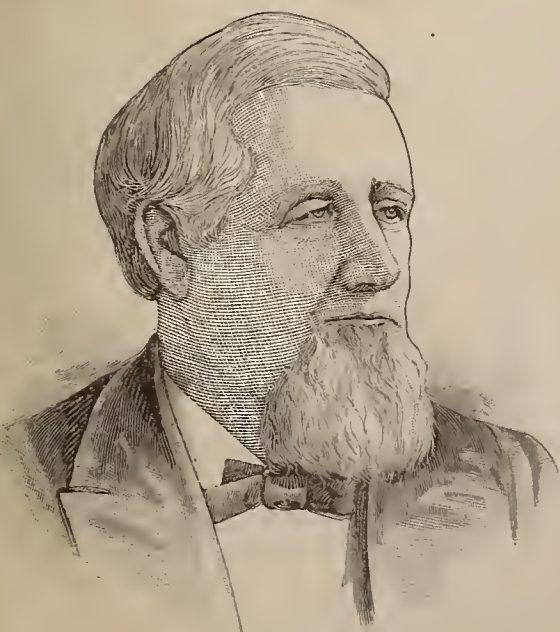
"The experience of mankind has shown that by reason of their natural qualities gold is the necessary money of the large affairs of commerce and business, while silver is conveniently adapted to minor transactions, and the most beneficial use of both together can be insured by the adoption of the former as a standard of monetary measure, and the maintenance of silver at a parity with gold by its limited coinage under suitable safeguards of law. Thus the largest possible enjoyment of both metals is gained, with a value universally accepted throughout the world, which constitutes the only practical bimetallic currency, assuring the most stable standard, and especially the best and safest money for all who earn their livelihood by labor or the produce of husbandry. They cannot suffer when paid in the best money known to man, but are the peculiar and most defenseless victims of a debased and fluctuating currency, which offers continual profits to the money-changer at their cost.

"Realizing these truths, demonstrated by long and public inconvenience and loss, the Democratic party, in the interest of the masses and of equal justice to all, practically established, by the legislation of 1834 and 1853, the gold standard of monetary measurement, and likewise

WITH THE VANGUARD

THIRTY-TWO years ago, in an address to a working-men's association, President Lincoln spoke of the true relation of labor and capital. His words have recently reappeared in a form garbled almost to the extent of placing Lincoln in the ranks of the socialistic enemies of capital and property rights. The correct text of what Lincoln said reads as follows:

"It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that no one labors unless somebody



JOHN M. PALMER.

else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. Now, there is no such relation between labor and capital as assumed; nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Capital



SIMON B. BUCKNER.

entirely divorced the government from banking and currency issues. To this long-established Democratic policy we adhere, and insist upon the maintenance of the gold standard, and of the parity therewith of every dollar issued by the government; and are firmly opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and to the compulsory purchase of silver bullion."

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NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

The Potato Outlook. I am fully convinced that the potato crop this year will be rather small, and that prices must move up rather than down. In fact, it would not surprise me to see quite a scarcity in potatoes the coming winter, and consequently high prices. Growers need not be in a great hurry to sell their surplus. The country will have use for every bushel of potatoes raised in the United States this year. My calls for reports of the condition of apple and other fruit crops have been generously responded to, and I heartily thank all who have favored me by writing to me. Now I ask potato-growers all over the country for the same favor. I wish to know what kind of a crop we are going to have this year in this country. Just briefly mention acreage (whether increased or decreased), yield and general condition of the vines. Many such reports are welcome, and will be appreciated. Address them to T. Greiner, La Salle, N. Y.

Doctoring Farm Animals. Superstitious notions about ailments of farm animals and ways of curing them seem to be prevailing everywhere. We hear of "hollow-horn" and "wolf-in-the-tail" of cattle, and of all manner of nonsensical ways of treating these "diseases." One of my horses had some trouble with its digestive apparatus, and its blood seemed to be out of order. It was constantly trying to rub its tail and mane. I drove it a good deal before the carriage this summer, and about every day somebody stopped me to say that the horse had the "lampas," and that I should cut it in the mouth, or feed it a few ears of corn twice a day, etc. Then I consulted Wm. H. Clarke's "People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor," and found in it the following paragraph:

"Lampas is congestion, fever, and swelling of the gums and bars of the mouth. It

is peculiar to the young, but occurs sometimes in the aged, also. The eruption of the teeth, especially the tushes, is probably the chief cause in the case of the young, and their continuous growth throughout life the chief cause in that of the old. Direct irritation, bits, the action of certain foods, and gastric disorder are also causes. The remedy is lancing the gums and bars. Let the blood out. Burning is not only useless, but barbarous. Give soft or green food, and an astringent wash if necessary." Now, people had opened the animal's mouth, and called my attention to the gums being almost higher than the teeth, etc., and yet I could see nothing wrong locally. There was no inflammation, no swelling, and no trouble with the teeth that I could see. Neither could I believe that a mere swelling of the gums could produce itching along the mane and the tail. So in order to get more light on the subject I wrote to Dr. C. D. Smead, our prominent veterinary surgeon, and received from him the following reply, which I give for the information of other readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE:

"Feed the animal upon easily digested food, and of a kind requiring but little mastication. Until within a few years this so-called disease was the great bugbear of the stable. If a colt was unthrifty, his mouth was examined, and if the gums were below the front upper teeth, the colt was straightway taken to the nearest blacksmith-shop, where the smith usually kept on hand an iron made for the purpose, and said iron was heated to a dull red heat, and the gums or bars of the mouth were seared with it, and sometimes seriously burned, or burned so deeply that an ugly sore was produced that took a long time to heal; and not infrequently the teeth were injured in the operation. Again, whenever an old horse rubbed his tail or mane, it was thought that he had lampas, and the gums or bars of the mouth were fired, the horse given a dose of physic and a few bran mashies, and a cure was thought to have been accomplished that could not have been done had the lampas not been burned. Again, some farmers thought that a few ears of old, hard corn was the proper thing to feed for a time, as in gnawing off the corn from the cob the lampas would be reduced by mechanical means.

"Now, later developments have proven all this to have been sheer nonsense. If any person who still believes in the lampas theory will take the pains to examine a few colts' and horses' mouths, he will find (except it be an extremely old horse whose gums have perished away) that in all horses' mouths, as a rule, the gums will be on a level or even a little below the front upper teeth. That is perfectly natural. Now, it is a fact that colts frequently suffer by reason of inflamed gums of the back part of the month when they are shedding or cutting new teeth; and it is also true that mature horses frequently suffer from irregular growing teeth, ulcerated gums, decayed teeth and toothache. Also, when the colt is shedding his front teeth the gums may be inflamed and cause pain. But this is not a disease; it is simply an effect of teething, which is natural. We must look for more than this in order to find a cause for the animal's unthriftiness.

"Whenever the colt fails to eat a class of food that ordinarily would be palatable, it is well to examine the mouth—not alone the front teeth, but the back part of the month—and see if the teeth are not cutting the cheeks, or the gums are not inflamed by reason of the teeth trying to force their way through. If so, a little cutting with a sharp knife may furnish relief. There may also be teeth that are coming in crooked or with sharp points that turn outward and injure the cheeks, or in and wound the tongue; and the middle-aged horse or old one may have teeth that are wearing in such a manner as to produce sharp-cutting edges. Then the proper thing to do is to have a competent man with a proper file trim them off as needed, and let the bars of the month alone, even if they do come below the teeth. It does no harm whatever. The old theory of lampas, like many other things, has in later days been proven to exist mostly in man's imagination. Barring the existence of ill-shaped teeth, or the other things mentioned, the trouble could generally be traced to the feeding of

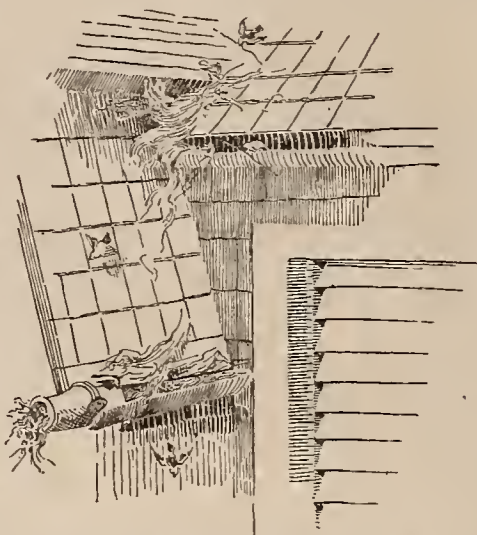
an unbalanced ration or improper management of the animal."

The English Sparrow.

I was pained to see so good a paper as the *Youth's Companion* join in the warfare against this little fellow. But I will quote one interesting story it tells as coming from a prominent American ornithologist, as follows:

"Last summer," says this observer, "I noticed, well up in a pear-tree of my suburban garden, a pair of 'least flycatchers'—true native insect-destroyers, hardly as large as undersized canaries—defending their pretty, compact nest against a dozen English sparrows. The sparrows, in concert, moved about the nest in a gradually narrowing circle, keeping up a sort of death dance like the capers of cannibals about a stake-bound victim.

"The plucky little nest proprietors flung themselves furiously upon the evil army, occasionally knocking a sparrow fairly over; but the circle slowly narrowed, and at last both flycatchers fell rather than flew, completely beaten out, to the lower limbs of the tree. There, with outspread wings, they lay panting. The sparrows now closed in upon the nest and began to pick it to pieces, tossing mouthfuls of it, in mere malice as it seemed, to right and



SPARROW-NESTING ON BUILDINGS.

left. Soon an evil-looking sparrow sprang to its rim and peered down in the notorious manner of the feathered egg-thief. But at that instant one of the flycatchers, restored, flashed into sight and drove the intruder helter-skelter. Then the mate came, and the noble little pair, darting desperately upon the robber gang, triumphantly ranted it! Those sparrows never came back. The flycatchers raised their brood in 'peace with honor.'"

We have had the English sparrow on and near the place in large numbers for years, and yet have never noticed any great injury done by them. We also have robins, bluebirds, cedar-birds, cat-birds, Baltimore oriole, and many other birds, seemingly in in old-time numbers, and have never noticed a desire on the part of the sparrows to fight them or drive them away. The sparrow likes to dwell with man. It is emphatically a town and city bird, and while adding life and poetry to the surroundings by its presence and its chirp, I confess it makes itself a great nuisance in such localities by its nesting habits. It builds its great, bulky nests under the roofs, in eaves-troughs (see illustration), or in any place it can get a foothold under shelter. There we meet an absolute necessity of destroying the nests and driving the bird away. But aside from this I do not like the idea of teaching our young people to shoot and trap the bird, or hunt up and destroy the nests; and I do not like the state law which forbids harboring or feeding the bird. The English sparrow is not wholly as bad as it is painted.

T. GREINER.

SALIENT FARM NOTES.

"Which would be best, to have fruit-trees delivered in the fall or spring?" queries a young farmer who intends setting out an orchard. I should say this fall, by all means. I have purchased trees, vines and plants of nurserymen for over twenty years, and for about twelve years had them delivered in the spring. Then, by way of experiment, I ordered a lot delivered in the fall, and it was a revelation to me. Since that time all my trees and vines have been delivered in the fall, unless a change of plans during the winter called for more trees.

Two years ago I had a lot of plum-trees delivered in the fall, and during the winter decided to set out about sixty more apple-trees. The order was sent in about the first of February, with a request for an early delivery. The spring opened early, and the plum-trees were planted as soon as the soil would work well. About a month later the apple-trees arrived in good condition, and were planted at once. Last summer was the driest on record, yet with ordinary cultivation the plum-trees made a very fine growth, while the apple-trees barely kept alive, though they received the best of care. It is the best plan by far to have your trees on hand ready for the opening of spring, and just as soon as the soil will work nicely set them out. Then with a reasonable amount of cultivation they will obtain a firm root-hold on the soil before the hot, dry weather of summer comes on, and make a very satisfactory growth.

A young friend of mine writes me that he will order no more trees in the fall, because sixty per cent of those he ordered last fall were so badly injured by frost during the winter that they were worthless. He says he dug a trench a foot deep, stood the trees up in it, and "covered the roots entirely over with earth!" Does any one wonder that they were injured by frost? When I heel trees in for the winter I bury them. The roots are covered with not less than fourteen inches of soil, and the bodies, together with the shortened-in branches, with not less than three inches, and they invariably come out sound to the tips. Make your trench where the water does not stand, and don't be afraid to pile on soil. They will come out all right. Grape-vines may be planted where they are to remain. Plant them as you would in the spring, then make a small mound of earth over them. Rake this away in the spring, when the maples begin to leaf, and every vine will grow.

"If I were to farm as some men do, I should get tired and seek a cave in some vast wilderness! Why will men put off their work until the last minute? Why don't they cut down the weeds before the seed is ripe? Why don't they trim their hedges before it becomes a horse-killing job? Why don't they get their implements under shelter before the hot sun and rains warp and twist the wood out of shape and cover the iron and steel with a thick coating of rust? Why don't they cut their corn before the stalks become as wood and unfit for feed? Why don't they do things in the nick of time, instead of putting them off until the last minute, and then blaming the government because they are poor?"

So spoke a farmer who has accumulated sufficient to make himself independent. Some farmers have a "strong weakness" for being a little behindhand with all of their work, and I never yet saw one such that was successful. If you have so much work on hand that you can't keep up with it, hire more help, or don't undertake more than you can accomplish on time, and without being forever rushed to death.

"What shall I do with my oats?" asks a perplexed farmer who has about three hundred bushels of third-rate oats, for which the grain dealers offer only eight cents a bushel. Feed them. Don't sell a bushel for less than twenty cents. If they are dusty, wet them, add a little bran, and feed them to your horses, cows and calves. Feed your oats and sell corn.

A few days ago a farmer said: "I am trying to clear my land of foxtail-grass, for I believe it is one of the meanest pests we have to contend with. There was a great deal of it on my meadow, so I ran the mower over it last week and cut it down. But what puzzles me is that I failed to find any seed in the heads. Do you think they had been destroyed, or are the plants barren this year?"

If he had looked on the ground about the plants, he would have found that the seed had ripened and fallen off. He cut too late. Foxtail must be cut early—before the heads appear—if seeding is to be prevented. Then I have seen it ripen a fair crop of seed within two inches of the ground. The plow, cultivator and hoe are the best weapons with which to fight it.

FRED GRUNDY.

Our Farm.

SPRING BULBS.

FALL is the time for planting what are called spring bulbs, their period of rest being the summer months; and as the cool days of fall arrive, they are ready to push out new roots, and continue the operation all the winter, ready to burst into flower almost before winter leaves us.

First comes the modest little snowdrop with its pearly-white bells, then the crocuses, followed soon after by narcissus, then the tulips and hyacinths. This class of plants are favorites in the flower garden, the window, and among florists for cut flowers.

In the garden, planting may be performed any time after the summer flowers are cut down by frost, so that the same beds or borders may be used, which are out of flower and give way for the regular occupants of summer. In old-fashioned gardens or mixed flower-beds the bulbs may be left in the ground all the time; in such beds as are filled in summer with bedding plants, these spring bulbs are taken up, dried, and placed away till planting-time again.

One of the prettiest ways of growing these beautiful spring flowers is to plant the bulbs, especially the smaller ones, as scillas, crocuses, snowdrops and the daffodils, in the grass under and around trees and shrubs, where they will take care of themselves for years. Mowing after the flowering is over does not destroy them.



ROMAN HYACINTHS

Out at the old homestead of old Doctor Kennicott at the grove in this county, there are hosts of daffodils, almost wild, planted there by that early horticulturist forty years ago.

This kind of planting should be as informal as possible, representing what one would expect to see if growing in a state of nature. In the flower-beds only should they be in prim rows, and may be massed in colors, either in circles or otherwise, at the pleasure of the planter. The smaller bulbs should be planted three to four inches deep, the larger four to six inches. It is advisable the planting should be done as early as October, so they may get good root action, although we have planted even as late as December, in open winters, and still good results followed.

Hyacinths are both single and double, blue, red or rose, and yellow in colors. As a rule, the early single varieties are best for growing in water. To grow the hyacinth in glasses in water, fill the glass with rain-water, so the bulbs barely touch, and place in a dark closet or other place until they have well rooted. It is also beneficial to draw up the growth of the top by a cone of paper placed well over each bulb, before exposing to the light. Any of the bulbs in forming are benefited by this drawing up of growth in partial darkness, as the tendency is to increase their height and beauty of the flower. For outdoor planting, choose the mixed hyacinths, as being not more than half the price of named sorts. The Roman hyacinths furnish several stems of flowers to each bulb, and may be set three to five in a pot. The grape-hyacinth is a beautiful little dwarf spring-flowering bulb, perfectly hardy, with blue, white and pink in the colors.

Tulips are of distinct classes, some early and others late. Among the single earlies for outdoor effect are Cottage Maid, rose and white; Crimson King; Duchess of

Parma, bronzy red; Duc'd Orange, orange and yellow; the Van Thols, many colors; Keiser's Kroon, deep red, edged yellow; Pottebacker, both scarlet and whites, and Yellow Prince are excellent varieties. The Parrot tulips are distinct and showy. Of the doubles, Crown of Gold, La Candeur, Rex Rubrorum and Yellow Rose are good.

The narcissus family includes the old daffodils, jonquils, the Chinese sacred lily (excellent for water), the paper-white, poet's narcissus, etc., all excellent for forcing or the flower garden. The Crown Imperials are imposing plants, growing several feet high almost before frosts are gone.

Crocuses are dwarf growers, suitable for edgings to flower-beds, for planting in the grass as indicated, but not very good pot-flowers, being too short-lived in the time of flowering. The scillas, or squills, are lovely little spring beauties, the Siberian of the most charming ultramarine blue of any flower grown, good for the mixed flower-bed or for planting in the grass.

EDGAR SANDERS.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE DISK-HARROW.—The cutting-harrows have reduced the cost of preparing land for seeding very materially. They save the use of the breaking-plow to a considerable extent, and leave a finer and firmer seed-bed than is often possible after the ground has been broken in the old way. Soils differ so in texture that no general rules may be laid down, but I wish to call attention to the fact that these harrows are far better adapted for use in naturally loose than tight soils, though they are being used in clays, oftentimes, to escape the clods that would result from breaking the land. In the clays and clay loams they make a fine surface, giving the ground a very superficial preparation, and the soil a few inches below the surface is left in bad condition for good crop results. We may confound a firm seed-bed with a hard one. While we do not want one that is very loose, it should be sufficiently so to permit air to enter freely and surplus water to escape. If a soil is hard-packed, it needs breaking and then thorough crushing; pulverization of the surface of an unplowed field by a disk-harrow is insufficient.

AIR IS NEEDED.—A soil must have air, and no implement causes such perfect exposure of a hard, tight soil to the air as a turning-plow. A potato or corn stubble on clay soil may be quickly prepared for seeding, so far as surface appearances go, by use of a disk or cutaway harrow, and it may be as well prepared as ground that is broken and left unpulverized; but the safest seeding is in early-plowed clay soils that have been fined and solidified by use of roller and harrow. Sandy soils and black loams have a constant air bath, owing to the looseness of their texture, but clays become so solidified by summer rains and tramping of teams that air cannot enter freely. The roots of growing wheat-plants do not penetrate them freely and easily, and surplus water does not escape as it should. Living as I do where these harrows have been the chief dependence in preparing land for wheat, I am sure that yields have been lessened in many cases by the compactness of the seed-bed below the surface. Plants were stunted and frozen out when pulverization of the soil to a depth of six inches would have saved them. These harrows are all right in their place, but their place is in ordinarily loose soils, and not in compact clays, where so many are inclined to use them to escape clods.

FAULTS OF SOME HARROWS.—There are numerous styles of cutting-harrows, and each one may have its advocates. I certainly do not propose to recommend any particular "make," but some are constructed on a faulty principle. As we know, all draw hard. This is the necessary result of lifting a large amount of firm ground all the time the team is moving. But some harrows are much more wearing on a team than others. Many manufacturers have made the mistake of attaching the gang-rods to the pole, thus causing a downward pull on the pole. They undertake to counteract this effect by placing the doubletrees under the pole, and claim that in this way the weight is kept off the top of the horses' necks. It may be in some cases, but I have never seen a harrow constructed in this way that did not let the weight come on the horses' necks when turning at a corner, and this sinks the col-

lars, lets the draft come on the point of the shoulders, and the team is not only wearied by the hard turning, but shoulders are bruised. The rational way is to have the pole for guidance only, having it attached to the harrow independently of the gang-rods, and have the doubletrees attached direct to the frame. No weight can then come on top of the horses' shoulders, and the hitch is similar to that of a breaking-plow. The pole should be so attached that no tilt of the harrow can put any weight upon it.

MANURING FOR WHEAT.—I know of no way in which greater effects can be gotten from a small amount of stable manure than in thin applications upon the surface of ground being prepared for wheat. When applied in this way its mechanical effect is equal to its fertilizing power. Harrowing and dragging fines it and leaves it as a mulch on the surface, and it helps to insure a stand of plants. Most soils have sufficient fertility to make a big yield of wheat if a good fall growth of plants can be gotten. Thin soils usually fail because they cannot force a strong growth before winter. A light coat of manure on the surface starts the wheat, and lessens the danger of heaving by frost. The idea that stable manure should be plowed under for wheat is abandoned by most farmers. The common mistake now is to use too much of the small supply of manure on small fields near the barn for spring crops, when larger, though more remote, returns would be gotten by top-dressing all thin land that is seeded to wheat and grass.

CHANCE FOR NEW MEADOWS.—At last we have a good store of moisture in the ground. Seedings of grass and clover have failed seriously of late, due chiefly to the fact that there has been little water to rise from the subsoil to supply the wants of vegetation. Showers do not furnish water sufficiently frequent to keep plants growing. A big percentage of the water needed should fall in the winter and spring, and be stored up for future use. The earth supply had dwindled to a comparatively small quantity before this season's heavy rains, and a catch of grass was difficult to get. Now that the earth's surface is again full of moisture we may expect to get fine stands of timothy and clover, if proper care in seeding is used. Timothy should be sown with the wheat, letting the seed fall before the hoes of the drill, if the soil is fine and the hoes run no deeper than they should. It is a mistake to seed wheat deep, and the plants will not start their permanent roots much below the surface, no matter how deep the seed is planted in the ground. Early in the spring it is advisable to reseed all thin points with timothy, and to sow eight to twelve pounds of red clover per acre. We have been plowing too much as a result of failures in seeding, and we may do safer farming to improve this opportunity of getting stands of grass and clover. DAVID.

A BACHELOR'S SALMAGUNDI.

Precept upon precept, and line upon line, over and over again, are the things needed by many a hard-working farmer. Many a one is "holding the fort" by sheer main strength. Is it not true that the struggle for existence is hard enough at best, and that the human organism will succumb but too quickly at the longest? True, the reading husbandman is studying constantly how to accomplish his work the easiest way. While thus practising muscular economy, we should recollect some friend whose opportunities have thus far been more meager than our own. We ought to endeavor to favor him with a few advantages, and then encourage him to appreciate them. One excellent way to help a friend to get along is to present him some good literature pertaining to his work. "I have not the means," did you say? Well, suppose you economize on your tobacco bill—stop it all together for awhile at least—and on your saloon bill, and also on your tea and coffee bills by quitting them entirely—"for good." Then you'll be healthier and happier, and will have the wherewithal as well to assist some struggling friend with helpful literature.

Another season has shown the great superiority of the Seminole watermelon. This has in some way been a bad year for melons, but the Seminole has come out so

far ahead there is no comparison between it and other kinds. Another season has also more than ever convinced me that seedsmen jumble spurious seed with the genuine in order to keep the raisers dependent on them for seed. The seedsmen, in their description of the Seminole, say: "The green-rinded melon is identical with the gray one." This I have this season incontrovertibly proven false. I helped to eat one of the finest green-rinded ones I ever saw, the other day, and they do not at all compare with the gray ones, in size or quality. Seed saved from a gray-rinded melon grown in a patch with the green-rinded ones produced both colors, as well as a combination of both colors. That is, the seed from the gray-rinded melon produced gray-rinded melons, as well as green-rinded ones, and also mottled ones. Seed from a gray-rinded melon grown isolated from the others produced gray ones only. Seed-ordering time is coming again, and I suggest that if you have never tried the Seminole, you include a packet of the seed in your order. I would like to hear, through this journal, from those who have tried them.

I wonder how many of the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE use the mineraline writing-fluids. They are put up in capsules, and there are five colors—black, violet, red, green and blue. Each capsule will make one half pint, the equal of which is found in no other kind. They are perfect when first written with, and will never fade. They are the most beautiful and brilliant in colors of any inks. They will not clog or corrode a pen a particle. They never mold or spoil by exposure to the air, and freezing does not injure them. They never thicken or settle, and are thinner, more fluid and limpid, and flow better than other inks. They are cheap—one half pint costing but ten cents.

Stratagem can be used everywhere, even in threading a darning-needle. Take the thread in one hand with a short loop, made between the ends of the thumb and forefinger, on the end to go through the needle-eye. With the needle in the other hand, prick the loop with the needle-point till the exposed end of the loop assumes a flat, wide, thin, sharp appearance. Then change ends with the needle and crowd this flat, wide, thin and sharp end of the loop through the eye. Catch hold when the sharp end comes through and draw the thread through sufficiently. A little practice will enable one to thread the needle in the dark, or a blind person can thread it. Thus with all things an advantage can be taken. There is a way to work by "main strength and awkwardness," and there is a way to do the same work with comparative ease. Let every one make it a study to do his work the easiest way.

There is considerable periodical disease now, and I suppose will be all through this fall coming. Notwithstanding all the prejudiced may say against it, quinine is the best antiperiodic, and I want to tell my readers how to sweeten it—but not with sugar. Take powdered licorice, in bulk about the same as the dose of quinine—a dose of licorice for each dose of quinine—and when the quinine is to be taken, put a dose of licorice into the mouth, and roll the licorice around till it is all over the inside of the mouth; then take the quinine, and the taste will not be perceived.

JEFFERSON D. CHEELY.

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Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

THE EARLIEST TOMATO.—I have recently boomed the "Early Leader" as the earliest tomato. I have a large patch of it, and the ground is still covered with ripe fruit, but we gather it only for feeding purposes. One of our horses, at least, is fond of tomatoes, and cattle and poultry take them down in large doses. The Early Leader, in short, may be good enough for giving us some extra early specimens that are fairly good at that time, but we don't want it for a later sort. When we have such perfect New Imperials, we seem to touch an Early Leader. Yet, as I have said once before, this variety may be very valuable as a foundation to build on. By careful selection of plants showing improved characteristics, we may soon secure an ideal first-early variety.

But possibly this may not be necessary, at least, if Mr. A. I. Root, in judging of another first-early sort (Gleanings of September 1st), has made no mistake. As one of the novelties for 1896 he mentions Mills' Earliest in the World tomato, and says: "During the past season we have planted nearly all of the popular candidates for an early tomato. Mill's Earliest gave us the first, and they are certainly as nice and smooth as any tomato in the world. They are not as large as the Fordhook, but they are at least one week earlier. This fact alone gives them a place. It strikes me they would be a valuable tomato to grow under glass. For a large-sized tomato, a little later than the above, we place the Fordhook at the top of the list. It is handsome, and of good size, early, and of good quality."

Now, a year or two ago I tried this Mills' wonder (with Fordhook and a large number of others), and failed to find anything very remarkable about it. Possibly I was disgusted with it from the very start by the extravagant claims made for its earliness; besides, I had only a few plants, simply because I lacked faith from the beginning. After this experience, however, I would have taken Mr. Root's words with a large dose of salt, if I had not just received an indorsement from an unexpected quarter. A brother of mine writes me that he has grown this Earliest in the World tomato this season, and finds it so good that he advises me to throw all others away. A neighbor also has had it for three years, and this year has a fine patch of plants, all trained to single stalk on stake and doing remarkably well. While I am not going to abandon all other varieties for this new phenomenon, I think I will have to give it another and more thorough trial. If it proves all that these men now say it is, we will even forgive Mr. Mills for having burdened his new tomato with a name long enough, and heavy enough, to drag it down. We shall call it simply Mills.

A FRUIT-PICKING DEVICE.—To gather the choice specimens of apples, pears, etc., so often found on the very extremity of the limbs, and in the very tops of the trees, where often out of reach of the picker's hands, is always worthy of some efforts. A rather common, often mentioned and often pictured device consists of a little bag stitched over a wire ring fastened to a long handle. Sometimes, however, it takes some twisting and tearing, and perhaps breaking of twigs or limbs, to make the fruit let go its hold. To overcome this, some genius in Germany has devised the fruit-picker here illustrated, and a firm of seedsmen in Erfurt, Germany, has put it on the market. The construction is made plain enough by the picture. A pull on the string moves the knife-blade, and cuts the stem of the fruit resting in the slot or crotch, smoothly and easily, letting the fruit fall into the bag.

THE AMERICAN COFFEE-BERRY.—For some years, close readers of seedsmen's catalogues have occasionally found among

novelties mention of the American coffee-berry, as a very fine and healthful substitute for genuine coffee. This coffee-berry is nothing more nor less than one of the varieties of soy or soja bean, and it can be used as a coffee substitute in the same way that barley, or wheat, or acorns, and possibly other grains or seeds are prepared. They are roasted like the true coffee, and then steeped up, and they will make some sort of a drink that may be even more healthful than the true coffee, and that people with a strong imagination may believe to have some sort of resemblance in flavor to Rio or Mocha. Some people, too, can enjoy pure hot water, and surely they will find it the ideal drink so



FIG. 1.

far as healthfulness is concerned. But as to flavor? Let me say simply, that there is no disputing about tastes. I take my Rio, Mocha, or whatever it may be, and will let others enjoy the decoctions of soy-bean, barley or acorns.

CHAUTAUQUA AND COLUMBUS GOOSEBERRIES.—I had a suspicion that the Chautauqua and Columbus gooseberries might be one and the same thing, but it was perhaps not well founded. On inquiring, W. Paddock, assistant horticulturist of the Geneva station, writes me as follows: "We have both Chautauqua and Columbus gooseberries in fruiting. The Chautauqua gooseberry is of excellent quality, but has never been very productive on our grounds. The Columbus is also of excellent quality, and it gives evidence of being productive, though our plants are not old enough to form a correct opinion. If you should compare the fruits of some eight or ten of the large white-fruited English gooseberries, I think you would be unable to tell the one from the other. The Columbus we consider a freer and more upright grower than the Chautauqua, and we suspect that it will be more productive."

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

TO PREVENT FRUIT-TREES SPLITTING.

I have used smooth-twisted galvanized cable fence-wire with perfect success about nine years to keep my fruit-trees from



FIG. 3.

splitting in the crotches, and never lost a tree when I put it in in time and did it properly.

My method is to put a strong cable across well up in the tree where it is crotched, boring holes of proper size with a bit, according to the number of wires I wish to put in to support the strain. From the main uprights I run side wires down to other limbs that are liable to go down. I bore directly through the prong or limb of the tree, cut wire with wire-pincers,

from measurements made with a small cord, so that when in place it will project through the limb from four to six inches, then bend down the ends and drive a fence-wire staple straddle of the wire. Sometimes I put in two of them, if there is great strain.

Always bend ends directly down the tree from the hole, to prevent girdling it any. Where more than one wire is used in the same hole, put a small iron between the wires and twist them until taut.

I sometimes run a cable entirely around the tree, through the large prongs or uprights, when there is danger of quartering apart and splitting down the body, and run girders across from wire to wire; also



FIG. 2.

put in extra wires down to anything that is liable to give way. If the tree has main upright, put three or four wires through it in one hole and carry them to different parts of the tree. Also put in side wires, as trees are frequently split from the side twist of large limbs by swaying in the wind.

A mechanic or any one who understands a few simple rules of natural philosophy will see how to arrange wires when in the tree so that the strain on the wires will be equalized and make one side of the tree counterbalance the other. Wires put in years ago are still good, not rusted, and drawn so taut they ring when struck. The auger-holes are grown over solid on to the wire, and outside staples and ends of the wire are mostly out of sight, except a small scar.

I used a quantity of wire this year, and when we had heavy thunder-storms with strong winds, and not a tree gives way under its load of fruit, I feel well paid for the expense and trouble to fix my trees. Don't wait for trees to split before you wire.

GEORGE JOHNSON.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Pruning and Training Grape-vines.—D. S. J., North Loup, Neb. The Kniffen system of grape pruning is a drooping system. A single stem or trunk is carried directly to the top wire of the trellis and two canes are taken out from side spurs at each wire. The upper ones are generally left longer than the lower. The bearing shoots are allowed to hang at will, and no summer tying is necessary; this is the distinguishing mark of the Kniffen systems. The main canes and the side canes are tied to the wires in the spring,

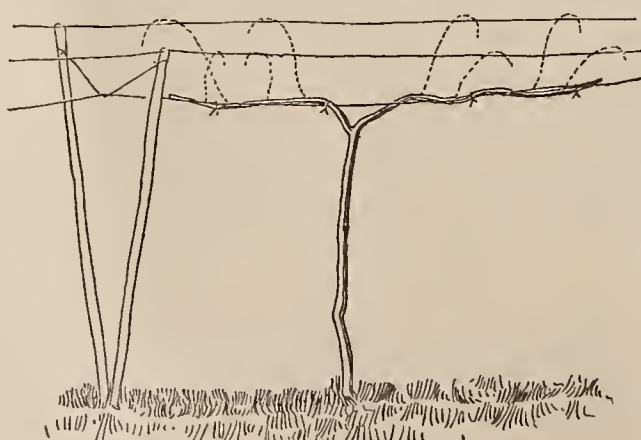


FIG. 4.

which is all the tying done. Pruning on this system consists in cutting off all the wood, save a single cane at each spur. No summer pinching or pruning is necessary on this system. Figure 1 shows how a vine pruned on the Kniffen system looks before pruning. Figure 2 shows the same vine after pruning. The canes left at each spur should be tied to the wires in the spring. In pruning, the most vigorous cane should be retained and shortened, but preference should be given to the cane nearest the main trunk. The Munson system of drooping pruning is also a form of the Kniffen system, and may be used to advantage in some places. It is as follows: Two posts are set in the same hole,

their tops diverging, but held together by a cross-wire; a wire is also stretched along the top of the posts and along the cross-wires in the middle. The trunk of the vine is secured to the middle lower wire, and the shoots loop over the side wires. The growth, therefore, makes a V-shaped, trough-like mass of leaves and vines. Figure 3 is an end view of the trellis. The bearing canes, two or four in number, left after pruning, are tied along the middle wire. Figure 4 shows a side view of the vine pruned. All the summer pruning, which Prof. Munson recommends for this system, is pinching off the tips of bearing laterals. He claims for it the following advantages: (1) The natural habit of the vine is maintained, which is a canopy to shade roots and body of vine and fruit without smothering. (2) New wood formed by sap which has never passed through bearing wood is secured for the next crop. (3) Simplicity and convenience of trellis; allowing free passage in any direction through the vineyard; circulation of air without danger of breaking tender shoots; ease of pruning, spraying, cultivation and harvesting. (4) Perfect control in pruning of amount of crop to suit capacity of vine. (5) Long canes for bearing, which agrees exactly with the nature of all our American species far better than short spurs. (6) Ease of laying down in winter. The vine being pruned, and not tied, standing away from posts can be bent to one side between the rows and earth thrown on it, and can be quickly raised and tied in position. (7) Cheapness of construction and ease of removing trellising material and using it again. (8) Durability of both trellis and vineyard.

Arbor-vitae Hedge.—R. R. S., Berryville, Va. Arbor-vita can be most successfully transplanted in the early spring. Some nurserymen prefer to move it just as it is starting into growth, but if the plants have to be packed, it is far better to move it before it shows any signs of starting. Bear in mind, however, that it is very important not to allow the roots to get even the appearance of being dry. It is customary to prune arbor-vitae, to keep it in nice form, about three to four times during the growing season. If much pruning was to be done, I should prefer to do it just as the plants start into growth in the spring.



A woman's best jewels are her babies. A healthy, happy child is womanhood's most appropriate ornament. A childless woman is to be pitied, even though she be the possessor of other jewels that are priceless. A womanly woman knows this and would sacrifice all the diamonds of all the nations for the clinging, confiding touch of baby hands. Thousands of women lead childless, loveless lives because of ill-health. They do not understand the duties that they owe to themselves. They neglect the most delicate and important parts of woman's organism. They suffer untold agonies from weakness and disease of the organs that make motherhood possible, and never know the thrilling touch of baby fingers. They imagine their cases hopeless.

In this they are mistaken. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure, safe, swift cure for all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. It acts directly and only on these organs. It prepares a woman for motherhood. It allays all discomfort during the expectant period. It insures the baby's health and makes its coming easy and almost painless. More than 90,000 women have testified in writing to its value. All good druggists sell it.

Mrs. Rebecca Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to starve myself, as nothing would stay on my stomach. I tried almost everything that people would tell me about, and nothing did me any good. I weighed only 80 pounds. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and, thank God, and your medicine, I am as well as I ever was, and now weigh 125 pounds. I have a bottle of your 'Favorite Prescription' now, and that is a wonderful medicine for female weakness. Praise God that he created such a man as you."

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Our Farm.

SCHOOLING FOR FARMERS' CHILDREN.

WHEN those who are now business men attended the country district schools of this state, primary educational matters were conducted very differently from the methods at present prevailing. If the new is an improvement on the old as regards the greatest good to the greatest number, one who has been a teacher in both country and city public schools fails to see it in that light.

Formerly the young people could attend school as long as they chose, or their parents or guardians were willing to send them. Many of the schools were attended by large numbers of young people grown to manhood and womanhood, whose parents, perhaps, were unable to send them away to more advanced schools; and they always found enough to learn—enough to satisfy their sharpened craving for literary investigation. Thousands have graduated from country schools and stepped directly into lucrative business pursuits, well prepared for the battles of life. But it seems this can be done no more, for before the child's mind has been developed sufficiently to stimulate him to nobler literary achievement, he is methodically kicked out of school.

In the district schools years ago "column spelling" prevailed. "Spelling-books" were used. These contained words in columns, which the pupils were required to study, and when the class in spelling was called, they formed in line, and the teacher pronounced the words, beginning at the head of the class. When one missed a word, it was passed to the next below, and so on. The one who spelled it correctly took his place above the one who first missed, and thus all who had missed the word had to move down the line a point. This stimulated every pupil who had any "snap" in him at all to study his lessons and try to reach the post of honor, at the head. This led to evening spelling-schools, when most of the adult neighbors turned out to witness the contest; and the one, male or female, who "spelled the school down" received an ovation. The spirit of spelling ran high, and all the vocabularies in the district were "thumbed." Let others say what they may, this old system produced better spellers than the modern style of teaching.

"Debating societies" were the offspring of the old district-school system. They were usually held at the school-house semi-monthly. Old as well as young persons took part in these. Sides were chosen, judges announced, and the question for debate was given out two weeks in advance. This put the participants in the debate on their mettle to study the question in all its bearings. Friends were importuned and all the available libraries were searched for information bearing on the subject. All of this was eminently educative. Daniel Webster received his start in forensic eloquence at a country debating club; and hosts of orators high in place at the present day received the impetus of such clubs which impelled them onward to great success. The large girls of the district schools had "literary circles," at the meetings of which they discussed books and authors and any topics of the day. Both young men and young women of farm neighborhoods stood higher in culture, as a class, than does the same class to-day. Now all of these old things have passed away and new taken their place, and I verily believe to the detriment of the cause of education.

"Passed out!" That cry is the great curse of the New York country schools to-day. The curriculum is limited by the state school authorities to a few of the most primary branches. Twice a year "regents' examinations" occur at the county-seat, and perhaps also at some other central point in the county, to which the pupils of farming districts are sent by their teachers to "take" the examinations. Those who answer correctly a certain per cent of the questions in any branch or branches receive a card to that effect. Then they have "passed out" of those branches and cannot pursue them further in their district school. Suppose

one has passed all save arithmetic. He returns to his school and pursues that branch alone. His fellow-pupils who may still be in branches which this one has passed are taunted with it by him saying, "I passed out of those branches long ago." By such means a spirit to pass out is engendered in school, and it is the great ruling passion. Passing out seems to be the measure of acquirement, and not what they have really learned, as appears to be proven by questioning several of the youth of fourteen to seventeen who had passed everything prescribed. One could not tell what a fish and a half would come to at a cent and a half a fish. Another, asked to write Clydesdale, a breed of horses, wrote it "Clides Dail." Another who had "passed out" of United States history had never read the Constitution of the United States, and knew nothing about the "Monroe doctrine," although both are duly set forth in the text-book used.

But all of this is not the worst part of the modern feature of "educating" the farmers' sons and daughters. When once "passed out" of the studies embraced in the limited district-school curriculum, they cannot return to that school again, or will not, which amounts to the same thing. Their pride, or that of their parents, would deter them from reviewing what they had once passed out of. If they desire further schooling, they must be sent off somewhere to a "high school." Now just think of it! Is one farmer in ten able to send his children off to a high school in these depressed times? They are not, and their youth must be lannched upon the world illly fitted for its requirements.

It is said that the farmer's children are the best crop he grows; and so they are if well cultivated. But what kind of a crop are they likely to be under so lame a method of instruction? It seems to me that those whose duty it is to prescribe the school studies, those who teach, and the judges at regents' examinations, all need a more thorough cultivation themselves. Certainly their crops show the need of it. Does any farmer ever stop to think that not one word of farming is ever taught in his school? Were I a country school-teacher, I would get that little book, "First Principles of Agriculture" (price 72 cents), and invite all in the district who had "passed out," and all the parents as well, to come to school once a day and hear a lesson in it discussed. If contrary to any rule of the regents, I would have the agricultural lesson evenings. The teacher could do an immense amount of good in this manner, and make himself exceedingly popular. "Agriculture in country schools" will surely prevail ere long, and it would be vastly more creditable to a teacher to be a volunteer pioneer than a follower by compulsion.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

PLAIN OR BARBED WIRE.

When the fields to be pastured by horses and cattle are small, say from three to ten acres each, barbed wire is very dangerous to use for fencing material; for no matter how innocent the barbs may look, yet horses when at play or in the darkness of night are liable to run against them, and more or less injury is certain to follow. One trouble with most plain wire fences is that not enough strands are used. Usually four or five are deemed sufficient; whereas six or seven should be used, and the top strand or one next to it should consist of one of the many forms of twisted or ribbon wire, that stock may the more readily observe it. All this will not exceed in cost five strands of common barbed wire, prove quite as effective, and comparatively safe to use. When hogs or sheep are pastured, a strand of barbed wire at the bottom will materially aid in keeping them in the inclosure.

L. D. SNOOK.

FARM-YARD MANURE.

No soil, however fertile it may be at the beginning, will keep up if constantly cropped, unless it is fertilized in some way, and the black prairie soil of this state is much harder to restore to fertility than the hard clays of the East, because they leach badly in most cases.

The use of manure is the first step toward intensive farming, and it is best to use it liberally, even if the acreage devoted to grain crops must be diminished, for it has been

found that it is better to use manure liberally on one acre than to give a scant supply to two acres.

Some farmers think that manuring can be overdone, but this is a mistake. It might be possible to heap enough manure on an acre of land to injure its crop capacity, but there is no farmer in this country who will ever have enough in one year to do this.

On the market gardens of Long Island manure is put on the land at the rate of forty tons to the acre at a time, and even in the market gardens of Chicago, where the land is very rich, the gardeners use stable manure profusely, covering the land with a coat that would frighten the farmer who thinks ten loads a large amount for an acre.

Save all the barn-yard manure and apply it liberally, and a little experience will show you which is the best way for you.

M. P.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM GEORGIA.—As many people in the North and West, desiring to come South, seem to have a very imperfect idea of our methods of planting and cultivating crops, I send you the following, which will probably be of interest to many: We can sow rye from September 1st until January 1st; can graze it until April 1st; then keep stock off and it will mature from seven to ten bushels of seed per acre. Georgia-raised seed-rye is usually in good demand at \$1.50 a bushel. Oats are sown at any time from October 1st to January 1st, and often as late as February, but those sown earliest are generally the best. At the time of sowing oats, southern cow-peas can also be sown on the same land. The peas will not come up before April, and after the oats are cut off in May the peas will grow and in September will mature, thus making two crops in one year on the same land, and leaving the land in better condition than before the crops were planted. The rye crop here is always a sure one. The oat crop is sometimes killed or injured by cold, but when planted with cow-peas, as above suggested, you are certain of one crop, and your labor is not entirely lost. Most of our corn is planted in March—the land being first broken with a one or two-horse plow—and the rows laid off not less than six feet apart, and as deep as we can well get them. It always pays to fertilize well, even on our best lands, and barn-yard manure and green cotton-seed are considered the best fertilizers for corn, but in the absence of these, put in about one hundred pounds of commercial fertilizers to the acre, and plant the corn about thirty inches apart in the drill. Cover with two small plows on a double stock or fork. It is not our custom to run a harrow over the ground after the corn is planted and before it is ready for the plow, though I believe that such a practice would greatly assist in the cultivation and be quite an advantage to the growing crop. The corn is usually plowed three times, and by June 15th, or before, the cultivation is finished and the crops laid by. When the corn receives the second plowing, a deep, wide furrow is opened midway between the rows of corn, and in this is planted cow-peas, about a dozen peas every thirty inches. The peas receive the benefit of the last plowing given to the corn, and that is all the cultivation they require. These peas are rampant growers, and besides making about as many bushels of seed as the land will make in corn, they make an immense quantity of vines, which furnish fine feed for stock and also greatly improve the land. Instead of cow-peas, some farmers plant Spanish peanuts, which are planted at the same time and cultivated in the same manner as are the cow-peas, but are planted one in a hill, about eighteen inches apart. They have a top or vine somewhat resembling clover, and bear from half a pint to a pint or more of nuts on the roots. They are fine feed for hogs, and when pulled up and cured with the tops, make the best of feed for horses, mules and cattle. Both cow-peas and peanuts are sometimes planted in fields separate and apart from other crops, in which case the peanuts require about the same cultivation as corn, but the cow-peas are sown broadcast, which renders cultivation unnecessary. When sown broadcast, the cow-peas can be cut about the time that the seed-pods begin to mature, and when managed in that way make large yields of most excellent hay for horses or cattle. German millet can be sown at any time from March 1st to June 1st, and if the land is rich or well fertilized will produce more hay on a given area of land than any crops we plant. Early Amber sorghum-cane can be planted at any time in spring up to June 1st. It makes a fine syrup for table use, and when cut and fed while green, yields large quantities of forage for all kinds of stock. Pop-corn also yields large quantities of fine forage. Cat-tail millet, Milo maize, brown corn, chicken corn and Kafir-corn all grow to perfection and add not a little to the supplies of the farm. Crab-grass, the cotton-planter's greatest enemy, comes up spontaneously over all cultivated lands in March, and from then until July it is a "fight to the finish" to keep it in subjection. Nearly all land now in cultivation will, if well plowed and harrowed over during the coming spring, produce a fine crop of this grass, which will mow one or more tons of hay to the acre, or can be used as a green pasture for stock all through summer. Crow-foot is another grass that grows spontaneously in all cultivated fields, but not making its appearance quite so early in the season is not so obnoxious to the cotton-planter. It makes a fine hay, and on good land produces abundantly. Sweet potatoes can be planted from March 1st to June 1st. They are fine feed for hogs as well as for table use; they are easily cultivated, and yield from one to four hundred bushels to the acre. Water-melons, muskmelons and cantaloups can be planted in March and April. They produce large crops, are much relished by the human family, and are a great help to spring pigs at the time when help is needed most.

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FARMERS

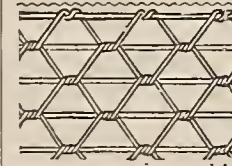
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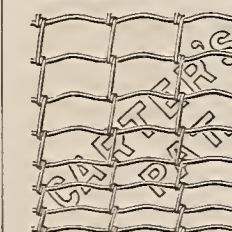


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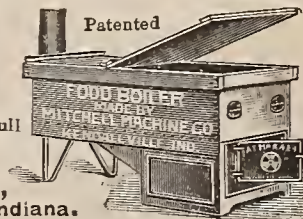
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Turnips are planted in either spring or fall, and usually yield large crops. Sugar-cane is planted in February or early in March. It requires a rich soil, and some think a damp soil an advantage. There is but little science in its cultivation, and it yields profitably.

Hawkinsville, Ga. J. B. M.

FROM TEXAS.—I came here to the Gulf coast country for health, and I find this one of the best climates I have ever found. There is very little sickness of any kind here. Alvin is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, situated on the Santa Fe road, twenty-nine miles from the gulf; also at the junction half way between Houston and Galveston. The citizens are principally northern people. We have good society, good schools, and churches of nearly every denomination. Fruits and vegetables of nearly every description do well here. Cotton and hay are paying crops. We have had a very good season, while other parts of Texas have suffered from drought. If any of the northern people wish to make a change for health and climate and shun the cold winters, come to the Gulf coast country. Alvin, Tex. A. A. L.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

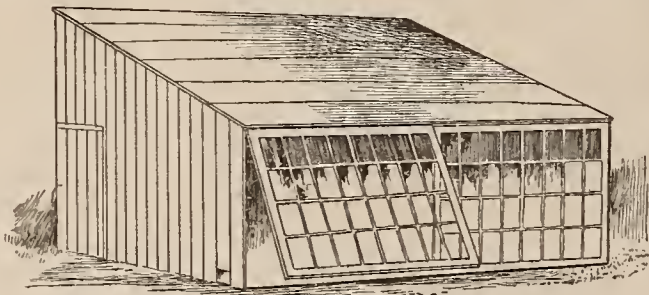
Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

MAKING THE HOUSE WARM.

A DIFFICULTY met with is that of making a close roof in winter. Shingles are better than anything else, but they do not make as warm a shelter as paper, though the rain is better prevented from beating in if the shingles are properly put on. They are also more expensive. What poultrymen are more interested in, however, is not so much the roof as the sides of the poultry-house. This is important, if the hens are to be kept warm and comfortable. The mistake in the use of paper is that it is placed on the inside wall instead of the outside. It is now known that moisture will condense on the hard, cold surface of tarred paper, which is objectionable. The proper method is to use the paper on the outside of the walls. It then serves to keep the boards dry, prevents air from coming in through the cracks that might not be noticed, and is more easily applied. The usual mode of applying the paper is to nail it on with the lengths running up and down the walls, and laths nailed on the joints. Coal-tar is then painted on the paper, and sand thrown on it. In six weeks another painting is given. Every six months paint (coal-tar) should be applied, for two years, after which the paper will need no more attention. The same applies to the roof, only that the paper should be laid on crosswise, each layer well lapping the one underneath.

WINTER POULTRY-HOUSE.

The poultry-house illustrated is intended to show how to combine light, warmth and ventilation. By raising the windows the house can be converted into an open, well-ventilated shed, without drafts. On very cold days the windows may be down, or only one raised. By using a high support the windows may be raised to the level of the rear portion of the roof. There are no other windows, the other end of the house being used for the roosts and nests. Such a house is warm during the day, and the fowls are out of the way of drafts at night. Being also light, the fowls will prefer to remain inside, which is not the case when a poultry-house is dark, gloomy and dreary. The house may be of any size preferred, the roof being of tarred paper, and the sides of tongued and grooved boards.



WINTER POULTRY-HOUSE.

HARDINESS AND WINTER LAYING.

Hardiness and early maturity are two qualities not found in all the breeds. The hardiest breeds are not the ones that mature the earliest, and the best layers for the whole year are not always those that first begin to lay. A hen is only capable of performing a certain proportion of work in producing eggs, and if she does well at some seasons she may take periods of rest at other times. If the pullet is forced to begin laying before she is matured or has come into her full growth as an early layer, she will at some time pay the penalty for the forced drain on her system. For that reason it is better to hatch pullets early and thus give them plenty of time during which to grow before fall. Some of the breeds, such as Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans and Brahmas, are hardy when young, and the pullets of these breeds may be hatched from March 1st to April 15th, as they should complete their growth and be ready for laying by November; but Leghorns, Hamburgs and the Minorcas are not so hardy, the chicks being more difficult to raise in winter, hence they thrive better when hatched from April 1st to May 15th; and as they require less time for growth, will be ready for laying by the time the large breeds have matured. The small breeds are good foragers, and lay in summer when the large breeds are idle, but the larger breeds are better adapted for enduring the severe cold, and for that reason give better results in winter. It is admitted that Leghorns and other small breeds have been known to lay in winter,

but it is only when they have been kept under the most favorable conditions that they do so (though all breeds should be properly kept); but the large breeds are more contented under confinement, are more heavily feathered, and are as hardy as could be expected of any breed. It is more important to aim to secure a hardy, strong, vigorous flock than to try to get the ones that lay for awhile and then succumb to disease and cold at a season when eggs are highest and scarce.

FEEDING CHICKS PROPERLY.

Many persons work as though all that is necessary is to give the chicks as much food as they can eat and keep them warm. The result is that the chicks have bowel disease and also become clogged. The difficulty at the bottom of these troubles is indigestion, and how to avoid indigestion is the solution of the problem. It is necessary to impress upon the inexperienced that chicks are like adult fowls, and detest darkness and inactivity. They require not only pure air, but exercise. If fed all that they will eat they will, like adults, have no desire to work, and become subject to indigestion, because their condition of inactivity is one which promotes all the diseases that may arise from a wrong system of management, and any method which brings good results with fowls may be adopted for chicks. Brooder chicks are subject to leg weakness, and they also prefer a variety of food, because much of that provided them is not of a suitable kind. Exercise causes them to breathe more fresh air, which invigorates them and fortifies them to withstand disease. Exercise strengthens the muscles, prevents leg weakness, promotes digestion, and gives them appetites. The question is how can this exercise be induced during seasons when the chicks must not be exposed. It is a very simple matter. Feed the chicks only three times a day, removing all food that is uneaten at each meal.

Between meals scatter a tablespoonful of millet-seed in litter, so as to compel the chicks to scratch for the seeds. As each seed is very small, and is considered a delicacy by the chicks, they will scramble over each other to secure a share, and as long as they have the litter in which to work, they will endeavor to find one more seed, the result being that when their regular meal is ready they will come up with good appetites and eat until full, going to sleep at nights to rest quietly and come out in the morning eager for more.

RYE AND CRIMSON CLOVER.

Rye, when very young, is full of water and also laxative. It is sown in the fall for late green food, and it is expected to give early green food after the winter is over. Experience with it demonstrates that it makes the hens poor and thin, due to its cathartic effects, and it is not as valuable for hens as may be supposed. Sow the crimson clover instead, if it will thrive in your section and the season is not too late, but if too late the rye may be used, provided the hens are allowed on it only for a short time during each day, or rather, what is better, about three times a week.

\$400 TRUCK FARMS IN VIRGINIA.

September 1st and 15th and October 6th and 20th Home Seekers' Excursion tickets will be sold from points in the West and Northwest over the Big Four Route and Chesapeake and Ohio Railway to Virginia at one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Those who have investigated the state are of one opinion, that Virginia is the best state in the Union to-day for farmers. Situated at the doors of the great eastern markets, with cheap transportation and a perfect climate, it has advantages that cannot be overcome. Small farms may be had for \$10 per acre and upward, according to location and improvements. For descriptive pamphlet of Virginia, list of desirable farms and excursion rates, address U. L. Truitt, N.W. P. A., C. & O., Big Four Route, 231 Clark St., Chicago.

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It cuts both ways, does not crush. One clip and the horns are off close. Write for circular. A. C. BROSIUS, Cochranville, Pa.

MATING FOR BROILERS.

It is not necessary to keep a lot of roosters in the flocks. They are not only useless and expensive, but also quarrelsome. It has been demonstrated that hens will lay as many eggs if no males are with them as when they are present. One effect of having the roosters with all the hens is that the farmer is less careful in selecting eggs for hatching, being inclined to use eggs collected from the whole flock. This should not be the case. What should be done, in order to secure strong and healthy chicks, is to select about a dozen of the best hens and mate them with a choice male, using only eggs from the selected flock. As the hatching season with incubators is nearly here, for producing broilers, the farmer will, by the adoption of this method, know what kind of chicks to expect, and what they should be when ready for market, but if he does not mate a flock for the purpose, using the eggs from all of the hens on the farm, his chicks will be of all kinds, sizes and colors, with no uniformity, and will be but a lot of mongrels of which he knows nothing and cannot expect good results therefrom.

LATE PULLETS.

Now that the cold weather is nearly here, there is not much prospect of any of the late pullets laying before spring. If they did not grow and reach the laying condition while the season was moderately warm they will not do so now. It is usually the case that when pullets do not begin as late as November they will not begin until early spring. It would be an advantage to dispose of the fat pullets and thus reduce expenses, as it does not pay to feed them in order to hold them until eggs begin to sell at higher prices. By so doing, more room will be afforded to laying hens, and less labor of management during the cold weather will be the result.

AVOID UNSOUND EGGS.

When eggs are low there are more opportunities for palming off those that are unsound, and buyers who occasionally find a bad one become suspicious of all eggs. The farmer who will make it a point to send his eggs to market daily, and perfectly fresh, can add something more than the regular price and will receive it, as the buyers will value the eggs at the price placed by the farmer when they become convinced that he provides them with strictly fresh ones.

HAY-SEEDS FOR POULTRY.

The best litter in the poultry-house is the refuse from the hay-loft. Hay-seeds are regarded as invigorating, but the benefit derived from them is due to the work induced by the seeds. A flock of hens will scratch and work all day in litter from the hay-loft, as the seeds are a complete change for them. Being small, and covered with the leaves and dust, the hens must work to get them. The leaves from clover hay will also be relished, and are among the best foods that can be supplied in winter.

M. D. YODER,
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Breeder and shipper of large
ENGLISH BERKSHIRE SWINE.
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is the first step in the poultry business and much of future success depends upon its completeness. There is no failure where **RELIABLE INCUBATOR** is used. It is fully warranted and is the product of twelve years of experience. It has never been beaten in a show. It is not like its competitors—it is better. We tell why in new book on poultry. Send 10c for it. **RELIABLE INCUBATOR AND BROODER CO., QUINCY, ILLS.**

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when hens are fed green
out bone, out by the
Improved '96
MANN'S
GREEN BONE CUTTER
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All for 10 cents and 4 cents postage. Address plainly,
CENTRAL PRINTING CO., Clintonville, Conn.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Overfeeding.—W. J. M., Mountainville, Pa., writes: "I have a rooster that has been sick; he holds his head down, the droppings are white and green, and he goes backward when he walks."

REPLY:—Probably vertigo (pressure of blood to the head), due to overfeeding during warm weather.

To Make Hens Lay.—A. F. T., Salem, Ohio, writes: "Which of the foods usually given fowls is considered the best for making the hens lay?"

REPLY:—Lean meat and cut bone, given once a day, in the morning, one ounce being allowed each hen. No other food is then required until evening.

Lice.—R. G. C., Marlboro, Mass., writes: "One of my fowls was found apparently dead, but investigation proved that it was only exhausted. I found quite a lot of lice on it. Was that the cause of the illness?"

REPLY:—If you know of no other cause, the probability is that the pests were at fault, as the symptoms indicate the exhaustion as due to lice.

Cotton-seed Meal.—Mrs. I. P., Paterson, N. J., writes: "Is cotton-seed meal suitable as food for poultry? If so, how should it be fed?"

REPLY:—It may be used in connection with equal parts of linseed-meal, allowing one pint of the mixture to fifty hens, once a day. Give it with corn-meal or bran. Linseed-meal is much better than cotton-seed meal for poultry.

The Male to Use.—W. B., Sylvania, Ohio, writes: "My fowls are a mixture. This year I used a White Plymouth Rock male and last year a Hamburg. Which breed should I select for securing a male for next year, eggs being my object?"

REPLY:—If you prefer to continue crossing your fowls it will not be a mistake to use a Silver Wyandotte male next year, then a White Leghorn the next season, and follow with a White Plymouth Rock.

Indigestion and Exposure.—L. P. W., Johnsville, Ohio, writes: "My fowls are weak, nearly blind, good appetites, but appear to starve to death. They are fed oats, chop and scraps from the table, and have a wide range. Some appear to have cholera. They are sick a month or more."

REPLY:—It is due to indigestion, the result of overfeeding, the blindness probably being caused by overhead drafts of air during damp weather. The remedy is to anoint the faces once a day with vaseline and give only one meal, of lean meat, once daily.

Our Fireside.

TO-DAY.

When is the golden time? you ask—
The golden time of love,
The time when earth is green beneath
And skies are blue above;
The time for sturdy health and strength,
The time for happy play—
When is the golden hour? you ask—
I answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand
Slips on the great world sea,
As stanch as ever ship that launched
To sail eternally;
To-day, that wafts to you and me
A breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad, and large and free—
It is the golden time.

For Yesterday hath veiled her face,
And gone as far away
As sands that swept the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on Yesterday,
Or tryst with her again;
Forever gone her toils, her prayers,
Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold,
May never come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill,
With gladness or distress.
No man shall clasp To-morrow's hand,
Nor catch her on the way;
For when we reach To-morrow's laud
She'll be, by then, To-day.

You ask me for the golden time;
I hid you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work
While yet you have the power.
To-day the golden time for joy,
Beneath the household eaves;
To-day the royal time for work,
For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day the golden time for peace,
For righting olden feuds;
For sending forth from every heart
Whatever sin intrudes.
To-day the time to consecrate
Your life to God above;
To-day the time to banish hate,
The golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"A GOOD FARMIN' WOMAN."

BY ANNIE M. BURKE.

IN FOUR PARTS—PART I.

WHEN Gus McArthur began going to see Arabella Hall on Sunday nights, his mother was very much pleased. Arabella was just the girl she wanted for Gus, and for a long time she had had an eye on her for him, so to speak. Mrs. McArthur did not demand that the girl Gus should marry must be unusually handsome or very rich, or anything like that, but she did insist upon one thing, and that was that she be "a good farmin' woman;" that is, she must be able to make butter, milk cows, raise calves and pigs and poultry; then, she must do all her own housework without the aid of a hired girl, and she must be saving and economical in her ways. To all these requirements Arabella answered admirably, and Mrs. McArthur thought her son never showed better judgment than when he began paying attention to her.

As for Gus, he was a surly, discontented young fellow, not given to pleasing people, and he did not go to see Arabella because his mother liked it. He rather admired the girl's beauty; that was one reason that he went with her. Then there were some other fellows trying to get her; that was the other reason. As to her qualifications as "a good farmin' woman," he cared nothing at all about them, any more than he cared that his mother was so pleased with his doings. But Mrs. McArthur went on being pleased, just the same.

"She's just the girl for you, Gus," she said to him one day when they were together in the kitchen. "She'll save what you earn, Arabella will. She was raised up that way. Give me the girl that was brought up to save!" Gus was in a gloomy mood, and made no reply. Mrs. McArthur continued, "An' she'll earn something, too, Arabella will. Why, that girl raised a flock of eighty-one turkeys last year, an' chickens—you couldn't count 'em! Then the butter she sells! You'd ought to hear her mother tell about it, Gus." Gus still said nothing. He was mending harness in the corner beyond the cook-stove, and kept his head bent over the strap he was riveting. Mrs. McArthur went on, "An' Arabella'll be real handy about the place, too. In harvest-time, when you are kep' late in the field, she'll have the chores done up when you come home at night. Then in corn-picking, when hands are high an' money scarce, she'll lend a hand about the husking—Arabella will."

At this moment Gus' father came in from the barn, and Kate, his sister, entered from outside somewhere, with an old shawl thrown over her head and with a swill-pail in her hand. Mrs. McArthur had then, of course, to cease her recommendations of Arabella for awhile.

It was the winter-time, and the McArthur

family lived all in the kitchen around the cook-stove. They were not poor, but Mrs. McArthur would never have anything spent that could be saved, so they had but one fire, and that, of course, had to be in the kitchen. The room was never pleasant or cheerful, and this afternoon it was really dismal. One corner was littered by the harness-mending, and another by Mrs. McArthur, who was dressing butter, surrounded by pails of butter-milk and of water, and with crocks and pans and churning-utensils generally. The space in front of the stove was disordered by Kate and Nell, who were preparing two great steaming pots of mixed bran and boiled potato-peelings for cow feed.

When these pots of cow feed were finished, Nell carried them away, and Kate sat down at the hearth to warm her feet. Gus, who had stopped his harness-mending and was sitting near by, looked his sister over with an expression of disgust on his face. She was really a good-looking girl, having big, dark eyes and ruddy cheeks, but Gus could see nothing but that her hair was unkempt, that her dress was shapeless and dingy, and that her apron was soiled with the cow feed. Kate noticed his look of aversion, and tittered.

"Not fixed up fine enough for you, am I, Gus?" she said, teasingly. Gus made no reply. "Oh, you needn't look so sour at my apron," she exclaimed, presently, and there was a wicked look in her eyes. "You'd think it was all right if you saw my shoes."

As she spoke, she moved her feet over to the side of the hearth, under Gus' very face. He looked down at them. The shoes were not

that he should do the work. Gus had held out against going until Mr. McArthur got angry and threatened, then he had yielded. To-night he was to go to the Jordans'.

Accordingly, when the chores were done and supper over, Gus put on his cap and hunted the old husking-peg that he had hoped not to see again for another year. At the door his mother thrust a small parcel into his hands.

"It's Arabella Hall's knitting," she said. "She left it here one day. You'll be goin' past the house; you can stop an' leave it."

Gus suspected this to be a ruse to get him to see Arabella, but he took the parcel and went out. No one said good-night or good-by, for the McArthur family never wasted any etiquette on each other at home. The young man started down the road, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets, thinking mostly of what he termed his father's "mean-ness" in making him take this corn-husking job. He disliked nearly all kinds of farm work. Corn-picking he especially hated, and corn-picking in the snow he loathed.

Once, a long time ago, Gus had tried to leave the farm. He had had a chance to be a telegraph-operator out in Nebraska, but when he had broached the subject to his father there had been such a storm raised that he had never mentioned it again. He had now given up all hope of ever being anything but a farmer; but he set about the occupation in the most heartless, hopeless fashion in the world, and he hated it more every season.

He passed one farm-house along the road, then another, and at the third he stopped in.

nor his spirits grow any lighter at the prospect. After that he easily dismissed Arabella from his mind, and began thinking of the corn-husking and of the Jordans.

The Jordan family he did not know much about, as they lived in a different school-district and attended another church. He knew that there were two young men in the family, one little girl and a young lady, and he knew that Mr. and Mrs. Jordan had gone South since the beginning of winter, on account of Mrs. Jordan's health, so that there probably was now no one at the farm but the four young people.

It was after eight o'clock when he turned in at the Jordans' gate and went round to the side of the house. As he approached the door he heard merry voices and laughter from within, and wondered if they could be having a party. After some hesitation he knocked. Immediately the door was swung open by Ned Jordan, and a flood of heat and subdued light came out to meet him. Ned greeted him heartily, and he stepped inside. The room was evidently the dining-room, and it was big and warm and clean. But there was no party in it—only the four Jordans themselves. There were Ned and Goodlow by the stove, Caroline, the little girl, sitting near the table, and over in the doorway leading to the kitchen was a young lady, whom he knew to be Miss Dorie Jordan.

The young lady evidently did not recognize him at first. She stood there looking at him, with her hands in the pockets of her long apron and a puzzled look in her bright eyes; then suddenly she saw who it was, and came forward, with her hand outstretched like the cordial, ladylike hostess that she was. She pushed a wide, deep chair up to the "heating-stove" for him, then dropped upon her knees and began poking the fire.

Ned and Goodlow started talking to him about the hog-cholera, which was making great ravages in the vicinity, and which was the topic of all the farmers when they met. Gus discussed the subject with them, but he wanted very much to turn and look at the girl who was kneeling almost at his feet, only he was afraid the boys would notice if he did; after awhile he changed the position of his chair a little, so that he could look at her without being observed. The firelight was dancing all over her, and he saw her quite plainly. She could not, perhaps, have been called a handsome girl, for there was an odd little irregularity about her features; but she had the most "taking" and attractive little face in the world. Her hair was done up in a fashionable knot on the back of her head, and she had a trim, tasteful appearance generally, though she evidently was dressed just as she had been about her work all day. Her gown was made with some regard to the fashion, too, having a smart skirt, big sleeves and being very neat about the belt and collar, and the broad strings of her apron were tied in a bow that gave as elegant an effect as a silk sash could have done.

Pretty soon the little girl, who was a precocious creature, came and stood near Dorie and began talking to Gus.

"It's my birthday to-day," she announced, "and we're going to have a feast to-night."

Gus was at a loss for a reply to this, and Caroline ventured again:

"Dorie celebrates all our birthdays and gets up a feast. I think Dorie's very good. Don't you?"

Dorie laughed as she put down her poker. Rising to her feet, she turned to Gus, fixed her bright eyes on him and put her little hands into the pockets of her apron, after a fashion she had.

"I warn you not to take Caroline's opinion of me," she said; "I'm very partial to her. But about this birthday feast. You've got to help us through with it now, so I'll tell you about it. You see, we always allow the person whose birthday it is to choose the dishes for the feast. Well, the first thing Caroline chose was taffy, the next was sweet-apple pickles; after that she could think of nothing she wanted except cream pie. So that's the bill of fare—taffy, sweet-apple pickles and cream pie!"

Gus burst into a laugh. He was not given to mirth, but the bill of fare was so ridiculous, and Dorie's face so arch as she told about it. He wished she would stay there on the rug, looking and talking so; but she did not. In another moment she vanished to the kitchen. Very soon after, Ned and Goodlow had an errand to the barn. This left Gus alone except for Caroline, and he began looking about the room to see what it was that made it seem so comfortable and so good a place to rest in. The self-important little girl noticed the direction of his eyes, and began to explain.

"We can't afford a fire in the sitting-room this winter," she informed him. "But Dorie says this room must be made very nice, since we are to live in it; so she brought out the organ there, and those books, and all these big, comfortable chairs, and her little rocker, and that sofa there." Gus said nothing, and Caroline went on, "And all those new magazines and papers under the lamp there—Dorie did without a new cloak so we could get them. She says nothing keeps people in a farm-house from getting lonesome so much as lots of good mail coming in every week. I think she's right. Don't you?" Gus said he did. This encouraged the young lady, and lowering her voice and glaucing cautiously toward the kitchen, she said, "There's a



SHE WAS STANDING OVER THE STOVE.
HE SUDDENLY SAW DORIE COMING ALONG THE PATH.

mates. One was a man's shoe that she had picked up somewhere, and it had a large hole just under the great toe. Kate's stocking, I am sorry to say, must also have had a large hole just there, for her toe was plainly visible. Gus turned away, with a look of extreme disgust.

"I'd go and hang myself if I was such a girl as you," he said.

Kate laughed, as if that were just what she had expected him to say; then she flushed a little and began defending herself.

"It's good enough for round home," she said. "No one sees me. Anything will do to wear at one's work." Gus made no reply, and Kate grew more self-defensive. "I'm always fixed up nice enough when I go out to church or anywhere. And I guess I know fellows that think I'm as good as any of the girls; and I—I—know some that think I'm a little better."

He knew that she referred to her beau, one Walter Smithson; but he did not care to discuss the matter further, and returned to the harness-mending.

Gus was certainly in a bad humor to-day. He was always glum enough, but this afternoon he was worse than usual on account of having to begin corn-husking to-morrow. The Jordan boys, who lived some five miles distant, had sent to ask if he would help them out with their corn. Gus had already picked forty-five acres of corn at home, back in the fall. It was late in winter—almost spring, in fact; snow was on the ground, husking would be ugly work, and he did not want to go. However, the Jordan boys had offered him two cents a bushel, and his father insisted

that he should do the work. Gus had held out against going until Mr. McArthur got angry and threatened, then he had yielded. To-night he was to go to the Jordans'.

Accordingly, when the chores were done and supper over, Gus put on his cap and hunted the old husking-peg that he had hoped not to see again for another year. At the door his mother thrust a small parcel into his hands.

Gus suspected this to be a ruse to get him to see Arabella, but he took the parcel and went out. No one said good-night or good-by, for the McArthur family never wasted any etiquette on each other at home. The young man started down the road, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets, thinking mostly of what he termed his father's "mean-ness" in making him take this corn-husking job. He disliked nearly all kinds of farm work. Corn-picking he especially hated, and corn-picking in the snow he loathed.

young preacher who boards at Aunt Clara's, in town. He wants Dorie. He asked her once." Gus gave her an astonished look. Caroline was pleased, and she proceeded, "But Dorie wouldn't have him—she told him so. Dorie says she must live on a farm always, and won't have any one who would take her away to town."

Gus was getting uneasy at having the family gossip confided to him in this manner, but he was also greatly amused, and try as he would, he could not keep his lips from breaking into a smile. Caroline noticed this, and was offended. She would talk no more to him, and there was silence until Ned and Goodlow returned.

Not long after, Dorie spread the feast on the table, and they gathered round it. It was an exceedingly merry banquet. The Jordans were a jolly set. They were also very amiable and polite with each other, saying "if you please," "thank you" and "beg your pardon" — just like 'company,'" Gus said to himself. At first he thought this was queer in them, but very soon he began to think it was of all things nice and agreeable.

After supper there were games. Dorie said Caroline must have the privilege of choosing them; so she named "blindman's-buff," "puss-in-the-corner," and similar pastimes. Gus hitherto would have called them "all kids' nonsense," but he now soon found himself thoroughly enjoying them, sometimes laughing with all his might. At bedtime the fun stopped, and Dorie said good-night to her brothers as politely as if "they were not her own folks at all."

Ned and Goodlow took Gus to their own room. It was a big room, with two beds in it, and was partly warmed from the kitchen below. There was a clean rag carpet on the floor, and there was a bureau, a wash-stand, and a small table with some magazines, photographs and a Bible on it. More photographs were on the walls, and a few pictures in unique home-made frames.

Gus liked the room, and when they were all in bed and the light out, he thought of his own room at home. It had no regular bedroom furniture except the bed, but there were a good many other things in it. For one thing, there was the seed-corn for the next spring's planting. The McArthurs always kept their seed-corn in the house in the hard weather. It made the room barnish, to be sure, but they cared nothing for that if the seed was benefited. Sometimes it was kept in Kate's room, sometimes in Gus'; this year it was in Gus'. Besides the corn, there was a quantity of home-made soap drying on a bench in a corner, a set of quilting-frames, a clothes-horse and a bag of dried apples.

These Jordan boys, Gus reflected, probably preserved their seed-corn in some way, for they were careful, successful farmers, yet they did not make the bedrooms hateful with it; and Dorie, no doubt, had quilting-frames somewhere, and perhaps a clothes-horse, and perhaps home-made soap, but she did not clutter the boys' room with them. Then he thought of the cheery dining-room below, and of the jolly, but mannerly, young people.

"It's all her doings," he concluded, presently, and he meant Dorie. "She thinks home's the first place, and she's bound it'll be nice and jolly. And it's her that makes them all so nice and mannerly, too," he continued. "When she says 'please' and 'thank you,' the boys are bound to say it back again. Any fellow would. Yes, it's all her doings." Somehow he thought of his mother and what she would think of this Jordan girl. "Mother'd say she was wasteful and extravagant, I know," he reflected. "But she's not. Those lamp-shades and part of the picture-frames, and lots of other things, I noticed were home-made. Then, it isn't wasteful to make her dress in the fashion or to keep her hair nice, instead of going around like an old fishwife. And her manners and nice ways—they don't cost anything. No, she's not extravagant. And I don't think it's ever lonesome here," he went on. "They have no nearer neighbors than we have, either; but in this house Dorie wouldn't let things get dismal." Just before he went to sleep he concluded one thing more: "She's 'a good farmin' woman,'" he murmured, softly.

PART II.

The next day Gus began husking in the snowy corn-field. It did not, however, seem quite so bad as he had expected. The jolly Jordan boys were along with him for one thing; then they had had a good breakfast, and Dorie had promised them fried chicken for dinner. Gus also knew there would be a long delightful evening in that comfortable dining-room, with its glowing fire and big, deep chairs, with its new papers and magazines, and with Dorie to look at and talk to.

And so it was from day to day. The times spent in the house, the noon hour and the long evenings, were so pleasant that the hard work did not seem distasteful. Then, the meals were always so good. They were made up mostly of things produced at home, to be sure, but Dorie, unlike Gus' women-folk, did not have pork and potatoes for breakfast, pork and potatoes for dinner, and pork and potatoes for supper; it was always something different, something new. Dorie would keep making changes in her bill of fare, if it was to be nothing but oatmeal porridge or corn-bread. They went out in the bob-sled of evenings. There were revival-meetings being

held in a church some seven miles across the country, and they would gather up all the young people the sled would hold, and go to these meetings. The sled-loads were, of all things, merry, and Gus got to meet many new young people, though he never found any that he liked quite so well as the Jordans themselves.

At home Dorie proved to be just as pleasant, just as polite, in the days that followed as she had been that first night when he arrived. If Gus had any doubts as to the genuineness of her affability, they were soon dispelled, and he began to think her not far short of perfection.

But one day Dorie got fearfully angry. Her anger was at Ned and Goodlow, and at Gus himself. The Jordans had a small, stumpy-tailed cat, generally to be found on the kitchen doorstep. Its white-and-yellow coat was blackened by much lying under the cook-stove, and the tips of its ears had been frozen off, to say nothing of its tail being half gone. In addition to these disadvantages of personal appearance, Stumpy had a bad temper, and would spit if one so much as walked past her. It was the delight of Ned, Goodlow and Gus to set Rover to harking at this small feline, just for the fun of seeing her spit at him. Dorie rescued her from many an encounter with Rover, and earnestly besought the boys to leave her alone. On this occasion, Rover, of his own accord, got after the kitten, chased her around the back yard and killed her. The three boys reached the spot just in time to see Stumpy breathe her last, while Rover stood over her, wagging his tail in triumph and looking up into their faces for approval.

It happened that just then the back door opened, and Dorie stepped out. She had in her hand a pail of suds to throw away, for she had been scrubbing. Her dress-skirt was turned up and caught in her belt, showing a bright plaid petticoat; her sleeves were above her elbows, and rubbers were drawn over her small slippers. She was engaged in the dirtiest kind of work, yet she was just as neat and dainty as at any other time. When she had thrown away her suds, she looked down into the yard and saw Rover, saw the boys, and saw Stumpy lying on the ground. Immediately, without waiting to put down her pail, she went down to them. Perceiving right away that Stumpy was dead, she looked at them angrily, her blue eyes flaming with indignation.

"You've killed her!" she cried. "You've killed Stumpy—you've killed her!" And she raised the pail she carried in both hands and flung it from her with all her might.

"We didn't do it, Dorie!" protested the boys, together. "Rover got after her himself and chased her. We didn't set him on her."

But Dorie could hear or understand nothing.

"You've killed her—you've killed her!" she articulated again and again, in a harsh voice. "And I despise you for it! I detest you! Cowards! Yes, cowards, all of you, to torture and kill a little kitten!"

Goodlow caught her by the arm and tried to make her understand, but Dorie pushed him away. She was a slender, rather delicate-looking girl, but the thrust she gave her brother nearly sent him over. She threw herself upon her knees beside the dead kitten, sobbing with rage and grief. Then she put poor Stumpy in her apron and went back to the house.

The boys followed more slowly. Gus picked up the wooden scrubbing-pail that Dorie had thrown from her, and it now had two of the staves burst in where it had struck against the clothes-line post. As they neared the kitchen door they heard Caroline talking to Dorie, within.

"They didn't do it, Dorie," the little girl was saying, earnestly. "Rover got after her himself. Truly, he did, Dorie. I saw him from the up-stairs window, and I called him off with all my might, but he wouldn't stop. Rover is all to blame, Dorie. Indeed he is."

"There, she'll believe Caroline," Goodlow said, turning away. "She'll listen to her, and she'll be all right after awhile."

They went back to their work. They were engaged in building an addition to a corn-crib that afternoon, and very soon Ned and Goodlow were talking and joking away as contentedly as ever. But Gus was silent. He was shocked at them. How could they be so indifferent to what had happened? To him it seemed a solemn thing that Dorie—winning, gracious Dorie—had been in that awful fury. If it had been another kind of girl—one like Kate, for instance, who never cared how she looked or acted around home, and who would generally rather provoke than please—why, then he would have thought less of it. But with Dorie Jordan it was different—Dorie, whose chief object in life seemed to be to keep herself and the lonely farm-house bright and lovely for the sake of those around her.

He thought about it all the afternoon, and was still thinking about it at chore-time that evening when, on his way to the oat-bin, he suddenly saw Dorie coming along the path toward the barn. She had a bit of cape on her shoulders and a little scarlet hood on her head—for this young lady, when she stepped outside the kitchen door to the pump, the smoke-house or coal-house, or was out about the barn on an errand, did not throw over her head some old, tattered shawl or any dingy rag she could lay hold of. It was always the little home-made scarlet hood and the bit of cape.

Gus watched her as she walked right up to

Ned and Goodlow, where they stood together at the corner of the barn. Then he saw her reach out her hand.

"She's apologizing to them, I do believe!" he exclaimed, aghast. "And they're allowing it, as sure as I live! Them low scamps allowing her—a girl like Dorie—to apologize to them!"

Suddenly Dorie turned away from her brothers and headed straight for the oat-bin. Something like terror struck to Gus' heart. Was she coming after him to apologize, too? He stepped quickly behind the oat-bin door, but it was too late. Dorie had seen him, and came right up. She was not embarrassed, as Gus was. There was nothing self-conscious about her at any time, and now her face was only sad and quiet as she reached out her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was wrong in getting so angry and saying what I did to you boys—"

"Oh, but you mustn't apologize to me," cried Gus, with considerable emotion. "You sha'n't—a girl like you, Dorie—I won't listen to it!"

Though he would not listen to the apology, he took the hand she stretched out and pressed it awkwardly. He had on his husking-gloves, the palms of which were studded over with metal rivets, after the most approved manner of husking-gloves. Gus forgot all about the rivets, and about the gloves, too, for that matter, but if the iron knobs hurt Dorie's hand she did not flinch.

"But I said such hateful things to you," she insisted. "I was so mad, and you were not to blame at all—"

"But I tell you, Dorie, that don't count," protested Gus. "A girl like you that tries so hard to please always needn't be all broke up because she got mad once—just once, when she keeps so jolly and so—so—sweet all the rest of the time."

Dorie gave him a grateful look. She liked the compliment. "You're real kind," she said. Then she turned and went back to the house.

Gus plunged the feed-measure into the oat-pile, scarcely knowing what he was doing. All sorts of emotions were rioting within him. Dorie's humility, her kindness to him, her coming out there to ask him to forgive her—it all seemed to set his blood on fire.

At supper-time that evening Dorie was still pale and quiet. Ned and Goodlow sported with Caroline over something that had happened at school that day, but Gus was silent. He could think of nothing but that Dorie was troubled and unhappy, and he inwardly called her brothers a pair of brutes for being so indifferent to her.

Supper over, the two Jordan boys hitched up and went away to town, Ned to get a pair of rubber boots, and Goodlow for a new husking-peg. Then when the dishes were washed, Caroline put a shawl about her shoulders and went into the garret to search out some old picture-books she wanted. This left Gus and Dorie alone together. Dorie was mending a pair of overalls by the lamp on the dining-room table, and Gus was staring into a magazine, though not reading a word. He glanced furtively at Dorie from time to time, and he thought she looked very unhappy. Once he thought she was near crying. Whether Dorie was really near crying or not it is impossible to say, but it was enough that Gus thought she was, and he thought it was on account of the passion she had been in that morning. He could not bear that she should go on grieving about it thus; so after remaining a few more uneasy moments in his chair, he suddenly got up and went around the table. He sat down in a chair right in front of her.

"I tell you, you mustn't go on feeling so bad about that!" he said, impetuously. "It wasn't anything! I tell you it wasn't, Dorie!"

"But I thought I'd never be angry like that again," murmured Dorie, regretfully. "I try so hard! But I forgot everything when I thought you had killed Stumpy. A girl that gets mad like that makes her home unbearable, almost—"

"But don't you see," exclaimed Gus, "that your being so nice and jolly all the rest of the time makes up, and a great deal more than makes up, for that one little mistake? I tell you, you don't know what some girls are like around home among their own folks, Dorie! They don't care how they act or how they look, either, for that matter. They'd rather tease a fellow and make him mad than anything else. Then they wear just any old things about the house at their work, and think it's good enough."

Gus was thinking mostly of Kate, and in this he was hardly fair to her. She had always teased and tormented him, it is true, and she was, no doubt, something of a slattern; yet she was a good-natured girl, and this had made her more of a blessing to her home than sulky Gus had ever been. However, Gus just now was noting the contrast between her and the girl he was talking to.

"Ned and Goodlow are used to you and don't notice," he went on, with a flushed face; "but you needn't think I don't see who it is that makes everything so nice here, and keeps 'em all from getting the blues or being lonesome. I know who it is puts in her time thinking and planning ways of keeping things lively and interesting, and who tries harder to look bright and pretty at home than she does out at church on Sundays."

Dorie said nothing to this. She kept her

eyes bent on her work, but she was pleased through and through. She showed that all over her face. Her gentleness and her humility were very charming, but Gus' spirit rose in great a rebellion against her lack of appreciation of herself.

"I—I'm going to tell you something, Dorie," he said, after a pause, and he spoke with some hesitation. "You—you see, I—used to hate farming awfully," he began. "I thought it was nothing but drudgery, and I used to get dreadfully blue sometimes when I'd get to thinking of putting in my life at it. Once, when I wanted to go away and be something else, my father raised such a racket that I gave it up. I settled down to the work after that, but if ever there was a discontented fellow alive it was me. Well, since I came here, Dorie, it doesn't seem one half so bad to me. Yesterday I said to myself that I'd be almost satisfied to be a farmer if it could be like it is here all the time. And the difference isn't out on the farm, Dorie," he continued. "It's in the house. The field work here is just as hard as at home, and the chores are nearly the same, but in the house everything is jolly and lively and up with the times. You try harder to make this living-room attractive than you do the parlor, and you make Caroline be nice and cheerful as well as yourself. Then, the books and all these papers and magazines coming in all the time make it so different, somehow. In the evenings you are always going out somewhere, or else having the neighbors come in; or if not that, you are planning some good time just for ourselves. Now, in most of the houses on the farm round here they don't care how they act or look, or how dismal the house is, if only they can get their work done and come out fine on Sundays. And the reason it isn't like that here," Gus went on, growing bolder, "is all your doings, Dorie. You won't have it so. You are sharp enough to see that it isn't best, and you think and plan and try. You know you do, Dorie; you know it's all your doings," he concluded, in the tone of a challenge.

Dorie was a little bit shy for once, but she smiled with pure delight at this extravagant praise of herself.

"I do try hard," she said, "and sometimes I get so tired. They're all very fond of me and kind to me, but they never notice the way I try. No one ever has but—but—you," she said, softly; "and you've noticed ever since you first came. I—I—knew you did."

It was Gus' turn to be pleased now, but his features did not show delight, as Dorie's had done. A deep, dark flush spread over his face, and that was all.

These two young people were getting into a state of mutual appreciation which one of them, at least, would like to have had prolonged; but as luck would have it, Caroline just then returned from the garret. Gus and Dorie immediately pushed their chairs a distance apart. Neither of them would have admitted that they had been saying anything particularly private or personal, yet both knew instinctively that it would not do to have Caroline see them sitting so close together with such absorbed faces. Gus returned to his magazine, and Dorie picked up the unmeasured overalls and work steadily until Ned and Goodlow returned.

That night it snowed heavily. Throughout the forenoon of the next day it continued to fall, and though it was now well on in March, it bid fair to be the heaviest snow of the season. At noon Gus saw that there could be no more corn-picking for days; not until there would be a thaw. Then he knew he would have to go home for awhile. There was no possible excuse for his staying at the Jordans' until the corn-picking should begin again.

[To be continued.]

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo river, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to sufferers from Asthma and Hay-fever. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

ELECTION DAY, NOVEMBER THIRD.

On November 3d the next President of the United States will be elected. The successful candidate must have a majority of the electoral votes. There are 47 electoral votes, therefore 24 are necessary to a choice. FARM AND FIRESIDE offers \$3,000 in prizes to subscribers and club raisers who can guess, "Who will be the next President, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" This contest closes this month, so if you want a chance in this great offer you must send soon. See page 9.

Several Mistakes.

BY MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

HAVING, harvesting and threshing were over, the fruit-gathering season, too, was past, and it was nearing Thanksgiving. The hurry and worry of the summer work on the farms were dying out, and the women-folk were enjoying themselves by having afternoon visits, which included a quilting now and then.

They told each other how much fruit they had preserved, how many pickles had been laid down, and the particulars of drying cherries, apples and pumpkins.

At the afternoon visits there had been a great question discussed over and over again, "Would the old miser get Mrs. Garrett for a wife?" Some thought he would, and others felt that she had been told so much about him that she would not marry him; but they always added, "The trouble is, she does not seem to believe what we tell her."

On a certain afternoon of one of these visits, a woman from out of town was among the guests, and she must be told the whole story, or she could not understand or enjoy the afternoon's conversation.

They had just learned that day for a certainty that Mr. Cobb had been away and married Mrs. Garrett, and brought her to his forlorn farm-house.

"Dear-ah-me, what a home-coming that was!" said good Mrs. Brown. Then, nearly all talking together, they told the whole story to the stranger.

Mrs. Garrett's husband hadn't been much of a farmer, and she was nothing of a manager, they had heard, and in the gold fever some time in the fifties, Mr. Garrett had given up farming, and taken his wife and four daughters home to her mother's, and gone to California. At the end of two years he had made no money, and they altogether had used up mostly all they had when he went away, and he wrote his wife he was coming home to try life over again. She felt mortified at his failure to bring any money home, and wrote to him it seemed to her he had better try longer to make a fortune.

"She didn't hear anything from him, and made up her mind he had been killed after leaving the mines, before reaching the ship that he had said he would come on. She put on black and took up dressmaking for a support. Though she wasn't much of a dress-maker, she was a good, sweet woman. So three years, you see, passed away.

"Her dressmaking was what brought her round our parts. She lived in another town.

"Mr. Cobb, the old miser, couldn't get one of the girls round about here to marry him. Mercy! didn't we all know about his poor wife when she lay there with consumption, and he wouldn't buy anything for her comfort, because he said she had a fatal disease, and nothing would do any good! Miranda, do tell about that day of the funeral!"

So Miranda told her story.

"You see, being neighbors, Agnes Root and I and some others went there to get dinner ready, 'gaust they got back. You know they took her to the church on the hill four miles away, and there were a heap of relations that we thought would be back to dinner. We had just planned beforehand to make the old fellow sweat over our extravagance. Would you believe it, he came out in the kitchen, just before they were to start off for the church, and says he:

"Girls, you may have some fried mush and some pork for dinner. I always slice the mush,' says he. 'It is cooked and in the cellar, and I will get it and slice it before I go.' Then he went in the cellar and brought the mush, and a piece of pork from the brine. 'Now,' said he, 'you just boil some potatoes with their jackets on, for I like them best that way. We drink tea or coffee but seldom. It's bad for digestion, you know.'"

Miranda went on:

"Although he did slice the mush and pork, you ought to have seen the dinner we got. We hunted round and found a basket of eggs already marked for the grocery in town, and we got the hired man to get a ham out of the smoke-house that was going to be sold. We made pies and mashed potatoes, and the man told us that there was coffee in the house, for the old fellow sometimes had a cup just for himself; so we ransacked that out, and you should have seen the coffee-pot of coffee we had, and cream, too. Well, he was death on us after that, of course.

"When we began to mistrust he was trying to get the dressmaker, we formed ourselves into a committee, and told her the whole story; but, la! he just told her that we wanted him for some of our folks, and that he would educate her daughters, and would put a pier-glass in the parlor, and all sorts of nice things. Wouldn't a pier-glass be a show in that old farm-house? Why, they never had anything but tallow candles for light, and poor late Mrs. Cobb had to run the candles." Miranda ended up by saying, "She'll see what a mistake she's made, that's all I've got to say."

Mrs. Brown's husband came in just then, and he said, "Did you know how she happened to be in Indiana?" Then he explained that Mr. Cobb was a shrewd, careful man, and he seemed determined not to be beaten. "I don't see what he wants of such a wife. She can never do his work in that farm-house. He sent her to Indiana to get a divorce, for

fear of Garrett ever turning up. I tell you he will screw down tighter than ever and make up all the money he has spent. You jest be sure of that!"

The neighbors did not go to see them, for they were sure Mr. Cobb would not welcome them after they had tried to hinder the marriage.

New-Year's was well past, when word went round that one of the daughters was very sick. Then all the kindly nature of the women was stirred, and they went and helped take care of the worn-out girl. She died. Mrs. Cobb stood at night with the tallow dip in her hand, and said to some of the people who had helped her, "Why did I not believe what you told me?" She soon sent the other girls home to her mother, before they should be killed with work and worry.

Some months passed, and at one of the visits there was almost breathless interest, for Mr. Garrett had turned up and was rich. He came planning to buy a good house, and make a home for his family.

Mrs. Cobb went to the old homestead to see Mr. Garrett. He said it was all his fault; that he had no right to have kept silent so many years, but that he was angry when he received his wife's letter advising him to stay, and that he had vowed silence until he could come and bring a good sum of money.

He took the daughters away West and established a home, having abundant means to educate the girls and make them comfortable. He promised Mrs. Cobb that the girls might come often to see her, and if she needed anything the girls should have means at their control to send her as they chose, but her pride refused any such offer.

What should she do? At first she longed to go far away, but she knew that stories and histories always follow people, and she decided to take up her sewing again among her old friends, where there would be nothing to explain and nothing to conceal.

Her little black dress was in keeping with her feelings, not only for the buried daughter, but for the three lovely girls that had gone so far West, and although she knew they would have every care, she felt lonely for them.

One day when she was sewing for Miranda, the garrulous woman could not withstand the temptation of saying, "We all knew so well just what a mistake you were making."

Mrs. Cobb sat awhile, and said, "Marrying Mr. Cobb was not my first mistake. I did not do the best I could in my first home. We were poor. I was restless and discontented because my girl friends had clothes and furniture better than I, and I was always worrying at my husband because he did not prosper. I disliked the sameness and drudgery of housekeeping on small means, and did not try to do the farm-house work to any profit. After we had children I was always sending one and another away to my mother's; so we never seemed to plan to really take care of ourselves. I was longing in a dreamy way to be or do something that I could not do.

"We cannot expect to put old heads on young shoulders, but if girls after they are married would try to mold circumstances, instead of circumstances molding them, there would be more happy homes; I mean when life threatens to be a disappointment, as mine seemed to me at the time. I accept it now, acknowledging that I am a victim of several mistakes."

MISTAKEN FOR ONCE.

The Washington Post has a paragraph about a pretty girl and a woman who knows everything, the scene of the story being the deck of a Potomac steamer.

The girl was slender and graceful. Her eyes were dark and sleepily brilliant. She was languid, and she wore a ruffled pink muslin gown. The woman who is never mistaken marked her.

"That's a typical southern girl," she said to me. "You never see a northern girl wear a gown like that. Didn't you notice her high-arched foot, too, and her languor? The northern girl is always so abrupt and brisk, and—"

Just then the typical southern girl lifted her hands in surprise at something a companion was saying.

"Land sakes!" she said, "I want to know." And the woman who knows everything gazed at the landscape.

AN ANXIOUS TIME.

"Oh, grandma, grandma!" exclaimed the fair young girl, kneeling beside the bed, "you must not die! You will not die!"

The aged woman bestowed a fond look upon the agonized girl.

"My dear, I am glad to go," she murmured, with faltering accents.

"Oh, grandma, grandma!" cried the girl, in a voice stifled by her sobs.

"My darling, you must not weep, you must not grieve," faltered the dying woman. "I am old, so old and weary that I long for rest. What matters a few hours now?"

"You must live, grandma," wailed the desperate girl. "You must live—at least until after the Pleasanton's party to-morrow night."

—Life.

IT CLOSES THIS MONTH.

We mean that FARM AND FIRESIDE great \$3,000 political prize contest closes this month. If you let this opportunity go by, you may never again have a chance to get \$1,000 in cash for 30 cents. See offer on this page.

TIME ALMOST UP

TO GET***

\$1,000 for 30 Cents.

You must send your guess this month in order to get a chance in this great prize offer.....

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS given to subscribers and club raisers for answers to the question, "Who will be the next President, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" if answer is received before November 1st.

THE PRIZES

1 FIRST CASH PRIZE \$1,000.00 to the person sending correct answer,

1 Second Cash Prize for the first next nearest to the correct answer, 300.00

1 Third Cash Prize to the person who sends the next best answer, 100.00

10 Cash Prizes of Ten Dollars each for the ten next best answers, 100.00

50 Cash Prizes of Three Dollars each for the 50 next best answers, 150.00

75 Cash Prizes of Two Dollars each for the 75 next best answers, 150.00

200 Cash Prizes of One Dollar each for the 200 next best answers, 200.00

2,000 Prizes, value of each 50 cents, for the 2,000 next best answers, 1,000.00

2,338 PRIZES, - - - - Amount, \$3,000.00

Each and every answer must be inclosed in the same letter with the subscription and the money. Each subscriber is entitled to one answer for each yearly subscription. Each agent or club raiser is entitled to send as many answers as there are yearly subscriptions in each club. Only those can send answers who send yearly subscriptions.

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS AND CONDITIONS.

If at any time before election day two or more persons send the correct answer, then the first prize of one thousand dollars will be equally divided among those sending the correct answer.

If two or more persons send the next nearest to the correct answer, then all of the second prize of three hundred dollars will be awarded to the person who first sends the next nearest to the correct answer; and the one of these answers that is stamped with the next earliest date will be considered the next best answer, and all of the third prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded to the person sending it. This same plan will be followed in awarding all of the remaining prizes.

We will stamp each answer with the day and hour it is received in our office. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one person.

It makes no difference whether subscriptions are ordered singly or in clubs, with or without premiums. Offers in back numbers of this paper may be accepted. In every case each subscriber is entitled to one answer for each yearly subscription, and, in addition, the club raiser is entitled to send as many answers as there are yearly subscriptions in his club.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS TO FARM AND FIRESIDE.

(Without premiums.)

Single subscription one year, 50 cents
In clubs of three or more, each 30 cents
Each subscriber is entitled to one answer.

All subscriptions will be entered for one year from the date we receive the order, except the subscriptions of paid-in-advance subscribers, whose time will be extended one year from the date on the yellow label.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ANSWER.

Put your answer on a separate piece of paper about three inches wide and five inches long. Suppose you think Smith will be the next president, and that he will receive 400 electoral votes; then fill out your answer after this style:

SMITH, 400 VOTES.
Answer of
James Johnson,
Beaver,
Brown County, Idaho.

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

While the people elect a president by their votes, they do not vote direct for the candidate. The work is done through an Electoral College. In other words, each state puts up a ticket of Presidential Electors, and these cast the vote which finally decides who shall be President and Vice-president.

This ticket is made up so as to give one Elector for each United States senator and one for each member of Congress. The College, therefore, this year will contain 447 Electors. The successful candidate for President will be required to secure not less than 224. The electoral vote by states is as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	24	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9	Total.....	447
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4		

Set down your estimate of the electoral votes that will be given the man you think will be the next President, add up, and you will have an answer.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Household.

WHEN THE TEACHER GETS CROSS.

When the teacher gets cross and her brown eyes get black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers, instead of a spine.
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets cross the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks,
The pluses and minuses is just little smears,
Where the cry-babies cry all their slates up with tears.
The figures won't add, and they act up like sin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets cross the readers gets bad,
The lines jingle round till the chilluns is sad,
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and the lesson were running a race,
Till she hollows out "Next!" as sharp as a pin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets good, her smile is so bright,
The tables get straight and the readers gets right,
The pluses and minuses come trooping along,
And figgers add up and stops being wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to shout,
When the teacher gets good and the dimples come out.

—The Rochester Express.

A HOUSE GOWN.

FREQUENTLY two waists are needed to outwear one skirt; therefore, in order to utilize a skirt that has seen wear for some time, a street gown, renovated



brush and sponge it, and rebind; remove with gasoline any spots and accumulated dust.

A light waist, of challis, silk or Henrietta, can be made like the one in the illustration, with a girdle of brocade velvet in black, or of some of the perforated lincens over a bright color that harmonizes with the rest of the material. The back should be tight-fitting. Being an easy pattern, it can be made at home. It only

needs your regular pattern for the lining, and deftness with the arrangement of the outside material. A dressmaker once said to me that as far as putting on the outside, every one was so different it was almost like learning the business anew. It all depends upon who handles the goods whether the outside looks nice or not. One can only learn to fit linings; after that you must learn every way of draping. It saves many dollars in a large family of girls to have some of them understand dressmaking perfectly. L. C.

HOME TOPICS.

WATERMELON-RINDS.—After you have fully enjoyed the sweet, juicy pulp of a watermelon, peel the green skin from the rind, cut it into pieces to suit your fancy—rounds, squares, strips, triangles, etc.—put them into a jar, and cover them with a weak brine. The next morning drain the brine from the rind, weigh it, and put it over the fire in a preserving-kettle, with enough clear, cold water, to cover it; let it boil slowly until you can pierce the pieces with a broom-straw, then pour them into a colander to drain. Make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to each pound of rind and a pint of water to each two pounds of sugar; when the syrup boils, skim it, and then add one half ounce of green ginger-root and two sliced lemons to each five pounds of rind; put in the rinds, and let it boil until they look clear and the syrup is thick enough. Fill glass jars, and seal.

SPICED WATERMELON-RINDS.—To make these, proceed as for the preserves until ready to make the syrup. To seven pounds of rinds take four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and allspice and a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and mace; after boiling the syrup and skimming it, put in the spices, which have been tied in little cheese-cloth or muslin bags, and the rinds; let all boil ten minutes, then take out the rinds, and put them in a stone jar, and boil the syrup down until there is just enough to cover the fruit; lay the bags of spices on the top, cover tightly, and keep in a cool place. A friend at my elbow says she makes a round bag to fit the top of the jar and puts all the spices into that; after putting all into the jar, she lays this over the top and puts on the cover.

This recipe for spiced syrup may be used for peaches, pears or sweet apples.

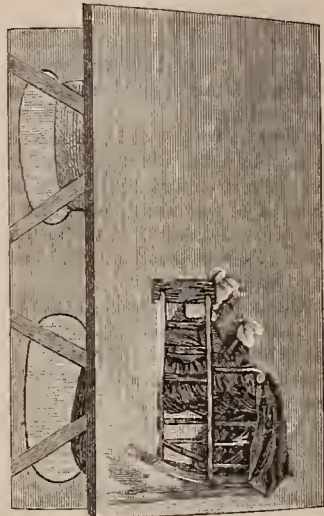
CHILDREN IN CHURCH.—It is frequently said that if children are obliged to attend church it will become distasteful to them, and they will not be church-goers when they have grown older. The experience and observation of many does not prove this, but rather the opposite. It seems to me there is too great a tendency to separate the religious exercises of parents and children. Would not Sunday-school work be more effective if more parents were in attendance? Too often there is no special pains taken to make any part of the regular church service of interest to children; yet a little child can understand that it is the worship of the Heavenly Father, although he may not comprehend all that is said. It seems to me that if we wish our children to be church-goers when grown, the habit must be formed while they are young. Other habits, either good or bad, formed in childhood cling to us through after years, and I can see no reason why this should be an exception.

I would not make Sunday a day to be dreaded by the children, and do not believe going to church in the morning will do this, if pains are taken to make the rest of the day the happiest of the week. Little children must have recreation, but try to make that for Sunday different and better than for any other day. Our children are with us such a short time at best, and childhood's opportunities once gone can never be recalled, but if we earnestly and prayerfully do our best, I believe we may expect to see the little ones who are spared to us grow into Christian men and women. MAIDA McL.

FOR THE DARNER.

It is always the work of some one person in the family to darn the stockings, and such questions as these are often heard: "Where's the darning-cotton?" Nobody knows. "Where's a darning-needle?" Perhaps Johnny has had it, sewing up a burlap bag in which to carry papers. Very likely he laid it down in the woodshed or the barn, or stuck it up no one knows where—he isn't going to say. Well, we've all been through these things regularly every week for years.

We adopted this plan: Each of the girls is provided with a book like that shown in the illustration. Their un-



darned stockings are sent to their rooms with their freshly laundered clothes. I only darn my own and the boys'. The book is made of linen on the outside drawn over heavy pasteboard seven by five inches in size; the inside is silk drawn over a piece of lighter-weight pasteboard with a very little sheet wadding on it. Straps of ribbon are fastened to the inside before putting on the outside; also the flannels for the needles and the place for the scissors.

The two are then put together with prepared paste, and a ribbon run through the scissors to fasten them on; two cards of darning-cotton fill one side. We keep them in our bureau, not in the work-basket. After using one you would not be without it.

The dear old lady on the cover is done in water-colors, but it is just as nice to have on it one's name, initials, or a spray of flowers, or a cat tangling up the cotton; or if you cannot decorate it, make it plain. If you haven't the linen, make it of some dress material that you want to keep as a souvenir.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

WINTER WRAPS.

Among the handsome new designs for wraps, the Newmarket stands forth pre-eminent. It isn't the crude and original Newmarket, the tight sleeves and prim little plaits of which we all admired in some prehistoric age, nor yet the more appealing design of three years ago, but a darling model, combining the best features of the old patterns and the quaint fancies of a new school. Color? Gray, to be sure; and the one which I saw, and which you will want, shows an inverted box running down either side of the front, which was fastened with handsome silk frogs and heavy cords. The material employed was a rough gray plaid, soft, and as light in weight as eider-down. At the back was a little hood lined with violet-tinted plaid silk, and there was a collar on the Medici order rolled up all around.

Short, half-fitting, double-breasted jackets of chinchilla cloth will also be much worn this year. The short jackets of last year are staunch little sellers, and will stand their ground well this winter. Indeed, so well liked were they that they are much manufactured again this year. Some changes are seen, principally in the style of the sleeve and the fastenings. Here the omnipresent frog is seen; and jackets affect a trimming of soutache and heavy cord to a great extent.

Bolero jackets have regained any favor that once they might have lost, and just now stand high in public favor. Our most stylish dressmakers are employing them largely.

Now, the little girl who can beg, borrow

or buy a feather boa this winter will be one of the best dressed little ladies on the street. But it can't be black, nor it can't be white; it must be gray. You might as well lay aside your ermine and your sables, for chinchilla outvies all else this gray, gray winter.

Capes are still very much worn. And there is a favorite little wrap, half jacket and half cape, that is very taking indeed. The jacket half is Bolero, and it is finished with huge, drooping half-sleeves. It is usually made of some heavy, rich material, and trimmed in some of the new, fancy braids.

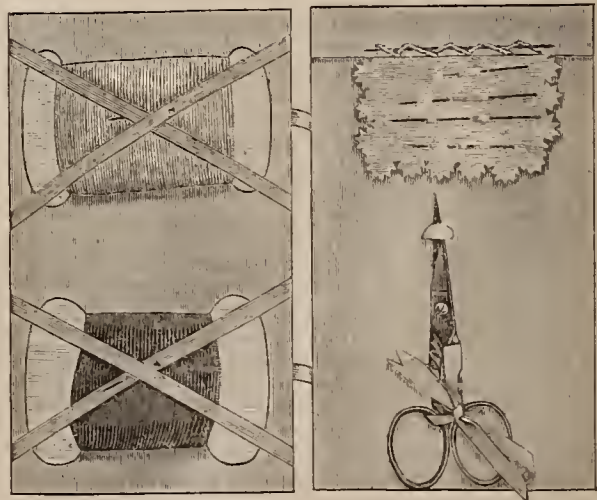
CARRIE O'NEAL.

BE SAVING OF YOUR INCOME.

I was greatly interested in an article in last issue of "Farm and Fireside," by Mary Joslyn Smith, entitled "Around the Hearth," although I think its real subject is "Conscious Power." I can almost see the poor old wife, whose only power is for suffering, but who manages nevertheless to do her own washing and scrubbing, and to take good care of the little her husband brings home. How wise! How many take good care of their incomes? How many are conscious of the power to resist the temptation to spend more than they earn? There are so many things for which they long. Their neighbors take a summer outing, and they must take it, too; their neighbors wear expensive clothing and give costly dinners, and they must do likewise. They are conscious of the power to earn more money; whether they keep it or not is another thing. Rainy days and probable old age are matters to which they give not a thought.

Do you see that old man? He is bent and infirm. He is almost bald and nearly blind. He trembles and totters, leans heavily upon his cane, and after taking a few steps, gasps for breath. How shabby are his clothes, and he has no home. As a young man and in his prime he was conscious of the power to earn a good income, and he earned it, too. He was a musician of no mean ability, but in the evening of his days his art has left him. His voice is gone and his hand has lost its cunning. Of course, could he, can any of us, expect anything else? He spent his earnings lavishly, and reared a worthless family, unable now, and unwilling, to care for the old father, who is left to the charity of strangers. At any rate, for over a year he has been wandering from house to house, taking almost as a right the kindness of his former music pupils. And he is a great deal of trouble!

Indeed, to save is conscious power, but it is one for which few working people who live in the city seem to have any faculty. I think the training of our girls to-day a very wise one. Almost every one is taught either a trade or a profession; if possible, one to which they are naturally



inclined. But there is another thing which they should also be taught—how to save their incomes, a knowledge for which they will be very thankful in after-years.

THEO.

IF YOU HAVE A WORRYING COUGH, or any Lung or Throat trouble, use at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, and don't parley with what may prove to be a dangerous condition. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

A CHANCE TO GET RICH FOR 30 CENTS.

FARM AND FIRESIDE offers \$3,000 in prizes for an answer to the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?" For 30 cents you get a year's subscription (in clubs of three and more) and a chance to get a big prize, but you must send this month. See advertisement on page 9.

SUGGESTION FOR A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

October brings Hallowe'en, that season of the year when the Unseen, assisted by the Material, turns regulation into disorder and the god of Misrule reigns rampant in the witched air. And now, little girl, are you going to give a party? And do you want some suggestions for a unique entertainment? Well, first consider your invitations. As to them, they should, of course, be bewitching. You are artist and versifier enough to carry out these ideas, I'm sure, so take your list of names and write out a couplet or a four-line rhyme for each guest: or if you can't do the original act, you can find quotations. But you had much better be original. Suppose your first guest is a belle, how would this do?

In older days, when witches did charm and allure,
Silver bullets were known as the only safe cure;
But now, for their spells, I know but one thing,
And that little witch is a plain wedding-ring.

For a coquette:

I come my fortune for to find,
'Tis strange I do not know my mind;
For after all this fuss and pother,
I like the one as well as t'other.

To a sweet singer:

The magic of thy song enralls me;
Enchanted am I by the voice that calls me.
Lulled by the music of thy liquid notes, I float
To scenes far distant and to lands remote.

Or to a maiden with a sweetheart:

My beau's the shyest one in town;
To-night he will grow holder,
And as I comb my tresses brown,
He'll be peeping over my shoulder.

To a girl without a preference for lovers:

Maiden, maiden, good and fair,
Before the mirror comb your hair;
Since life is such a little span,
You're better off without a man.

These are merely suggestive verses, but you might go through your entire list so. In illustrating, do your work in water-colors, and suit the picture to the verse. The first lines would admit a witch, a wedding-ring, some cannon-balls if you wished to be humorous, or an old-fashioned flint-lock musket, or simply a lovely, dainty face. The second would require a half dozen witches scurrying through the air on broom-sticks. The third might have a lovely landscape, with a pretty home nestling behind hills, and birds winging their happy way across an evening sky. Or to be suggestive, owls and bats, or that weird companion of witches and wizards, a black cat. The fourth is sufficiently suggestive in itself. On the back of the card the name of the hostess and the date of the party, with the hours, may be given. The envelop should be covered with spider-webs, in the meshes of which flies may be entangled and wary spiders may appear. These envelops may be made very attractive if the bright girl gets them.

Now, the guests should be willing to entertain their friends in return, and each one should contribute a song, a story, a poem, a character sketch, or something to add to the general festivities. A cute menu may be printed on wrapping-paper, rolled scroll-fashion, and handed to each guest as a souvenir of the happy occasion.

For the menu you may have, if you wish, an elegant lay-out; but if you want a great deal of fun for a preamble, you might have:

Turnips a la Raw.
Lachrymal Persuaders, or Onions.
Bologna.
Cheese, Limberger (or Switzer).
Cider.
Lemons and Stick Candy.

Toward the wee small hours some one should turn the lights low, and read Poe's "Black Cat."

Hallowe'en experiments are too familiar to all to require any explanations or suggestions; but if you conduct your party on this line, I am sure you will be greatly delighted with the results.

MARGARET M. MOORE.

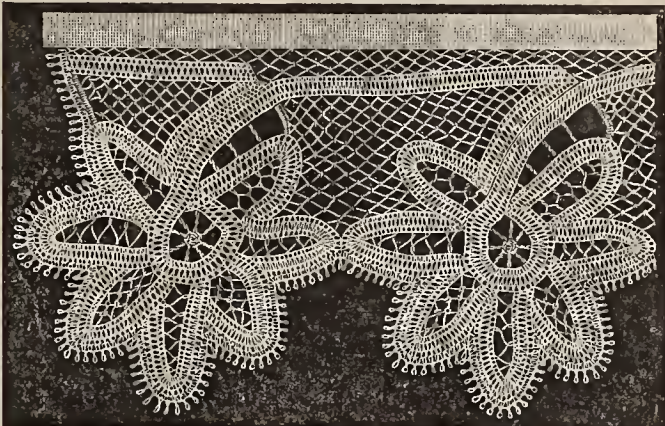
FREE CURE FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

All readers who suffer from Kidney and Bladder disorders, weak back or rheumatism, are advised to try the New Botanic discovery Alkavis made from the Kava-Kava shrub. The Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, to prove its great value, and for introduction, will send you a treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail free. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy and every sufferer should gladly accept this free offer.

CARPET-RAGS.

Rag carpets are not a thing of beauty, unless homeliness is beauty, but, after all, homeliness is a good word, whose meaning is often abused. A rag carpet is almost a necessity in a farmer's dining-room. A large square of oil-cloth placed under the table and projecting from the edges is another homely but necessary adjunct. This is easily washed, and it saves many a grease spot. If one is careful to sweep the crumbs up after each meal before the table is cleared, this, too, will be a great help in keeping the carpet clean.

A carpet made of white rags entirely and covered with a colored warp is very pretty indeed, being a decided improvement over the old-fashioned rag carpet. Cut the rags rather fine, use no Canton flannel ones, and select a dark blue, an orange or



lemon or a black chain, and you will have a suitable carpet for your bedroom.

February and March are good months to sew the rags, for there is not much other work to be done, and the weather does not tempt one out of doors.

There are many other uses for which old garments are fitted besides carpet-rags; especially do the white ones get called into service. It is best to have these freed from the bands and buttons and seams and put into convenient rolls. In the children's homes, the infirmaries, in all public buildings where many are cared for, a bundle of soft rags is most acceptable at any time; and any one knows the many uses to which they are put in an ordinary household.

The colored ones make good dusters and floor-cloths; the back widths of an old dress make a good bag to stow away the paper rags, to be ready for the conscientious tin-peddler, who will weigh them and tell you so blandly "Just five pound, mum," when you know very well that he



means ten or twelve; but you go away with your shining tin cup or little pan, and begin to save your rags for the next vender.

M. D. SIBLEY.

OUR PLANTS.

Was it last week we carried that regiment of plants out of doors and placed them in their ranks to do battle with the "bugs" and the heat of the summer? It seems so short a time, but the time has gone by just the same, and we must bring in our pets, or frosts will do our work for us.

It is better to lift the plants we wish for winter blooming early in September; then the crock can be left outdoors in a shady corner, and the plant will not feel the change as much as if the cold weather was forcing a rapid removal indoors. Sometimes it will scarcely mind transferring to

CAMPBELL'S EARLY GRAPE Our Marvelous New
Best and most valuable. Highest commendation from highest authorities. Hardy, healthy, vigorous, very productive. Early or late. Largest clusters, finest quality, not foxy. Seeds need not be swallowed. Sold by many reputable Nurserymen. None genuine without our seals. We guarantee safe arrival by mail. Largest stock of grape vines in the world. Small fruits. Introducer of unrivalled Red Jacket Gooseberry and Fay Currant. Catalogue free.
GEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, New York.

narrow quarters again, if it can have a week or two of outdoor living after being taken from the flower border, without any danger of chilling from frosts. "Procrastination is the thief of time," and it certainly is a foe to plants when they are neglected until a nipping frost scares the "missus" into hustling the plants into winter quarters. There is not as much care in the handling of roots, which cannot help but prove hurtful, and the sudden change is also damaging.

Plants that are to be put in the cellar can be left out as late as possible. If frosts do not nip them, a geranium will sometimes stand nicely until October. Roots do not need taking up until the tops are killed by frost, unless it may be the more tender ones, as tuberose and begonias. Tuberose will certainly not stand much grief. Dahlias, gladioli and summer-

blooming oxalis can be treated like a potato, and will keep in any place that a potato will. But the heliotropes, rose-geraniums, callas and any plants desired as bloomers should be cared for early.

GYPSEY.

HOME-MADE YEAST.

I have found the following the best recipe for yeast I have tried: Bring two quarts of buttermilk to a boil; salt with a tablespoonful of salt; stir in corn-meal to make a mush which will drip from a spoon. Have soaking two cakes of compressed yeast, and when the mush is cold or milk-warm, add the yeast and let it rise, then add dry meal enough to make the mixture crumble. When thoroughly dry it is ready for use.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

LACE JABOT.

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On September 15th, 29th, October 6th and 20th, the Burlington Route will sell excursion tickets at very low rates to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Black Hills and other territory. Ask your ticket agent. **L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.**

ONLY A SHORT TIME

Before your chance to get that first prize of One Thousand Dollars in Cash will be gone. You must send this month, and the sooner you send the more likely you are to get a big prize. See the **FARM AND FIRESIDE'S \$3,000** prize offer on page 9.

Our Household.

SECURING A LIBRARY.

NOT long since a lady was lamenting her inability to procure the books she wanted for her growing family, mentioning a list of a dozen or more that she was anxious to purchase, but could not afford them. There are, perhaps, comparatively few families among the vast "middle class" that could afford to buy a dozen good, well-bound books at one time; yet there is no family so poor but that they may, in time, own a well-selected library, if they really and truly desire to do so.

What better or more enduring birthday or holiday present can we make the members of our family, and especially our growing boys and girls, than good books, suited to their understanding, yet selected with a view of their becoming companions, hence such as will prove helpful and elevating.

We remember visiting in a home where the daughter of twelve years of age showed us with much pride her little library of some six or eight volumes, that had been given her as birthday and Christmas presents, and which she valued far above any other possession.

Oftentimes parents complain that their children seem to have no taste for reading, when the trouble is that there is nothing in the home to foster such a taste. If papers and books suitable to their years are provided, there are few children, in-

grammatical mistakes, and for similar things, have been imposed, the proceeds to be expended for reading matter, so that if one really desires to have a supply of reading matter, it is possible to procure it by a little careful planning.

Then the cheap paper-bound books that are published in such profusion at the present day! What possibilities they open to the book-worm, unthought of a few years ago. Books of endless variety, history, art, travels, biography, theology, poetry, fiction, all and by the best authors, may now be purchased in paper binding at from five cents to fifty cents each. Of course, these are not very substantial, but may readily be bound at home, rendering them as serviceable as though costing many times the amount they do.

To bind books, take two pieces of heavy cardboard or pasteboard (or if the book is quite large thin boards may be used) just a trifle larger than the book to be bound, and a third strip as long as the book and as wide as the book is thick; and two pieces of cloth. A good quality of drilling in dark brown or black is a good material to use. Cover one side of the pasteboards with flour starch and lay them in place, the long, narrow strip in the center and the larger pieces, one on each side, with a space equal to the thickness of the cardboard between them. Press and smooth the boards onto the cloth, then turn and press on the cloth side with a warm iron until dry. Then fold in the extra size of the cloth and carefully paste and press it into place. Have another piece of cloth of just the size to fit, and



deed, who do not like to read, and the desire usually grows with their growth and strengthens as they mature; and many a child and youth not finding reading at home to satisfy their mental demands, have been led into procuring and reading books and periodicals of questionable character that influenced their life so strongly for bad that it has counteracted years of careful home teaching; and led them into by and forbidden paths that, had the home influence been aided and strengthened by good reading, carefully selected, as it should have been, they would never have known of.

Many ways have been resorted to, in families where money was not plentiful, to procure the necessary supply of reading matter, some of which will bear repeating.

One family had each year "a literary pig," carefully cared for, that when sold it might bring the maximum price, and the proceeds of sale were carefully expended for reading matter, including both books and papers.

Another family set apart each year the proceeds of a certain favorite sheep of the flock, and it was a curious fact that almost every year she bore twin lambs, and these, together with her fleece, when sold, purchased several books. In another home "a paper hen" was most carefully cared for and set twice during the summer, and the sale of her chickens as well as the eggs not set, went to supply the yearly papers. In other families, fines for using slang, for getting angry, for making

paste the two over the inside of the cover to conceal the edges of the other material. When all is perfectly dry, having been pressed with a warm—not hot—iron, with a needle and thread take a few stitches down the back between the center and side pieces, to draw them together; then with plenty of the paste on the back of the book press it within the new cover and lay away until dry. If the book is large, it is well to attach a narrow tape to the center of the back of the cover at each end, and opening the book exactly in the middle, tie the tape securely inside, thus rendering it more firm and less liable to become detached.

CLARA SENSIBOUGH EVERTS.

TEA-ROSE CENTERPIECE.

This tea-rose centerpiece we consider one of the handsomest pieces which has been our pleasure to present to our lady readers this season. It can be worked in the light tints of pink or yellow floss; if you desire you can use both shadings with excellent effect. The edge is best worked in the white floss. The retail price of this piece in the art stores is usually 75 cents.

This centerpiece (premium No. 592), stamped on an excellent quality of linen twenty-two inches square, will be sent to any address by mail for 40 cents; or with all materials for working for \$1.50. The materials will consist of the finest silks selected by an expert.



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For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

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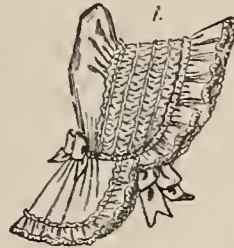
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Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



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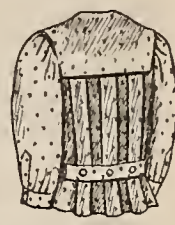
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Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 6839.—MISSES' WAIST WITH TUCKED COLLAR. 10 cents.
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.
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Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Pilgrim in this tearful vale,
Let thy "patience" never fail;
Short the journey—near the crown—
Near the kingdom of renown.
"Lift up thy head!" press on and sing,
Haste thy coming, blessed king!

What to thee earth's loss and gain,
Since He cometh soon to reign?
What to thee the worlding's scorn,
When so near the glorious morn
Of the glad, eternal day,
When all ill shall pass away?

Why then cherish ease and grief?
He will surely bring relief;
No dread sorrow canst thou fear,
With rewards he'll soon appear,
Wiping every tear away,
Bringing in earth's festal day.

Pilgrim, 'tis the "blessed hope"
Joyful bears the spirit up.
"Lift up your head," lift up your voice,
In redemption near rejoice!
Till he come toil on and sing,
Haste thy coming, glorious king!

WHAT HE DID.

THE Congregationalist gives an account of an interesting scene which was witnessed recently in the city of Boston. The Salvation Army had assembled for the funeral of a dead comrade—Captain Zeke.

The coffin was open. There were no costly trappings on it, not even a wreath of flowers, to do honor to the motionless form within. But the cold hall had been filled for hours with hard-looking men and women out of the slums, whose faces bore the marks of debased lives.

The tears coursed unheeded down their cheeks as the comrades of the dead man told, in voices broken by feeling, how the man now dead had loved the poor; how he had worked for them simply and unceasingly, denying himself proper food and rest that he might help them.

This obscure work of self-sacrifice had gone on for years, the man's bodily strength slowly weakening with it. No reward came to him but the love of the wretched folk whom he served, and the sure confidence that God was with him. He had missed all the good things—the comforts, the cheer, the gaiety of life. He had suffered much, and now the soldier of Jesus lay there in his poor coffin, dead. His work was done.

One of his comrades turned to the crowd of men and women whom he had served so long, and said:

"Who will take up his work? You know what his life was—how hard, how unselfish. Who among you is willing to try to follow in his steps?"

There was a long silence. Then a poor working-man came forward and knelt by the coffin. Two women followed. Then others, until eighteen men and women were kneeling around him.

It may be that they did not persevere in their resolve; that they turned back, daunted by hard work and bare days. But even if the dead man had accomplished nothing more, it was much that the love of him could draw for a brief time these men and women out of their gross lives up to the heights of self-sacrifice where men talk apart with God.

We are not dumb and cold, like this dead soldier. Life is yet in our veins. We have the present in our clutch, and are pressing on to conquer the future.

But what man or woman do we lift upward to God? What life has come out of the depths in answer to our call?—Youth's Companion.

THE UNCHANGING WORD.

The world is full of change. Storms and tempests, earthquakes and convulsions, work their changes. Mighty elements and tremendous forces struggle for the mastery and rage in their fury, working desolation on every hand. But amid all these changes there is one unchangeable Rock; there is one in whom there is no variability nor shadow of turning. Everything that man trusts in fails him; everything that man rests on totters and shakes, but they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be moved, but abideth forever. Earthly glory fades; earthly power perishes. Everything earthly decays. In the words of Dr. John Cumming:

"The empire of Caesar is gone; the legions of Rome are moldering in the dust; the avalanches that Napoleon hurled upon Europe have melted away; the pride of the Pharaohs has fallen; the pyramids they raised to be their tombs are sinking every day in the desert sands; Tyre is the rock for bleaching fishermen's nets; Sidon has scarcely left a wreck behind; but the Word of God still survives. All things that threatened to extinguish it have only aided it; and it only proves every day how transient the noblest monument that man can build, how enduring is the least word God has spoken. Tradition has dug for it a grave; intolerance has lighted for it many a fagot; many a Judas has betrayed it with a kiss; many a Demas has forsaken it, but the Word of God still endures."

And that Word which has endured will still endure. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Matt. xxiv. 35. "The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever." I. Peter i. 24, 25.—Armory.

THE DEAD-PRAYER OFFICE.

The dead-letter office is a very important part of the postal department. Letters are sent without direction, incorrectly addressed, lacking name, place, or something necessary for prompt and safe delivery; and to this dead-letter office multitudes of such letters, from one cause or another, find their way.

We have sometimes wondered if there is a dead-prayer office. Multitudes of prayers are started which never seem to get anywhere; at least they bring no answers. They are misdirected, deflected from their course, lost in transit, or in some way fail to reach the mark, and to bring back the answers desired.

Many a man inquires for the unanswered letter, but who ever investigates dead prayers? Who asks why we do not get an answer? Who sends another message after the first, and watches and waits for its return?

Beware of the dead-prayer office. See that the prayers come from a prepared heart, and be sure that they are rightly directed, that they go to God in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord; that we ask in faith, nothing doubting, and expect that answers of peace will return to our waiting souls.—The Christian.

CHRISTIANS "GIVING UP."

It is a pitiful thing to see a young disciple going about and asking everybody how much he must "give up" in order to be a Christian. Unfortunately, many of those who take it upon themselves to instruct him give him the same impression of Christian discipleship—that it consists chiefly in giving up things that one likes and finds pleasure in. But a man in solitary confinement might as well talk of what he must "give up" if he is pardoned out of prison, or a patient in consumption about what he must "give up" in order to get well. The prisoner must give up his fetters, and the invalid his pains and weakness—these are the main things to be sacrificed.

It is true that the one has the privilege of living without work, and the other the privilege of lying abed all day; these are privileges that must be relinquished, no doubt. And so there are certain sacrifices to be made by him who enters upon the Christian life; but they are "not worthy to be compared" with the liberty and dignity and joy into which the Christian life introduces us, and to put the emphasis upon the negative side of the Christian experience, as so many are inclined to do, is a great mistake.

THE END OF ALL STUDIES.

Babyhood passed, the child goes to school. For what? To learn Greek, or Latin, or mathematics, or geography, or history, or reading, or writing? What is the benefit of these things? The end of the school, as the end of the family, is still to give character. And in selecting the school, if we are at all wise, we select that one in which there is some strong influence in the teacher, some power for good, some quality that can be bestowed by his richer nature on the child's poorer one; and if we are at all wise we measure every element in the system of education by its power to develop qualities of character.

The end of all studies is the same. It

is that through the text-book, through the school-room, above all through the teacher, we may give to our children a character and quality which, if they are ever to have it, they must have it from some one else who has. The question of moral tendency in our public schools is not a question whether the teacher shall repeat the Lord's Prayer or rattle it off, putting the pupils through devotional exercises as one might through a piece of gymnastics. The great fundamental question which the American people have still to face in dealing with their system, a question scarcely so much as considered, is the question whether a common school system is worth the brick and mortar which make up its buildings, unless it be so organized, from the foundation to the top-most stone, that in all its machinery and in all its spirit it shall be building men and women for American citizenship.—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

OH! WHAT A RELIEF.

"I suffered with terrible pains in my left ovary and womb. My back ached all the time.

"I had kidney trouble badly. Doctors prescribed for me, and I followed their advice, but found no relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Oh! what a relief it is, not to have that tired feeling day after day, in the morning as much as at night after a hard day's work, and to be free from all pains caused by Ovarian and Womb troubles. I cannot express my gratitude. I hope and pray that other suffering women will realize the truth and importance of my statement, and accept the relief that is sure to attend the use of the Pinkham Medicine."—MRS. JAMES PARRISH, 2501 Marshall St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



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See page 9 for full particulars.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Alfalfa.—S. H. H., Forestport, N. Y., Alfalfa should be sown in the spring. Before sowing-time comes this paper will contain articles on the subject.

Tar Paint.—A. M. F., Souderton, Pa. Thin the tar with turpentine; add fine dry clay or sandy loam, and apply in the usual way, or apply a coat of the tar and sift sand over it. Though cheap, it is not as good as regular paint.

Potatoes on the Stalks.—G. D. A., of London, N.Y., writes: "I have a few potatoes that have small potatoes on the tops. They grew between the leaf and stalk, one in a place. They are small, but they are like those in the ground, except the color is dark green, like stem and leaves. Could I produce a new potato from them? Do you ever hear of potatoes growing this way?"

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—This is a rather common occurrence. The potato tuber is not a root, but simply a swelling of an underground stem. Particular or peculiar conditions sometimes cause these swellings on a stem above ground. If you plant one of these tubers you will simply get the same variety.

Plant for Name.—J. L. S., Lower Newport, Ohio, writes: "Please tell me the name of inclosed specimen, including leaf, limb and blossom. It makes a growth of six feet in a year. Some of the leaves measure almost six feet around."

REPLY BY D. A. SELBY, OF THE OHIO AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION.—The plant is evidently *Pawlonia imperialis*, a splendid tree, introduced from Japan. In growth and general appearance *pawlonia* resembles *calypso*, while slightly less hardy, according to Henderson. I would be pleased to learn if this tree has shown a disposition to take care of itself, in Washington county, and to grow profusely like *ailantus* has done in some places.

Grape Wine.—W. C., Chicago, Ill. The following is an excellent recipe for making domestic grape wine: "Ripe, freshly picked and selected grapes, twenty pounds; put them into a stone jar and pour over them six quarts of boiling soft water; when sufficiently cool to allow it, you will squeeze them thoroughly with the hand; after which allow them to stand three days on the pomace, with a cloth thrown over the jar, then squeeze out the juice and add ten pounds of nice crushed sugar and let it remain a week longer in the jar; then take off the scum, strain and bottle, leaving a vent until done fermenting, when strain again and bottle tight and lay the bottles on the side in a cool place."

Johnson and Bermuda Grasses.—R. C. P., Mansfield, Ark., writes: "Please tell me the value of Johnson and Bermuda grasses for pasture and meadow. They do well here, but people will not grow them because they can't kill them out. If they are good, I wouldn't want to kill them out."

REPLY:—By some southern farmers, Johnson and Bermuda grasses are considered equal to anything at the North. Both are very difficult to eradicate, but you can experiment with them in fields intended for permanent pasture. If convenient, get the experience of farmers in your state who are growing these grasses. Also write for information on the subject to experiment station, Fayetteville, Ark.

Apples for Cows.—W. D. A., Arkona, Ont., writes: "Will apples, if fed to milk cows, have a tendency to dry up or decrease the flow of milk; or will they be injurious in any way?"

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—I think apples in moderate quantities can be fed with perfect safety to milk cows, or any other live stock. Far from drying them up, they will have a tendency to increase the milk flow. Of course, apples themselves are not rich in nutriment, yet while cows are fed largely on dry stuff, a half bushel or more of apples a day will aid digestion, and thus increase the flow of milk. Probably large quantities of apples will be fed at the North the coming fall and winter. Begin moderately and increase quantity as seems advisable.

Orchard-grass.—R. A. B., Beaty, Ark., writes: "I should like very much to know something about orchard-grass. Can you inform me if hogs like it; if it stands drought well?"

REPLY:—Orchard-grass is a hardy, vigorous perennial, and does well on a variety of soils. It is best adapted to good, deep, porous loam soils. It thrives in orchards and forests where the shade is not too dense. It furnishes an abundance of pasture late in autumn and early in the spring. Hogs like it when young and tender, but taking the season through, clover and blue-grass are better for hog pasture, unless it is pastured closely. It stands drought fairly well. When mixed with common red clover, which blooms at the same time, and cut early, it makes good hay. As it grows in tufts, unless seeded thickly, it is better to sow clover and other grasses with it both for hay and pasture, and the yield of the mixture is very large.

Elder Vinegar.—J. L. S., Thornhurst, Pa. Cider exposed to air in a warm temperature soon commences to ferment. The first stage of the process is known as vinous, or alcoholic fermentation, and the second, acetic fermentation. Warmth and exposure to the air are necessary. The process is hastened by having the cider in open, screen-covered vats, and the addition of a little vinegar. For the manufacture of vinegar on a large scale a special apparatus is used. For small quantities, put a barrel on its side and fill it with good cider made from sound, ripe apples. Keep the barrel filled to the bung while the cider is fermenting and throwing off the pomace. At the close of the alcoholic fermentation rack the cider off carefully and put it into clean casks, but if the casks are only half filled, more surface will be exposed to the air and acetic fermentation will proceed more rapidly. Cover the bung-holes with netting. A warm, dry, dark, airy place is the best for the storage of the vinegar-casks. In the special apparatus the process is much quicker, because the cider drips from one vessel to another, and the exposure to warm air is as great as possible.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Irregular.—T. M. H., Louis, Okla. Cattle are not always so regular in being in season as is usually supposed, but it is often difficult to assign a cause.

Swine-plague.—J. R. G., East Prairie, Mo. What you describe is swine-plague, or so-called hog-cholera.

Wood-eating Cattle.—If your cattle have acquired an appetite for fence-boards, their usual food probably lacks some essential constituents. Please see remarks about vitiated appetite of cattle in recent numbers of this paper.

Paresis.—J. F. H., Palmetto, Fla. What you describe is a case of paresis, or imperfect paralysis, which, as a rule, is incurable. It is possible, though doubtful, that exemption from work and voluntary outdoor exercise will effect some improvement, not amounting to a perfect recovery.

A Hard, Swollen Place.—E. N. B., Zuck, Ohio. You say your cow has "a hard, swollen place" just above the hoof of a fore-foot, which appeared at the beginning of last winter," also that "the cow was lame before it appeared." As this description is insufficient for a diagnosis, and as you do not say that the cow is lame now, I can only advise you either to leave the swelling alone or to consult a veterinarian.

Wants a Remedy for Worms.—J. E. R., Pugh's, N. C. The only universal remedy against worms consists in good, sound and nutritious food, pure water to drink and good care in general. At any rate, where this remedy is applied worms will not be present. As you do not deem it worth while to say what kind of worms is troubling your horse, and in what part of the body they are present, I cannot go any further into particulars.

Paralysis.—J. W. H., Hall's Summit, Kan. There is absolutely no hope that your sow will ever recover from her paralysis in her hind quarters. I therefore have to advise you to butcher her as soon as it will get cold enough to make it possible to preserve the meat. Of course, if it should be found, when the animal is butchered, that the paralysis was caused by trichinosis or by measles, which, however, is not very likely, you would not wish to keep the meat for human food, but might convert the carcass into grease.

Wart or Tumor.—J. G. B., Southford, Conn. Call on a veterinarian to remove the growth which you describe, and of which you say that you would call it a wart. The operation cannot be a difficult one, as the growth is no deeper than the skin, but until a perfect healing is effected, use a breast-collar, or else arrange the neck-collar in such a way that it does not come in contact with the sore place. Perhaps the barnsman can do this by removing a little of the stuffing and thus make a concavity on the inside of the collar where it comes in contact with the "wart."

Occurs in Tetanus.—A. F. C., Cana, Kan. The trouble which you complain of, an abnormal extension of the jaw (membrana nictitans, or third eyelid) over the eye-ball, so as to cover a considerable portion of the latter, is a common symptom, or concomitant, of tetanus, or lockjaw, and caused by a morbid contraction of certain muscles of the eye and not by any enlargement of the membrane itself. If your horse is not affected with tetanus, you will do best to have the case examined by a competent veterinarian before you apply any treatment, or before you allow any operation to be performed.

Probably so-called Rheumatic Arthritis.—H. D. M., Mooresville, N. C. What you describe is probably a case of so-called rheumatic arthritis, a disease quite frequent in young colts, especially if the mare is compelled to do hard work, or is fed with too much highly nitrogenous food, and also if the mare is worked too long, hence too long away from the colt, so that the milk remains shut up in the udder too long a time and the colt is compelled to consume the overheated milk. If such causes are to be accused in your case, remove them, and as a local treatment, rub in, once a day, some tincture of iodine on the swelling of the affected joint.

Lung-worms and "Grubs" in the Head.—F. P. H., Montgomery, Ohio. Lung-worms (*Strongylus filaria*) in the lungs of sheep cannot be removed, and the sheep, but especially the lambs, unless not seriously affected, or otherwise very strong and healthy, and free from cachectic symptoms, are apt to succumb. The presence of these worms, or, more correctly, the invasion of the womb, can be prevented, for no invasion will take place if the sheep, but particularly the lambs, are strictly kept away from all low and wet places and from stagnant water in pools, ditches, etc., for these are the places in which the embryo worms pass their first stage of life, provided, of course, infected sheep have had access to them. "Grubs" in the head are the larvae of *Oestrus* ovis, and if high up in the nasal cavities, the frontal sinuses, or in the ethmoid bones, cannot be removed, except now and then a few by means of a surgical operation, which, however, is in most cases of an exceedingly doubtful value, and seldom saves the animal's life. If there are only a few grubs in the head of a sheep, the animal will survive, but if there are many, or if those present happen to have attached themselves in dangerous places, the affected animal will die. The flies, which deposit their eggs, or rather the already hatched embryos, at the nostrils of the sheep, swarm and fly during the noon hours on warm and sunny days from July until the end of September, particularly on pastures or fields adjoining timber, or surrounded by bushes, brush or trees. Consequently the prevention consists in keeping the sheep away from such places at such times at which the flies are flying about. It is also essential to destroy every larva which a sheep may sneeze out, or which may be found when a sheep dies.

DAIRY-FARMING IN THIS COUNTY.

WHAT IS ACTUALLY BEING DONE, AS WITNESSED BY A REPORTER OF THE "TALLAHASSEEAN."

The model farm of Leon County lies about five and one half miles northwest of this city, and belongs to Mr. Miles H. Johnson, a native Leon Countian who has climbed the rugged ladder to success through his own indefatigable energies, and who is doing as much or more to-day than any other one man to show in a practical way the wonderful possibilities of the Florida farm. To the very many improvements on his place he has recently added to his dairy a separator and all the modern improved facilities for making cheese and butter, the first machinery of its kind ever brought to this county. It was with a view of seeing this machinery operated that the writer, accompanied by Colonel N. M. Bowen, a veteran newspaper man, and Mr. Julius Diamond, the wide-awake and energetic chairman of our Board of County Commissioners, drove out there Tuesday morning. To say that we, who are familiar with Florida farm life in all the phases that the general acceptance of the term implies, and who have lived so near Mr. Johnson for all these years, were surprised by the simplicity yet thoroughness of his methods, but mildly expresses it.

The separator was running in full blast when we arrived. Entering, we found a large vat well filled with milk freshly taken from the cows, and passing on down to the opposite end we were confronted by the wonderful little piece of mechanism, the separator, being driven at a speed of eight thousand revolutions per minute, and turning out pure, rich cream at the rate of 150 pounds per hour on one side, while from the other came a steady sluice of skimmed milk about as fast as it could be carried off by two negroes in ten-gallon cans.

As soon as the separating was done, by simply shifting a belt the churn in another portion of the building was started. This churn is nothing more than a large square box of 150-gallon capacity, and on this occasion contained seventy-five gallons of the separated cream. In about ten minutes after it was set in motion the top was removed, and we were allowed to look upon 150 pounds of as pretty and nicely flavored butter as we have ever seen. The buttermilk was then drawn off and about the same quantity of cold water turned into the churn. It was then set in motion for about one minute, and again drawn off; this process was repeated until the water drawn from the butter was as clear as when it left the tank. The butter was then taken from the churn and placed upon a revolving working-table, where it was salted and allowed to pass under compress rollers until it became one solid flake of pure butter, and was then molded and packed ready for shipment.

Mr. Johnson has fifty-four milkers, all Jerseys, and the place where these are housed at night and fed was next inspected. The shed is long enough for two rows of stalls running down the center to suffice for the entire herd. The feed-troughs are arranged in an aisle running the entire length of the building. When the cows are milked in the morning they are turned out to graze on pasture grounds, and some time during the day these feed-troughs are filled with prepared food. When the cows return at night and are ready for feed, they enter from each side, each cow into her own stall, and immediately upon thrusting their heads into the trough a piece of latticework closes down about their necks, holding them in such a position that no food can be wasted.

The milking is done exclusively by negro women, superintended by Mr. Johnson himself. These milkers are paid a salary, and given cash premiums at the end of each month for efficiency. The latter is done in order to stimulate them to their best efforts all the time. Each milker, when she gets a cupful, carries it to the superintendent, who weighs it and gives her the proper credit. A sort of rivalry is thus kept up between them all the time, and the best of work is secured.

The stalls are all kept perfectly clean. Superintendent F. M. Hance tells us that this is one of the greatest secrets in making pure butter with that delicate aroma so much admired by consumers. Milk, he says, will quickly absorb all filth in the surrounding atmosphere; hence, he not only keeps his stalls clean, but removes the milk to a safe distance as soon as it has been drawn from the cows.

Calves are never allowed to go to their mothers. As soon as dropped they are taken in charge by experienced hands and fed on cooked food and milk until they get large enough to run with the herd. We saw seventy head of young heifer calves, from two days to two years old, being driven to pasture on the morning of our visit.

The feed principally used by Mr. Johnson consists of peas, meal, bran, rutabagas and sweet potatoes, all grown on his farm. The peas and corn are dumped together, run through a grist-mill, and all the other ingredients added as desired; a stipulated amount being weighed out and given the cows at each feeding-time.

Mr. Johnson's dairy is not the only systematic feature about his farm, run with the precision and clock-like regularity above outlined. Situated only a short distance away is another steam-engine which runs a grist-mill, a cotton gin and screw, and a sugar-cane mill. The latter was running full blast on the day of our visit. He has six acres of cane. Four negroes were cutting and piling, four more were loading and hauling with two double teams, while another stood at the mill and checked cane in by the handful; and still another was kept busy carrying off punnels. The cane-juice falls into a conveyor which takes it direct to four steaming kettles, where it goes through the syrup-making process and is run right into barrels on the other side.

From the six acres of cane he will realize seventy barrels of good syrup.

But let us return to the dairy, where the butter making and packing being done with, things are being cleaned up and put in readiness for another day's work. The building throughout is supplied with steam and cold-water pipes. If insects of any kind come huzzing around, steam is turned on, and they at once seek a more congenial resort. If the temperature is too high, cold water from a never-failing cool spring, furnished by means of a hydraulic ram, is turned on, and it is at once lowered to the desired standard; and if the temperature is too low, steam is turned on and it is raised to the required points. As soon as the work is done, everything is scalded and steamed until not a trace of the milky odor is found. Nothing is thrown away; the wasted milk and the milky water after the utensils are washed is dumped into a conveyor and flows through the pasture, where a number of Poland-China pigs consume most of it.

During the present year Mr. Johnson has sold, according to his books, \$4,000 worth of butter. He declares that one half of this amount will cover the entire cost of running his farm. Let us see how he does it. At half-past four o'clock in the morning everything on his place is stirring; the stock is all fed, and by the time it is light enough to see, everybody is at work with the same precision and regularity almost as the hand of time; he works himself, and every negro on his place knows he has got to do his full pro rata, or leave the premises at once. He fertilizes his land from the cow-sheds, assisted by compost made of every conceivable piece of waste matter on the place; raises his own feed and has a surplus to sell; has a Spanish Jack and eight brood-mares from which his draft-mules are raised, besides some for market; these same brood-mares plow his patches, draw his buggies and carriages, etc. A little insignificant-looking hydraulic ram before referred to furnishes his dairy, his engines, his house and his horse-lot with water without a single solitary bit of expense or labor except to turn it on and off at will, and so on throughout the entire list. Everything is self-sustaining, and a little more than that; and every surplus or waste is converted into a profitable investment through some channel.

Nor will he stop here and hoard up the wealth pouring into his hands from the products of his farm which have already won a reputation and are in greater demand than he can possibly supply. While others complain of hard times, everything about him has an air of prosperity, and, in fact, he does not feel the stringency in money matters. Improvements are still going on, and there is no limit mark. He is doing more toward practically illustrating the possibilities of farm life in his particular line than all the other combined forces in Middle Florida; and if you don't believe this assertion, go out there and see for yourself.

One of the latest acquisitions to his farm is the services of Mr. F. M. Hance, an expert dairymen in every sense the term implies. Mr. Hance is an Ohionian, was for a long time one of the instructors in a New York dairymen institute, and is thoroughly familiar with every branch of his business. His services were secured at \$75 per month and board. This announcement will startle some of the poke-easy, non-progressive farmers of Florida, but Mr. Johnson informs the writer that Mr. Hance has added and is operating new machinery, has cut down expenses, and increased the products of his farm so that the whole foots up a net increase greater than the salary.

Mr. Hance is also an expert cheese-maker, and they propose to go into this business on an extensive scale in a short while. At present pretty near the entire output from Mr. Johnson's dairy-farm is sold on yearly contracts at thirty cents per pound. All the surplus above those contracts will be utilized in cheese-making as soon as the apparatus, which has already arrived, can be put in place. If this venture is as successful as Mr. Hance thinks it will be, they will not renew any contracts for butter. He says that every pound of butter sold at thirty cents can be made to bring in thirty-eight cents if made into cheese.

These facts connected with Mr. Johnson's farm have been narrated at some length, not for the purpose of "puffing" him, but with the hope that struggling farmers throughout the state, and those coming here to settle may be benefited by their perusal.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA

Round-trip excursions to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati have been arranged for October 6th and 20th. The tickets are good for thirty days, and the fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati, \$22.80.

We leave Chicago either by the "Big Four" or the "Monon" routes, and from Cincinnati we leave over the "Queen and Crescent."

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston, at low excursion rates, which includes meals and berth on board steamer. For special rates by water from these eastern points address the steamship companies at either New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

For any further information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee hill country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Our Miscellany.

THAT GOWN OF PINK.

"Oh, wear that gown of pink," said he;
 "When I see it, there seems to come
 That drowsy, easy, summer hum
 Of bees that lose themselves in sweets—
 And, on my vision, there retreats
 A flitting bird across the blue;
 The summer is a part of you,
 And, if you wish to well please me—
 Oh, wear that gown of pink," said he.

"Oh, wear that gown of pink," said he.
 I wore it when I sat beside
 His couch, and life ebbed like the tide.
 I felt his fingers, worn and thin,
 Smooth down its folds. There dwelt within
 His feeble mind the memory bright
 Of days of summer, gay and bright.
 He knew, though sight grew weak and dim,
 I wore that gown of pink for him.

"Oh, wear that gown of pink," said he.
 Out of his ashes now there grows
 The budding branches of a rose.
 In a fair land where summer's long
 All days are full of sun and song,
 The drowsy hum of bees there stays,
 The flying bird goes on its ways,
 I linger there, and oh, I think
 He knows I wear that gown of pink.

—Elizabeth Cherry Haire.

MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING.

It is doubtful whether there is any writer living whose stories are sure of a better market than Rudyard Kipling. The whimsical Englishman who has come over here to abase America and Americans has yet settled in an American home and married an American wife, and seems perfectly content with both. Probably one reason for this is that neither is ever talked about. Kipling himself we hear of continually, but Mrs. Kipling never.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling is described as a slender little woman, "with soft brown eyes, dark hair and a very sweet expression." She is not a "new" woman, and does not care for any society except that of her household, and she and her husband are so congenial in their tastes that they live all the year round in a little farm-house near Brattleboro, Vt., and never even think of being bored.

Mrs. Kipling was Miss Carolyn Balestur, with whose brother, the late Walcott Balestur, Mr. Kipling collaborated for several years. The third member of the family is Miss Josephine Kipling, who arrived as a New-Year's gift to her parents two years ago. From all accounts, Miss Josephine must be as precocious as the typical American child, whom her clever, but rather irritable father hates. It is said that Miss Josephine was recently heard to declare, in the bitterness of her heart: "Boo-hoo! Papa he tells lots of stories and gets money for 'em, and I tell one little meeny one and get spanked. Boo-hoo!"

We can imagine Kipling laying down the pen to administer the slipper!

THE EDITOR AND THE TYPEWRITER.

It requires a great deal of ingenuity for a writer to gain an advantage over an editor, but that it can be done is shown by the following incident: Having been commissioned to write a certain article, a bright young woman did so, and sent in her manuscript, only to have it returned with a note from the editor, asking her to rewrite it, as she had not treated the subject just in the line he had indicated. Feeling that she had done her work as well as it could be done, she indignantly threw the manuscript into a drawer. Then an idea came to her, and she determined to try a little plan. Without a single alteration she had the article typewritten, and then submitted it to the editor with a letter, expressing the hope that the matter would now be more to his liking. Her little plan worked to perfection. The editor not only accepted the article, but thanked her for so kindly and so promptly revising it. The clear, distinct letters of the typewriter revealed to the editor many features of the article that he failed to see in the obscure handwritten manuscript.—Author's Journal.

THE HOUSEMAID AND THE DUST-PAN.

To those who know the true inwardness of things, the sight of a housemaid brushing a dusty carpet is suggestive of many evils. The death of Pasteur has reminded the world of what is constantly present in the thoughts of medical men—namely, that while micro-organisms are the great producers of disease, dust is the great carrier of micro-organisms. Now that we know these things, it is distressing to find how little our knowledge is put to practical use, and to see old customs still unchanged, old habits which we know to be destructive carried on, and to find the housemaid on her knees, with her brush and dust-pan, stirring up dust to the detriment of every one, and breathing germ-laden particles to her own destruction. It needs but a small amount of common sense to see that if carpets must continue, a thing greatly to

be deprecated, they should be rubbed with a damp cloth rather than brushed, and that if, in deference to prejudice, they must be brushed, this should be done by a covered American sweeper, with plenty of damp tea-leaves. Of all ways of removing dirt from a carpet, the worst is by the use of the ordinary short brush, which involves the housemaid kneeling down in the midst of the dust which she so needlessly creates, and drawing it into her lungs with every breath. For ordinary household use, something like linoleum, something which can be washed with a wet cloth every morning, would seem to be the best covering for floors; but if carpets must be, and it is impossible to teach the present generation the evils of seeking present comfort at the expense of future risks, at least let us remember that carpets may be washed even where they lie; that, till the day of washing comes, a closed sweeper is far better than a brush, and that the worst form of brush is one with a short handle.—British Medical Journal.

PECULIARITIES OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

John Wesley described the Chinese language as an invention of the devil to keep the missionaries out of China. It has not altogether succeeded in keeping them out, but it has made their work very difficult and often ridiculous. Dr. J. F. Masters, one of the few foreigners who have mastered the language, tells of a missionary who was explaining the goodness of the Heavenly Father. The word for heavenly is "teen," with an aspirate on the vowels. The missionary left out the aspirate, with the result that the word meant "crazy." After Dr. Masters had studied Cantonese a few months he endeavored to preach a sermon. He wrote it out carefully, but made so many blunders in tones, vowel quantities and aspirates that some of the Chinese remarked how much the English language resembled the Chinese. They supposed that he had been preaching in English! On another occasion he meant to order a roast chicken, and told his cook to go out and set fire to the street. The Chinese language has 44,700 characters in the standard dictionary. There are, moreover, 700 distinct sounds, to each of which is attached a sort of metrical scale, ranging from an octave to an octave and a half, giving a variety of tones which only a musical ear can detect. The tone is all-important. For instance, the sound "stung" may mean grasshopper, oar, elephant, mechanic or pickles, according to the tone. Put an aspirate into the middle of the word and it may mean examine, good luck, wall, spear or gun, and a variety of other meanings, depending on the tone given. A man is a man only when the correct tone is given. Change the tone and the man becomes a nightingale, a carrot and many other ridiculous things.

ONE VIEW.

"Don't you find children troublesome, Mrs. Tugby?"

"No—our dear babes are all right, but the neighbors' youngsters worry me nearly to death."—Detroit Free Press.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

VICTORY FEED MILL



Grinds corn and cob and all kinds of small grain. Made in four sizes, for 2, 4, 8 and 10 horse power. Send for catalogue and prices.

THOS. ROBERTS,
Springfield, Ohio.

WALL-PAPER

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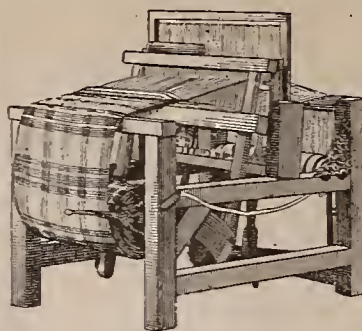
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Your neighbors have the rags, and will pay you good prices to make rag carpets on the Weaver's Friend Loom, the cheapest and

BEST RAG CARPET LOOM ON EARTH.

So simple and easy that any one can make the best rag carpets. Full directions for beginners. Women and large children, as well as men, make big sums with it. Gives steady employment and big pay to those devoting their whole time, or will largely increase the income of others. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue and low price.

Address W. A. MARTIN, Springfield, Ohio.

Mention this paper when you write.

A FEW COMMON SENSE FACTS!

For Agriculturalists and Home Owners.

First. Every business man, every farmer, and every working man (and they are all working men, whether working with hands or brains) wants and *should* have full value for his work.

Second. The gold standard is recognized as the basis of actual value in *all* of the civilized nations of the earth.

Third. In any and all markets of the world to-day it takes 30 pounds of silver to buy *one* pound of gold. Now,

Fourth. *Why*, oh! why, should a few (less than 100) mine owners ask any reader of this paper, as a conscientious voter, to allow them an *unlimited* coinage and insist on the Government stamp being put upon it, *at the ratio of 16 pounds to 1*?

What does this mean? It simply means an enormous profit to them (the few) and a big loss to every producer.

The American Voter Must Think!

and if he thinks, he will *not* vote for unlimited free silver.

Fifth. The present limited or restricted coinage is all right, and to-day \$1 in silver will buy 100 cents' worth; *but* with *unlimited* coinage a silver dollar will be worth only its weight in metal—or *about 50 cents to the dollar*!

Do you, reader, want to work at this proportion or sell your products, whether of your farm, your hands, or your brains, on this reduced basis? Not if you have common sense!

Put on Your Thinking Cap!

A Vote for McKinley and Hobart with a Gold Dollar Basis will be the thing!

Smiles.

LAMENT FROM THE CRADLE.

Up from the cradle came a wail.
At first a pensive coo;
Into a weird, vociferous wail
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,
He struggled to reveal,
"My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."

"They say I'm cross. I'm simply sad
At being slighted so.
I wish the baby-carriage fad
Could somehow get a show.
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squeal?
My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."

—Washington Evening Star.

WHAT HE WANTS.

O'er head and ears his cap of seal
He pulls as far as it will go;
He pulls it good and strong.
In days like these, when things congeal,
Man wants but little ear below,
But wants that little long.

—Eugene Field.

SUSPICIOUS.

They sat in the dim-lighted parlor,
And the old folks thought they behaved,
Till they heard her say to their horror:
"Oh, Jack! you ought to get shaved!"

—New York World.

AN AD. THAT SUCCEEDED.

An English journal tells of an amusing rebuke administered to a sharp bargainer—one of those persons who always wish to get more than their money's worth. The offender in the present instance was a woman, who sent the following advertisement to a London paper:

"A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, musical, an early riser, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days afterward the advertiser received by express a basket labeled: "This side up—with care—perishable." On opening it, she found a tabby-cat, with a letter tied to its tail. It ran thus:

"Madam—In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary is no object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

NEW-STYLE HONEYMOON.

The colored female cook of a family living at the South End came up-stairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, miss, I thought it mought be best to he tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married las' week."

"Ah! indeed. And what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see, my husband he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, heh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not d'rectly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for de present. You see, my husband he's done gone to New York an' Washington on his honeymoon, an' it'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he comes back!"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

WHY HE REFRAINED.

An aged man, sauntering across a Cleveland street the other day, was rudely jostled by a youthful wheelman. The collision tumbled the rider off, and the old gentleman promptly grabbed him by the ear. "Durn you," he said, with considerable asperity. "I've a great mind to take you across my knee and spank you good." But he did not do it. He just held the young fellow a minute, and then let him go.

"Why didn't you spank him, uncle?" said a bystander.

"Well," replied the old man, "I certainly would if I hadn't been a little afraid that mebbly it was a girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

'TIS TRUE, AND PITY 'TIS 'TIS TRUE.

She—"Why do they call these the melancholy days?"

He—"Because they are the days when just as you have finished paying up your debts for your summer vacation, you remember that you have got to begin saving up for the holidays."—Truth.



YOUR COWHOUSE.

Let it storm, and blow, and freeze
—your cows, horses, and hens will
not care if your buildings are sheathed
with....

NEPONSET

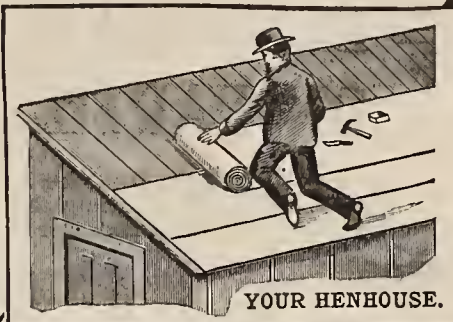
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It costs much less than shingles—absolutely
water-proof, wind-proof, frost-proof, and durable
—any one can put it on....

We will send you Free of expense
Samples and Particulars.

F. W. BIRD & SON,
Sole Mfrs. East Walpole, Mass.



YOUR HENHOUSE.

INEFFECTUAL PRAYERS.

During the long French war two old ladies in Stranher were going to the kirk. The one said to the other:

"Was it no wonderfu' thing that the British were aye victorious over the French in battle?"

"Not a hit," said the other old lady; "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gain' into battle?"

The other replied, "Bnt canna the French say their prayers as weel?"

The reply was most characteristic:

"Hoot! jahhering hodies, wha could understan' them?"—Household Words.

A TRYING SITUATION.

Old Mrs. M—, who was seriously ill, found herself to be in a trying position which she defined to a friend in these words:

"You see, my daughter Harriet is married to one o' these homeypath doctors an' my daughter Kate to an allypath. If I call in the homeypath my allypath son-in-law an' his wife git mad, an' if I call in my allypath son-in-law my homeypath son-in-law an' his wife git mad, an' if I go ahead an' git well without either o' 'em then they'll both be mad, so I don't see hut I'd hetter die outright."—Detroit Free Press.

NO ADVANTAGE.

A man whose circumstances of traveling caused him to sit in the same seat with a young lady who was unusually friendly for a stranger, said as he was leaving the car:

"I thank you for a very pleasant chat; but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known I am a married man."

"You haven't any advantage of me," promptly responded the young lady; "I am an escaped lunatic."—San Francisco Argonaut.

NOBODY COULD.

Subordinate—"General, the messenger who has carried your dispatch has fallen into the hands of the Cubans."

General Weyler—"Did he destroy my dispatch?"

Subordinate—"General, he did the best he could. He tried hard to swallow your dispatch, but he couldn't."

AND IT WAS EVEN SO.

"All afflictions have their compensation," murmured the man whose leg had been pulled, as he looked at that elongated member. "That leg will have more pendulous force with which to lift the next man who tries to work me for a sucker."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IT CLOSES THIS MONTH.

We mean that "Farm and Fireside's" great \$3,000 political prize contest closes this month. If you let this opportunity go by you may never again have a chance to get \$1,000 in cash for 30 cents. See page 9.

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\$5.00 per 1000 for distributing circulars, inclose 4c. Globe Advertising Ass'n, N.Y. City.

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\$4 to \$10.00 Daily earned by our agents, both sexes. New invention sells at sight. Liberal terms. Stamp for particulars. Yucca Co., Aurora, Ill.

AGENTS to sell cigars to dealers; \$18 weekly, experience not required. Samples free. Reply with 2-cent stamp. National Consolidated Co., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell to dealers. \$100 monthly and expenses. Experience unnecessary. Enclose stamp. Acme Cigar Co. Chicago

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2.75 GENTS 14 KARAT GOLD OR LADIES SIZE CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain pay our simple price \$2.75 and express charges and it is yours. It is magnificently engraved and equal in appearance to genuine Solid Gold watch. A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and chain sent free with every watch. Write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gents' or ladies' size. THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., [9], Chicago.

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Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

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In every city or township to look after my business, on salary or commission; steady work and liberal pay the year round. One man cleared \$140.45 last week. Places for a few ladies. Don't delay or bother to send stamps, but write at once to J. W. JONES, Springfield, Ohio.

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PILES ELECTROBOLE gives instant relief. Final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository, no indelicacy, no dieting. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

RUPTURE A positive, radical cure at home (Sealed). Book giving full particulars sent free. Address DR. W. S. RICE, Box 7, Smithville, Jeff. Co., N.Y.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15 lbs. a month, any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., says, "I lost 60 lbs. and feel splendid." No starving. No sickness. Sample box, etc., 4c. HALL & CO., B., Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

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AND THIS PAPER
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Free for a Club. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

A few years ago watches no better than these sold for eight dollars each. Why, just think of it!
A stem-winder and stem-setter, warranted the same as an Elgin, for only \$1.50.

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Agents are selling these watches like hot cakes for \$3.00 each. They are *genuine American watches*, and not small clocks. They are warranted for one year, and if treated like other good watches, will be excellent timekeepers for years.

THE BEST WATCH
ON EARTH....

FOR THE MONEY

America has won the race at watch-making. She has always produced the finest, and now the best, absolutely the very best, low-priced watch in the world, and here it is for only \$1.50. It has

A STEM=WINDER AND STEM=SETTER

PRICE
\$1.50

American Lever Movement,
240 Beats to the Minute,

Heavy Beveled Crystal,
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Accurate Timed and Regulated,

Strong Nickeled Case,

Runs 30 Hours with One Winding,

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Every Watch Warranted One
Year, the Same as an Elgin. * * *

For a reliable and inexpensive timepiece this watch is
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Every Spoon Guaranteed to be Equal to
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are full size; in fact, they are
perfect beauties. We have
received many letters from
ladies praising them, and
almost every time they
say they are so much
finer than they ex-
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WANT.....

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SPOONS IS EN-
GRAVED WITH ANY
INITIAL LETTER.

We received the silver-
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They are perfect beauties,
and we are well pleased
with them.
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Greider, Pa.

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are much nicer than I expected.
Many thanks for the same.
HATTIE MEHAFFEY, Coucord, N. C.

I received the teaspoons in due time,
and I am sure they are handsome and
nice. I kindly thank you for them. I do
not know how it is that you can give such
lovely presents, for I think the magazine
worth double the price you ask for it.
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pleased with the spoons. They are
much nicer than I expected. Please ac-
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10 Bulbs worth \$1

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- 1 **Double Narcissus**, Alba plena odorata, pure white, very double, early, and deliciously scented. See engraving.
- 1 **Single Narcissus**, Campenelle Jonquil, yellow bloom in clusters, very early and very fragrant. See engraving.
- 1 **Crocus**, Cloth of Gold, exquisite, showy golden flowers which appear almost before snow is gone in spring. Charming. See engraving.
- 1 **Scilla Siberica**, a lovely little flower appearing almost with the Crocus; rich blue scapes of flowers. See engraving.
- 1 **Muscari botryoides**, the blue Grape Hyacinth, charming blue bells tipped with white; the scapes push up, early and are beautiful. See engraving.
- 1 **Iris Hispanica**, the elegant Orchid Iris; lovely in form, showy and deliciously scented. See engraving.
- 1 **Galanthus nivalis**, the earliest of all flowers; hardly waits for the snow to melt till it shows its little white bells. Modest and pretty. See engraving.
- 1 **Single Anemone**, showy as a Poppy, the bloom appearing in April and May; lovely cut foliage contrasts well with the elegant flowers. See engraving.

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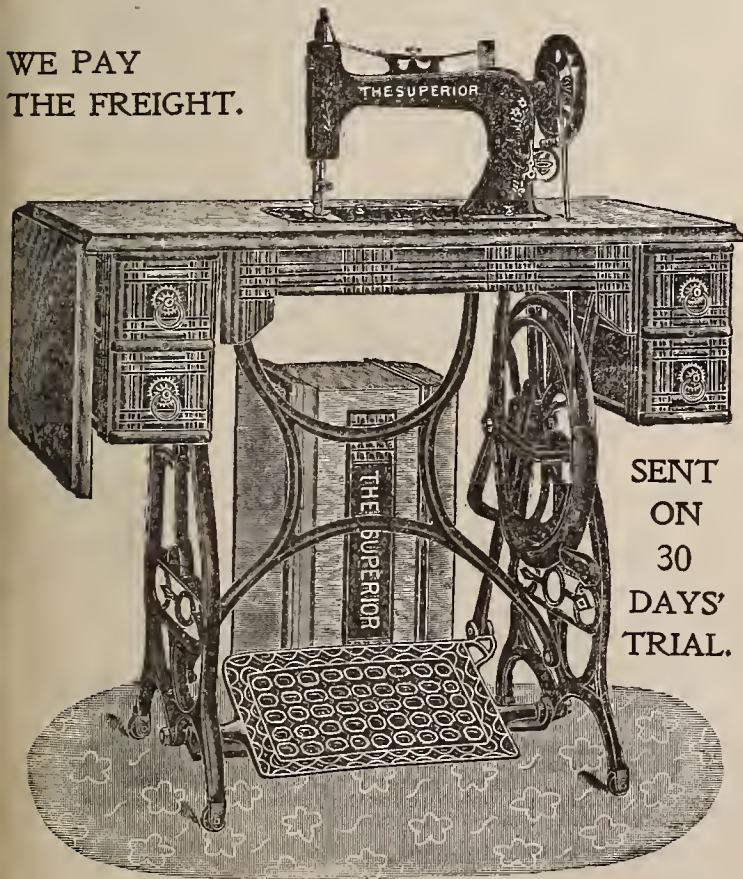
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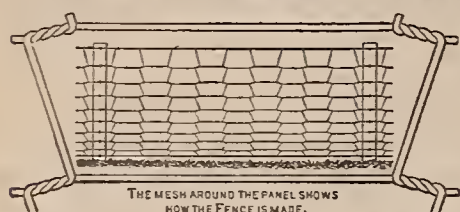
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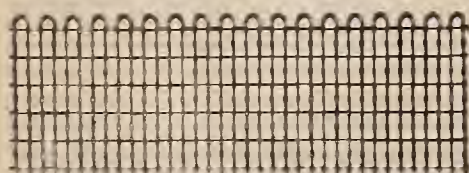


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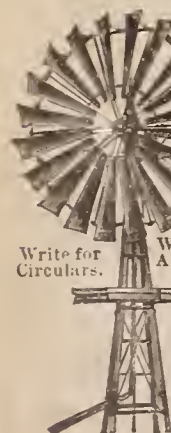


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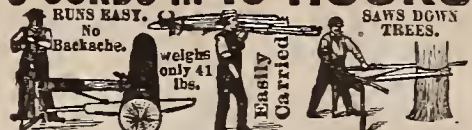
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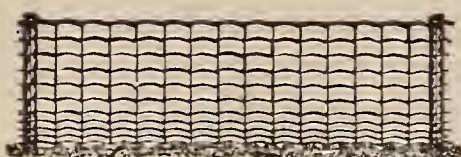
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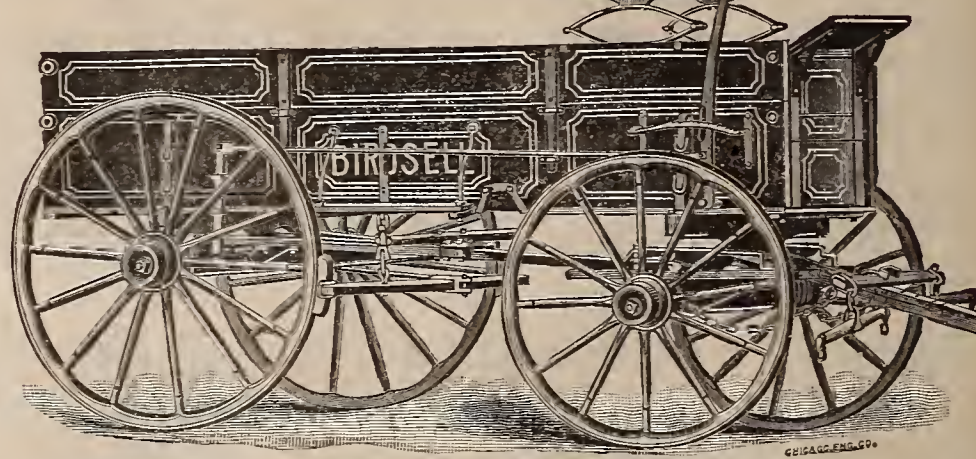
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WITH THE VANGUARD

THE following article on the farm value of grain and purchasing value of silver, taken from one of the most reliable trade journals in the country, is a valuable contribution to the discussion on this subject.

"The *Price Current* has received from Mr. Ivan C. Michels, of Washington, a very interesting and instructive compilation from official data showing in the first instance the yearly average farm value of wheat, corn and oats, according to Department of Agriculture returns, and the price of a troy ounce of silver; and second, the purchasing power of silver, indicating the grains of pure silver required to purchase one bushel of wheat, corn and oats, and also the pounds of each grain purchasable by the bullion value of silver in a standard silver dollar, as applied to the yearly average prices of grain.

"The following table shows the annual average price of silver an ounce, and of grain a bushel, for calendar years:

	Silver.		Wheat.		Corn.		Oats.	
	per oz.	cur.	gold.	cur.	gold.	cur.	gold.	
1868	1.326	1.424	1.019	62.8	44.9	55.9	40.1	
1869	1.325	.941	.707	75.3	56.6	47.6	35.8	
1870	1.328	1.042	.906	54.9	47.8	43.3	37.7	
1871	1.326	1.258	1.126	48.2	43.3	40.1	35.9	
1872	1.322	1.240	1.104	39.8	35.4	33.6	29.9	
1873	1.298	1.151	1.012	48.0	41.2	37.4	32.9	
1874	1.278	.945	.845	64.7	58.2	52.0	46.7	
1875	1.246	1.008	.876	42.0	36.5	36.5	32.9	
1876	1.156	1.037	.929	37.0	33.1	35.2	31.5	
1877	1.201	1.084	1.035	35.8	34.2	29.2	27.9	
1878	1.152	.777	.761	31.9	31.3	24.6	24.1	
1879	1.123	1.108	37.5	33.1	
1880	1.145951	39.6	36.0	
1881	1.138	1.192	63.6	46.4	
1882	1.136882	48.5	37.5	
1883	1.110911	42.4	32.7	
1884	1.113645	35.7	27.7	
1885	1.065771	32.8	28.5	
1886995687	36.6	29.8	
1887978681	44.4	30.4	
1888939926	34.1	27.8	
1889935698	28.3	22.9	
1890	1.046838	50.6	42.4	
1891987839	40.6	31.5	
1892871624	39.4	31.7	
1893780538	36.5	29.4	
1894635491	45.7	32.4	
1895654509	26.4	19.9	

"The following shows the number of grains of pure silver required to purchase one bushel of wheat, corn and oats; also, the number of pounds of wheat, corn and oats purchasable by a silver dollar of 412½ grains on the basis of its bullion value, applied to the yearly averages of farm values of grain:

	Grains pure silver.			Pounds of grain.		
	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
1868	369.24	162.54	145.16	60.36	127.90	81.60
1869	257.07	204.89	129.60	87.00	101.30	92.80
1870	347.04	172.80	136.29	67.80	120.34	87.17
1871	407.61	156.75	129.96	54.60	132.16	91.20
1872	399.65	128.15	108.24	55.80	133.88	109.44
1873	374.44	152.44	122.10	59.52	136.08	97.60
1874	317.72	218.83	175.59	70.14	94.64	67.84
1875	337.26	140.53	123.05	66.30	147.84	93.76
1876	385.54	137.46	130.82	57.72	151.20	90.88
1877	414.00	136.46	111.32	53.86	151.76	106.56
1878	317.34	132.52	100.49	70.26	159.04	118.08
1879	473.90	160.98	141.57	47.00	146.72	83.84
1880	398.94	166.12	151.02	55.86	137.82	78.72
1881	508.02	268.39	195.81	44.35	106.40	60.48
1882	373.09	205.16	158.63	59.34	131.04	74.88
1883	394.46	183.59	141.59	56.51	146.72	84.16
1884	278.60	153.90	119.41	80.10	174.16	99.52
1885	347.72	147.93	128.54	60.40	161.28	92.48
1886	331.82	176.78	143.93	67.14	144.48	82.56
1887	333.55	217.47	148.90	60.78	139.44	79.68
1888	472.91	174.15	141.97	47.10	119.28	83.84
1889	358.07	145.18	117.48	62.46	143.36	101.12
1890	384.64	232.25	194.62	58.02	89.60	61.12
1891	408.24	197.32	153.09	54.64	105.28	77.76
1892	343.70	217.02	174.60	64.80	95.76	68.16
1893	330.87	224.48	180.81	67.38	87.92	65.92
1894	371.20	244.94	244.94	60.00	60.20	48.64
1895	378.70	196.42	148.06	59.52	106.96	81.28

"With regard to average prices of wheat, corn and oats, as stated in the foregoing, based on the Department of Agriculture returns, it may be observed that such values represent the position at a specific time in each year (December), and not an average for the year. In our judgment, the average of yearly market prices is a better illustration of comparative conditions. In the *Price Current* of August 27th we submitted a computation showing the quantity of grain purchasable by a silver dollar on the basis of its bullion value, applied to the yearly average prices of grain at Chicago, for the period from 1872 to 1895 inclusive, representing the quantity purchasable in pounds, as follows:

	Wheat		Corn		Wheat		Corn	
	55	168	1880.....	50	134	1888.....	50	88
1872.....	58	176	1881.....	46	98	1889.....	50	119
1873.....	61	93	1882.....	44	72	1890.....	54	116
1874.....	67	98	1883.....	50	90	1891.....	47	72
1875.....	58	128	1884.....	62	93	1892.....	52	86
1876.....	46	121	1885.....	56	102	1893.....	53	84
1877.....	58	139	1886.....	61	116	1894.....	52	64
1878.....	52	135	1887.....	61	109	1895.....	49	70

The *Price Current* submits the following comparison of yearly average prices at Chicago and yearly average farm prices as stated by the Department of Agriculture, for years indicated:

	Wheat.		Corn.	
	Chicago	Dep. Ag.	Chicago.	Dep. Ag.
1880	105.25	95.1	37.50	39.6
1881	115.25	119.2	50.37	63.6
1882	118.00	88.2	67.75	48.5
1883	101.75	91.1	53.62	42.4
1884	82.87	64.5	51.75	35.7
1885	88.25	77.1	45.50	32.8
1886	76.50	68.7	37.25	36.6
1887	75.50	68.1	39.50	44.4
1888	88.25	92.6	46.50	34.1
1889	86.12	69.8	35.87	28.3
1890	89.25	83.8	39.00	50.6
1891	95.87	83.9	58.75	40.6
1892	78.50	62.4	44.38	39.4
1893	67.75	53.8	39.87	36.5
1894	57.12	49.1	43.12	45.7
1895	62.37	50.9	40.12	26.4

In the *Price Current* table, covering the period from 1872 to 1895, it is shown that the purchasing power of a

silver dollar on the basis of bullion value represented as high as 67 pounds of wheat at the average price in 1875, and as low as 44 pounds in 1882. In the table of Mr. Michels the purchasing power ranged from 70 pounds down to 44 pounds, within the period here mentioned, and previously as high as 87 pounds, in 1869. We know of no more clear illustration of the fallacy of the assumption that there is any direct relation between silver and wheat in the movement of prices.

MR. LEONARD RHONE, the subject of this sketch, was born in 1838, in Centre county, Pennsylvania. From the date of the organization of the Patrons of Husbandry he has taken an active part. In 1880 he was elected master of the Pennsylvania state grange, and has been his own successor ever since. In the same year he was elected trustee of the Pennsylvania state college, and served two terms. In 1885 he was nominated by the Democratic party for the legislature, which, on account of new issues arising in which he was warmly enlisted, he accepted, was elected, and in 1887 was his own successor. By virtue of his position as master of the state grange he is a member of the national grange, and has attended every annual meeting of that body since 1880. The national grange has honored him for years with the chairmanship of the executive committee, which is one of the most important and responsible positions in the national organization. In 1885 he was appointed by Governor Pattison a member of the building commission



MR. LEONARD RHONE.

to erect the Huntington state reformatory. In 1890 Governor Beaver appointed him a member of the state tax commission, upon which he has served for two years with marked distinction and ability. In 1892 Mr. Rhone, in connection with Colonel Price, secretary national board of trade, organized a voluntary conference to consider a plan of agreement among the leading industries of the state, with a view of settling the long contention over an adjustment of the tax laws of the state. This conference consisted of five representatives from each class, and has completed its work, which will come up for consideration by the legislature in 1897. Mr. Rhone has been untiring in his efforts in behalf of the agricultural class. He has frequently incurred the displeasure of the politicians of the state, of both parties, by leading the farmers into independent action in self-defense, achieving many practical victories in behalf of his class, to which he is attached with untiring devotion.

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We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

Paying The old question will not down, "Does poultry pay?"

Poultry. Some people who raise or keep poultry do so without profit, no doubt, and I think they deserve none; but when grain is so very plentiful and cheap, and the prices of eggs and poultry remain almost at the old points, poultry-keeping should pay now if it ever did, and better than ever. I find that I can raise eggs, chickens, ducks, squabs, capons, and perhaps turkeys (although I have not tried them lately), with a fair profit, if I have a fairly good market for these products. Eggs were plentiful and cheap last season, and yet they paid me well, especially as I was enabled to get an outside figure for my "strictly fresh" stock.

People are finding out more and more that there is little dependence on store eggs. There is almost invariably a good sprinkling of rotten ones among them; but even those that are "good" usually have the well-known (and to most people quite objectionable) stale flavor. A strictly fresh egg is a delicacy, and there are a number of people ready to pay a few cents a dozen extra for warranted or even supposedly fresh eggs. My buyer orders fresh eggs of me, and then asks me how much he owes me for them. He never inquires the price or makes a certain condition of purchase. He is willing to pay my price, and in return therefor he enjoys the satisfaction of using good eggs, and having no poor ones to throw away.

Selling Poul-

try Products. A farmer's wife near here who keeps a good many hens has contracted with a Buffalo party to furnish a certain number of dozens of eggs a week at a certain price—I think twenty-five cents a dozen—the year round, she guaranteeing the freshness of the eggs. Usually she has no trouble to fill the contract. During the greater part of the year she receives much more than the market price. This summer, for instance, eggs brought in the Buffalo market only twelve or thirteen cents a dozen for months; while

they now reach the thirty-cent point only for a very few weeks in midwinter. Thus this woman has a good thing; but in cold winters she may run short, and in that case she has to try to get fresh eggs from her neighbors, perhaps paying thirty cents a dozen, and receiving only twenty-five cents in return. But this shortage and this price, thirty cents, usually do not last long.

Perhaps one might lay down some eggs in the fall in the same manner that I do, and sell them under the guarantee of freshness. If properly handled, one can guarantee them to be just as good as the freshly laid egg. I simply gather the eggs as soon as possible after they are laid (and preferably from a flock of hens without rooster), and anoint them lightly with petroleum or vaseline into which a bit of salicylic acid has been carefully mixed. The eggs thus treated are packed in bran or oats, in a box or keg, and stored in a cool cellar. They may be kept six months or longer, and will be found just as good in flavor, and to beat up just as well, as eggs newly laid. I do not think that anybody's taste is discriminating enough to tell the difference.

A few days ago I came across the following advertisement in one of my New York state papers:

"Wanted—a weekly supply of live ducks, geese, fowls and chickens at once. Dressed poultry of all kinds later. Also strictly fresh eggs. Good price given for each for good stock. Apply at East Street, New York City."

I do not know anything about this advertiser or his reliability, and whether the advertisement is bona fide. Perhaps this man is a retail dealer who supplies a fancy market, or he may be some one who keeps a large restaurant or eating-house. At any rate, this method of advertising seems to me a good way for city people desiring a regular supply of fresh eggs and choice poultry directly from the producer, to bring buyer and seller together; while farmers, to find regular city customers, would have to try the advertising columns of city papers, or possibly of household papers, such as the "Ladies Home Companion" and the like. For those who raise eggs and poultry rather largely and successfully, it might be worth the trial. But there can be no doubt that there is an opening for many persons in the production of eggs that can be warranted and supplied regularly, to make very fair profits.

Sprouted Seeds. My friend Professor L. H. Bailey has revised his "Nursery Book." The publishers (the Macmillan Company, New York City) have just placed a copy of the third edition before me. I will not again call particular attention to the great value of this work for all who are in any way interested in the propagation of plants, but I wish to quote a paragraph on "Regermination," as follows:

"It is a common statement that seeds can never revive if allowed to become thoroughly dry after they have begun to sprout. This is an error. Wheat, oats, buckwheat, maize, pea, onion, radish and other seeds have been experimented upon in this direction, and they are found to regerminate readily, even if allowed to become thoroughly dry and brittle after sprouting is well progressed. They will even regerminate several times. Wheat, peas and other seeds have been carried through as many as seven germinations after the radicle had grown a half inch or more, and the seeds had been sufficiently dried in each trial to render them fit for grinding."

It is not many years since I myself was fully convinced that any of these seeds once having sprouted and then dried off would be stone dead. I have learned better since then. We would like to know now, however, how the seeds of our most common weeds behave in this respect. Can we expect to kill them by allowing them to sprout, and then stirring the soil, thus letting them dry off again? Or will these seeds regerminate? It is an important question. We have been taught that by constant cultivation we can kill the weed-seeds that have just begun to sprout. How often have we got to kill these seeds

before they are really dead? Regermination in this case is not much of a blessing for the soil-tiller. On the other hand, it is well to know that it is not always necessary to throw a lot of seeds away because they had become dampened, and started to sprout. Often we can dry them again, and save them for planting.

Soaking Seeds. When I was much younger than I am now, I made it a practice to soak many garden-seeds before sowing them, especially onion, beet and carrot seed, etc. But I soon abandoned this practice, and now prefer to sow all seeds without soaking them. Professor Bailey, in the book mentioned, gives a special warning against overwatering seeds when freshly sown. "Fresh and vigorous seeds," he says, "endure heavy waterings, but old and poor seeds must be given very little water. If there is reason to suspect that the seeds are weak, water should not be applied to them directly. . . . Even sound and strong seeds should be watered with care. Drenchings usually weaken or destroy them. The earth should simply be kept damp." Next he speaks about soaking seeds, as follows: "At first thought it would appear that the apparently good results following soaking seeds in many cases are a contradiction of these statements that seeds may be overwatered. But soaking is usually beneficial only when practised for a comparatively short time. It is not good practice to soak delicate seeds before sowing, and it is of doubtful utility in most other cases, unless it is necessary to soften the integuments of hard-shelled species. The grain in rapidity of germination following soaked as compared with dry seeds, is often fictitious, inasmuch as germination actually begins in the soaked seed before the dry samples are sown. The soaked seeds are sown in water rather than in soil, and as conditions are more uniform there, a gain apparently due to soaking may result. In the case of strong seeds which must be planted outdoors in cold or incongenial soil, a preliminary soaking of from twelve to twenty-four hours may be beneficial, as it lessens the period which the seed would otherwise pass in untoward conditions. But soaked seeds, unless of very hard species, should never be sown outdoors until the soil has become rather dry and warm."

If the soil is freshly stirred and properly prepared, consequently moist and mellow, and warm enough for the germination of a certain kind of seed, germination will take place as promptly as we can desire, provided we have done the sowing in the proper manner. The seed is to be deposited at the proper depth, and the moist soil pressed firmly about it. In this operation, and with good seed, we run no risk. Only unusually unfavorable conditions of weather can prevent full success in getting the seeds to grow, and grow promptly. If the ground happens to be rather cold for starting that particular kind of seed into growth, the seed will remain in the ground intact, and wait until the soil becomes warmer. In soaking seeds before sowing, we often run some risks. After sowing them, the weather may turn cold or wet for a time, and the soaked seed will be liable to rot. I believe that many sowings of garden-seeds are lost in just this way. To tell the truth, I always feel safer when I sow seeds dry, but in well-prepared, moist ground, firming well.

T. GREINER.

SALIENT FARM NOTES.

In trying to get to her calf, one of my cows jumped over a barbed-wire fence, scratching one of her teats badly, drawing the staples out of several posts, and stretching the wire so that it was quite loose. The wounded teat was thoroughly anointed with carbolyzed vaseline, which I keep on hand for such emergencies, immediately after each milking, and in four days was entirely healed. The wire was attached to the posts, the staples being driven about one third their length, then with a stick two feet long and nearly two inches thick, a loop was formed in the wire, and a few turns made it as tight as a fiddle-string. Then the staples were driven in tight.

A ball of wool twine, costing seven cents, was sufficient to securely tie twenty shocks of corn. Instead of twisting and falling

down, or part of them being blown down, they will stand erect, neat and close, until I haul them in. In tying them, I first drew the tops together with an inch rope having an iron ring attached to one end. The opposite end was slipped through this ring, forming a noose by which the tops of the shocks were easily drawn close and tight. The twine was then passed around and tied. I have found that it pays to tie corn-shocks.

A friend wrote me a few days ago that owing to the great fall in prices of farm products he would be unable to pay even the interest on a \$3,000 mortgage with which his 160-acre farm is encumbered, and asks what he shall do. My advice is to sell one half of the farm, and with the money clear the indebtedness off the other half. Better a thousand times own eighty acres clear of all encumbrance than to wear one's life out wrestling with a big mortgage. This is not a favorable time for lifting mortgages, and the person who holds onto one simply because a quarter-section of land is attached to it is not wise.

The fact is, most of our farmers are "land poor," but they do not realize it. When a farmer obtains possession of a large tract of land he is unwilling to let go of any portion of it, even if it is encumbered with a mortgage altogether too large for him to manage. He may feel that he does not need the land for himself, but he wants it for his children. I know a man who once had a 320-acre farm two thirds paid for. A couple of bad seasons followed by considerable bad management overwhelmed him with debts, and he lost all he possessed. When it was evident that his debts were increasing, his wife urged him to save eighty acres and let the rest go, which he could have done without difficulty, but no; he wanted the land for his children, and he hung on until he had nothing left. He is now working at such odd jobs as he can get, and his children are scattered.

Only a short time ago a farmer gravely told me that he believed a farmer would starve to death on forty acres of land! And he meant what he said. He had eighty acres of good land, and according to his own statement, the average yield of his crops was: Wheat, 12 bushels to the acre; corn, 30; oats, 25; hay, 3/4 of a ton. A mile distant from him lives a farmer whose land is almost an exact counterpart of his, and his crops average: Wheat, 30 bushels to the acre; corn, 65; oats, 50; hay, 2 tons.

It is not the quantity of land that a man farms that counts, but the quality of his farming. The fact that a man can grow six tons of first-class timothy hay on one acre shows the possibilities of an acre that is thoroughly tilled. Nine tenths of the land that is sown to wheat is not more than half prepared for the seed, simply because the farmer believes in acres rather than tillage. Said a farmer whose wheat this year yielded thirty bushels to the acre, "To properly prepare a forty-acre field of wheat, one team should be kept going on it from the middle of July until seeding-time. The implements needed are a plow, a disk and a harrow."

Starve to death on forty acres! A thorough farmer can live like a fighting-cock, and lay up money, farming forty acres, because he will do it right. "Five hundred bushels of corn off each six acres was what I worked for, and what I got four years out of every five!" said a farmer who is now retired and living on what he made by farming scientifically.

If a meadow or pasture is to be manured, now is the time to do it. All of the valuable constituents of the manure will be carried into the soil by the fall and winter rains, while the coarse particles will act as a mulch for the grass through the winter, and will decay and be converted into humus before another crop is ready to cut. I have found it a good thing to spread a coat of manure over all spots in the pasture that have been grazed too closely. As early in spring as a team can be driven on the land run a harrow over these spots a few times and scatter the manure. Sow a little seed when you harrow, and this will insure a good stand.

FRED GRUNDY.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

WHAT SHALL WE PRODUCE?—Never before have I seen farmers so ready to try new crops, to change acreage of staples on individual farms and to interrupt old rotations. This is not mentioned as a mark of progress, though with proper limitations it may be so. The restlessness is due to low prices and small incomes from accustomed crops. The idea prevailed a few years ago that the production of small grain must fall more exclusively into the hands of western farmers, and that the central and eastern farmers must turn their attention more to the production of vegetables, fruits, hay and other perishable or bulky products. But already the markets are glutted with fruit and vegetables, live stock remains low, and there is a distinct tendency in some sections to fall back upon wheat as a safe crop for a reasonable portion of the plow-land, because it can always be sold at some price and brings cash to the producer. Interference with accustomed rotations has been a marked feature in farming of late years. The question asked annually by many is, Can I find more profitable products?

HOW ABOUT APPLES?—As sheep were dropped, orcharding grew in favor. Nurserymen have done a thriving business in late years. Wherever the peach has given any promise of success, farmers have undertaken its culture extensively. A large acreage of peach orchards is just coming into bearing in Ohio this year, furnishing the first crop in many new orchards of eastern and southern portions of the state. Apples have been less favorably regarded where peaches were supposed to thrive, but in the aggregate the acreage of new apple orchards is immense. Should this deter one from setting more trees? That question is a puzzling one to hundreds to-day, and no one may assume to answer it for the individual asking it. Much depends upon him and his surroundings. There is reason, however, to believe that half of the trees that have been set will never affect the market demand for choice fruit. They will be neglected, having been set by those who have no taste for horticulture or skill in it; and it is a safe guess that two years of low prices will cause half of these new orchards to be abandoned. It seems probable that there is yet room in this line of production for those who know what varieties to set, and how to produce a choice article by pruning and spraying.

SMALL FRUITS.—It is being demonstrated that the ordinary farmer who has no local markets for berries cannot make much money growing them. Shipments to city markets have been proving very disappointing, owing to the fact that many have undertaken to help out farm incomes by producing from one to five or more acres of berries, and city markets are deluged with stock of ordinary quality. Berries must be sent by express to insure prompt delivery, and the charges for carriage often appear exorbitant. Whether this be true or not, the charges are out of all proportion to the receipts, and when crates, boxes and picking are paid for out of the receipts from the commission merchant, not infrequently nothing remains for the grower. Except for experienced horticulturists, the only safe market for the berry-grower to-day is a local one. If there is a home demand, or if one can be created in a community or near-by town, berries pay well; but beyond this there is in this branch of horticulture no outlet for the farmer who wants to get away from staples.

THE DAIRY.—The drift dairyward was so pronounced a few years ago that thoughtful people expected to see dairy products fall flat. On all sides one heard dairy-talk, and it seemed a simple thing to get a three-hundred-pound butter-cow, and a customer that wanted gilt-edged butter at thirty cents a pound. Enthusiasts talked of better cows than that, and better prices from town people that were willing to pay for a choice article. Some of the

enthusiasm has subsided, and some dairy-men are complaining of small receipts for butter, and especially milk and cheese, but it is probably true that our small dairies with local markets are doing better than other branches of farm production. In many communities there is yet room for those who are willing to get modern dairy appliances and put all their skill into making an article that will please the taste of those in local towns that are able to pay for something choice. The average farmer, however, cannot reach customers who are able to pay anything like fancy prices for butter, and there is a great deal of bosh in the advice to farmers that they get away from staples and furnish gilt-edged butter to city customers. Few can profit by such advice, but there is no reason why the few who can should not do so.

STAPLE PRODUCTS.—The present depression in all kinds of business cannot go on forever. Change has always come in the past, and will come again. During this depression the individual farmer would like to escape into some unworked field of production, but it is very unlikely that he can find such. Thousands of bright fellows are jumping at new chances, and it is only where a local market lacks something that may be produced near it that there is hope of striking a new line of production that is highly profitable. Radical changes in farm plans usually entail extra expense, and cannot be safe while times are close. While the progressive farmer is usually engaged in more or less limited experiments, and is ready to test those new things that appear promising, it does seem that the safe and conservative course now is to keep reasonably clear of new crops that call for lots of labor and other expense, and to depend upon known crops and stock for most of the farm acreage. This is not the most tempting prospect, but it is the safest while everything is dull. We can put our best energies on crops we know, test new lines conservatively, and let radical changes wait for more prosperous times. DAVID.

DAIRY GOSSIP.

The question of feed is one that should receive more attention from the farmer who keeps cows for profit than it usually does. Not only is it important that there should be a sufficient supply, but it is also important that it should be such as to give the best possible results.

As a rule, corn fodder is the chief dependence for roughage. If the corn be harvested before it has become too ripe, or damaged by frost, well cured, and then put in shelter, it is one of the best rough feeds that can be provided, either to feed the stalks in racks, to run through a cutting-box and feed with the grain, or to be shredded and made into corn hay.

But corn fodder left uncut until fully ripened, or until damaged by frost, or if left in the shocks until half rotted, is not calculated to be good feed for cows or any other stock.

If hay is provided, let it be bright clover or alfalfa hay. Timothy is not a milk or butter producer, and if one cannot have something better than timothy, he should quit the business of butter-making. I once visited a dairyman who made the business of butter-making the chief feature of the farm. He was feeding his fifty head of Jerseys on timothy hay alone. Some thirty of them were in milk, the remainder being young stock. From the thirty cows he secured no more milk than he should have received from ten cows fed on a better ration. This was in midwinter, when prices were good, and when the cows should have been at their best.

While the silo is the chief dependence of the dairy specialist, the average farmer, who only keeps a few cows as a side issue to utilize the rough feed of the farm and convert it into manure, would probably not find it advisable to build a silo. Yet he desires to obtain some profit from the cows to pay for time and trouble, and he cannot afford to overlook the necessity of proper feed.

But in addition to the rough feed it will also be necessary to feed some grain. Too frequently this is corn or corn-meal alone. Better results may be obtained by adding to the corn-meal wheat-bran and linseed-cake meal. These are to be purchased, and for this reason are sometimes considered unnecessary. But it will usually be more profitable to sell corn and buy the

bran and linseed-cake meal than to do without them.

Dr. Wolf has prepared tables giving the values of various foods, based on a valuation of four and one half cents for each pound of digestible albuminoids, the same for digestible fat, and nine cents a pound for digestible carbohydrates. The results of his calculations, as prepared for the German government, are here given:

Mangel-wurzels, per hundred pounds....	\$0.14
Turnips, per hundred pounds.....	0.16
Common pasture grass, per hundred pounds.....	0.21
Starch-mill feed, per hundred pounds....	0.39
Clover hay, per hundred pounds.....	0.55
Oats, per hundred pounds.....	0.98
Corn, per hundred pounds.....	1.11
Oil-cake meal, per hundred pounds.....	1.89

While the oil-cake meal is thus shown to have a high value, it must not be understood that it can be fed alone. Some claim as much as one fourth of all an animal consumes may safely be oil-meal, but this I seriously doubt, and in the case of milk-cows it would be radically wrong, and bring on troubles not anticipated. The feeding value of the mangel-wurzels is comparatively low, and yet the man who does not possess a silo will find it profitable to grow these roots. Animals grow tired of dry feed during the long winters, and an occasional feed of roots apparently acts as a tonic upon the system and keeps the animal in health.

Another item to be considered in connection with various feeds is the value of the manure made from these feeds. An eminent chemist has prepared a table giving the value of the manure made from a ton of feed of various kinds, with the following results, based on the market value of the nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid:

Field-turnips.....	\$ 0.96
Carrot.....	0.96
Wheat straw.....	2.20
Millet.....	1.40
Timothy.....	4.63
Malt.....	6.35
Indian corn.....	6.40
Wheat.....	6.70
Barley.....	7.07
Rye.....	7.29
Oats.....	7.43
Clover hay.....	8.40
Wheat-bran.....	12.45
Peas.....	13.35
Beans.....	15.13
Oil-cake meal.....	18.50

From this table it will be plain that if we can obtain a manurial value of \$8.40 from a ton of clover hay in addition to its feeding value, which is equally as much, we can never afford to sell a ton of clover hay from the farm. It will also appear that if the manurial value of a ton of bran is worth \$12.45, we could at least pay that much for it, even if there was no feeding value in it. The same is true of oil-cake meal, which is here given at \$18.50, but Professor F. W. Wolf, of the Wisconsin State University, in a recent work, gives the manurial value at \$21.11. Whatever may be the actual manurial values of these feeds, the careful farmer soon learns that they have a feeding value which he cannot overlook.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

SHREDDING CORN FODDER.

We are too apt to complain of hard times, and to overlook some of the leading causes which produce them. We too often look for legislative aid at the spigot, while the waste at the bung-hole gives us no concern. We have wasted annually, and continue to waste, by the old methods of sowing and harvesting our crops of Indian corn, enough each season to nearly pay the average amount of each farmer's state and county taxes.

The old way must give place to the new one. The old way of only plucking off the ears of the corn and leaving the stalks in the field, or of cutting, shocking and husking, and then scattering the stalks broadcast, which, after the leaves are eaten off, are trodden under foot, is a reckless one in point of economy. The butts of the stalks have an actual food value. The stalks and leaves are known as stover. The dry weight of the blades, or leaves, is about fifty-five per cent; the tops (including tassels), ten per cent; the middle stalks carrying most of the shucks, or husks, twenty per cent; and the naked butts, below the ears, fifteen per cent. Now, in respect to food value, as determined chemically, "two and one half pounds of stover (field-cured) equal one pound of corn or corn-meal." By the old method about one fifth of the whole stover is lost, or approximately about each half ton of butts is chemically equivalent in

food value to four hundred pounds of corn-meal.

It has been fully demonstrated by a series of feeding experiments conducted at various experiment stations, that corn-stalks, or butts, when properly prepared, are digestible, and their food value is of marked proportions when the stover is finely shredded, so that the cattle will greedily eat the entire product. An excellent authority on this subject confidently asserts "that thirty-seven per cent of the total value of the corn crop exists in the dry stalks, after the ears have been taken off."

The question of the preparation of the valuable food material which has heretofore gone to waste is therefore a most important one. This has been definitely solved by the introduction of improved machinery for shredding every part of the corn-plant except the ears. In other words, the machine makes "corn hay," which, if made of properly cured corn in the shock, is fully as valuable as the best hay. Where fifty bushels of shelled corn are raised to the acre, the yield of corn hay is usually about two tons. As the shredded fodder has no sharp edges, it can be fed as safely as hay, and the hay crop can all be sold when prices rule high, and the shredded fodder retained for use on the farm.

The present market value of shredded fodder in Philadelphia is \$10 a ton. "Corn hay," as it is now called, is now being made and baled in the field where grown. The crop, when shocked and the stalks well cured, can be neatly husked and the stalks shredded at a single operation by a machine now made for the purpose. Usually a ten or twelve horse portable engine supplies the power, as well as that for the baling-machine, which is now used in connection with the shredder, so that the entire work is finished in the field.

As an adjunct, and a necessary economic and saving accompaniment of the improved corn-harvesters now coming into general use, the shredder is almost indispensable. No method of relief from existing hard times can possibly surpass the plan of availing ourselves of improved machinery to lessen the cost of production, and by making the most profitable methods of marketing our crops our constant study. W. M. K.

EAT MORE MUTTON.

Why should we fret and growl because fat sheep do not command a higher price in the market, while at the same time we continue to purchase the more expensive beef and pork of the butcher? Two hours' labor will remove the jacket from a fat wether, and nicely dress enough mutton to last a large family at least one week; and at the prevailing prices for all kinds of meat, result in the saving of from one to two dollars. Then by exchanging with a neighbor, the fresh-meat period during summer can be greatly prolonged. After the middle of October the cooler temperature will prevent loss from tainting, or meat can be kept by cutting a portion in half-pound pieces, and immersing in a crock of fresh buttermilk. This not only excludes the air, but acts as a preservative. Instead of the milk, a strong salt brine may be used, and the meat preserved for two weeks or longer. L. D. SNOOK.

Take The Best Hood's Sarsaparilla

Take the best when you buy medicine. Do not experiment. Take no substitute that may be offered for Hood's Sarsaparilla, whether old or new. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses curative power unknown to any other medicine. It has a record of cures never equaled. It has power to make your blood pure, and in this way it can make you well. Remember Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM WOODBANKS.

MILLS' EARLIEST TOMATO.—I have just inspected a patch of the "Earliest in the World" tomato, in the garden of an acquaintance in Ontario county, New York. It was a sight indeed. All plants were trained to a stake and trimmed to one stalk each. There were immense clusters, from five to seven specimens in a cluster, all of good, singularly uniform size, and as smooth as an apple, not a wrinkle to be seen in any of them, and evenly colored. My friend claims to have left the specimens unpicked, on some of the plants, until about half the crop had become fully ripe, and then to have picked as much as half a bushel of perfect ripe fruit from one plant, leaving about as much green fruit on to mature later. This would prove unusually good keeping qualities, too. The plants were seven feet high and upward. Of course, we can train any tomato up like that. When all the growth is forced into a single stem, on rich ground, we can run the plants up ten or twelve feet high easily enough. From the great thrift of the plants in my friend's patch, I infer that growth has been stimulated by heavy manuring, possibly with liquid manure, and that this treatment may possibly account for the remarkably fine fruit and the great productiveness of the plants. It points out a way how to get fine tomatoes, and plenty of them. Next year I will be able to speak from experience on the question of earliness. If this Mills' proves as early as the earliest we now have, being the equal of Early Leader in this respect, and gives such fine fruit under ordinary conditions of culture, I will have to accept it as the realization of my dreams of the ideal early tomato.

THE MELON-PATCH.—Once more I have tried a number of muskmelons—Tip Top, Jersey Belle, Delmonico, and some of the still newer and highly praised ones; yet the Emerald Gem remains the one to which I turn when I want to enjoy a real feast. The quality of the Gem thus far is unsurpassed, and possibly unsurpassable. There are varieties more desirable in size and shape, but quality with me counts first. For next year at least the Gem will remain my chief reliance as a melon, both for home use and for a discriminating, near market. My advice to those who grow melons for private families is to tempt them with Gems, and to plant this variety chiefly or exclusively. In one of my onion-patches I found a chance melon-plant (melons had been grown there two years before), and this was left to run among the Prizetaker onions at will. It produced ten melons, each one as large as the larger specimens of the Montreal and of about that shape and general appearance. In quality these melons were found quite fine and delicious, almost approaching the Gem in richness and sweetness, the flesh, however, being coarse, almost pumpkin-like in texture. I do not remember ever having grown as good a melon of that large size. Possibly it may be a cross, and I have saved a lot of seed in order to try it on a larger scale. This is what every gardener should do. If he finds an especially fine chance seedling of melon, tomato, or other vegetable or fruit, he should propagate it for more thorough trial. Most of our improvements in varieties are due to just this method of proceeding.

Watermelons here in these northern localities, where the longest frost-free period seldom exceeds a hundred days by more than two weeks, are not always a sure crop, unless one takes special pains in getting an early start, by sowing seed in boxes or on inverted sods under glass, and in selecting early varieties. I used to grow Vick's Early in these parts with some satisfaction, but the melons are small, and their quality none too high. The Volga and Hungarian Honey have given us fine crops of sweet melons in some seasons. This year I planted a few hills of a melon sent me under the name of "Indiana Sweetheart." Although the plants started rather late, they ripened the whole crop, and gave me the largest melons I ever had—veritable monsters, such as the larger watermelons brought in from the South. They were sweet, and good, too, but as they are almost white on the outside, they make a prominent

mark for pilferers, and I had some loss on that account.

WINTER SQUASHES.—Winter squashes can be raised about as easily as pumpkins. I have plenty of them, and good ones, too, all over the corn-field. If the ground is rich, and the season fairly favorable, the squashes do well among corn, and they seem to be clear gain. Often they can be sold at from one to two or more cents a pound, and thus will add a very considerable amount to the income from a field of corn, even if some pains have to be taken in selling to private customers. Now comes the question of quality. Last year I had to complain that my Hubbards were so watery; indeed, almost wholly unfit for culinary use, so that I fed about the whole crop to the cows. Although I found squashes fully as good as pumpkins for this purpose, and perhaps better in some respects (I imagined they made more milk), I do grow squashes more for table use and sale than for stock. This year I have the genuine high-grade winter squash that I can enjoy and recommend. It is the strain sent out under the name "Chicago Warty Hubbard." This, even when only approaching ripeness, cooks dry and mealy, and tastes like the good squashes I used to grow.

I find pretty large squashes in the corn-field, even where the corn stood pretty thick, being grown for the fodder as much as for grain. But a patch of the Warty Hubbard, in a corner of an old onion-field where manure had been used for years without stint, shows a pretty even lot of very large specimens, and a good many of them. The vines had formed a great tangled mass of foliage, covering the entire ground deeply and densely, choking out all weed growth. The crop is a highly satisfactory one, and no doubt very profitable. But plenty of manure is the key to success. We cannot easily put on too much of it for squashes, except it be coarse and applied late in the season. I make my applications of stockyard manure, or manure from livery-stables, along in the field, usually leaving it on the ground during winter, evenly spread, and then plow it under in spring.

WINTER TOMATOES.—A Michigan reader asks me about growing winter tomatoes. I hardly ever grow them, simply because I cannot often get paying prices for them. Winter tomatoes are an expensive crop, and one must get at least a free-silver-coinage dollar a pound for them in order to make them as profitable as winter lettuce or radishes. If I grow greenhouse crops for profit, I stick to lettuce, and perhaps to radishes, raising crop after crop until pretty well toward spring when the benches are needed for plants. After that, possibly when the earlier plants are taken out to cold-frames or open ground, I may set a few tomato-plants and cucumbers, etc., to give me these fruits a little ahead of their regular season. But if I want to grow winter tomatoes, I start plants about this time (early October), and set them in large boxes or in deep benches about a foot or fifteen inches apart each way, trimming them to single stalk, and tying to an upright wire or string. The Lorillard is my favorite for this purpose. More about this later.

T. GREINER.

COPPER SOLUTIONS AS A FUNGICIDE.

It is all too true that those who have made discoveries of immense value to mankind are generally unknown to history, or receive poor thanks for their services. The use of copper solutions in destroying destructive fungi is now so general that the cultivator would be regarded as an idiot who was ignorant of their value. Yet no one knows who was the original discoverer. It was in general use among intelligent agriculturists a half century ago, when the writer was a boy. Copperas was then simply dissolved in water, and the seeds steeped therein before sowing. Though not as much was known in detail of the habits of these low parasitic organisms, it was well understood that the spores were carried to the growing plant through the agency of the seed, and that the copper solutions destroyed the spores, and thus saved the crop from injury. The greatest advances in its use have been made by the improvement in spraying machines and implements by which the application can be made at any period of the plant's growth.—Meehan's Monthly for October.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Market for Juneberries.—F. R. S., Sparta, Wis. Almost any of the produce commission-houses will handle Juneberries. Thus far, however, the cultivation of this fruit has been so limited that it is seldom seen in our markets. I think, however, it would command about the same price as blueberries.

Root-grafting—Buckwheat Straw as a Mulch.—H. C. D., Georgetown, Pa. What is generally termed root-grafting is done during winter. The stocks are dug in the autumn and stored in sawdust in a cave or cold cellar. The scions are also thus treated, and the roots and scions are put together during winter, stored in the cellar until spring, when they are planted out. An article on this subject will appear before winter in these columns. Plums grow very slowly thus propagated, and I prefer to plant the roots out one year and graft them the following spring right in the ground, or else had the stocks in summer.—Buckwheat straw may be safely used for mulching strawberry-beds, but should not be put on very thickly.

Sprouts—Wintering Daturas—Peony.—C. H., Saginaw, Mich., writes: "I have a plum-tree in my back yard, and within six or eight feet of it shoots are springing up continually. Last year I cut them off as they shot up, but this year they are more plentiful. I had a large poplar-tree cut down, but it keeps springing up from the roots. What shall I do to destroy the roots?—What am I to do with my datura after it is done blossoming?—I also have a peony that has been in the ground six years, and it has never blossomed yet. Every spring it is full of buds, but they blast off before blossoming. The peony has a long, narrow leaf."

REPLY:—The plum is probably grafted on some sprouting stock, and there is no way to prevent the sprouts without killing the tree. If the sprouts from the poplar roots are kept cut down close for a season they will die out.—You can keep your datura in your house all winter, or put it in a cool cellar, keeping it rather dry until spring. If taken up carefully now, it ought to flower quite a little during winter. If it is a common seedling, it may not pay to bother with it.—The peony is probably one of the more tender sort and not adapted to your conditions. If it is closely shut in, that may be the trouble; but some harder sort would probably do better.

Nursery Stock.—R. B., Raymond, Neb. If you want very complete information in regard to the stocks adapted to the different fruits and nuts, it would be well for you to get a copy of "The Nursery Book," by L. H. Bailey. This book also explains the methods used in growing all kinds of plants. In a brief way, apples are grafted on seedling apple-stocks. The seed for this purpose may come from any apples. On account of the vigor with which it grows, most of our nurserymen have of late years been using the seed of French crab for this purpose. Pear-stocks are most generally imported, as they can be grown much more easily in the climate of France than in the northern states of this country. Plums are grown on Myrobalan, which is a seedling European plum. It is also grown on cuttings of the native Chicasa species, known as Mariana, and on seedling Americana sorts. Peaches are grown on seedling peach-stocks, those from the wild pits of Tennessee being preferred. Cherries are grown on Mahaleb and Mazzard stocks. The chestnuts are grown on native chestnut seedlings, hickories on hickory seedlings, and pecans on pecan seedlings. "Thomas' Fruit Culturist" takes up only the fruits.

Grape-vines—Cheap Trees.—J. H. B., Rutland, Ill., writes: "I am not so young in years (forty-seven), but quite young in horticulture. I have a few old grape-vines, soft maple and elm trees, set out by a former owner of my present home, but cherry, apple and other trees and small fruits set by him are dead and dying. Having more time, and a newly awakening taste for such work, I am anxious to grow more shade and fruit trees, flowering shrubs, flowers, grass, etc., that may make home surroundings pleasant. There are some points I would be glad to have more information about. One writer says, 'Do not use any one or two year old plants' (grapes). What age should be used? Again he says, 'For a five-dollar bill any reliable nurseryman will send you three hundred grape-vines,' and, 'A good two-year-old tree [peach] can be bought at any nursery at six to ten cents.' This seems remarkably cheap for stock true to name. I got a small bill (ten dollars) of stock this spring, and paid twenty cents for grape and twenty-five cents for peach. I sent to a well-known nursery firm, believing it to be strictly reliable, and did not want to get 'fooled.' If one could get just as good stock for one fourth the money, it would be a big object these times, and also a strong incentive to set out more."

REPLY:—Grape-growers usually prefer very strong one-year-old or two-year-old vines. These can be bought at various prices, depending on the variety and the quality purchased. Some new varieties sell at one or two dollars each, while Concord vines in large quantities can be bought for about twenty dollars a thousand. The same holds true with peach-trees and other nursery stock. If you ask any reliable nursery for prices on grapes or peaches by the one hundred or one thousand lot, you will be surprised at the low figure they will quote you. In a small way they must charge more than at wholesale.

A New Botanical Discovery.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder, Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

A short time ago our readers were informed of the discovery of the Kava-Kava Shrub, a new botanical product, of wonderful power in curing certain diseases. The Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *Piper Methysticum*,



THE KAVA-KAVA SHRUB.
(*Piper Methysticum*.)

grows on the banks of the Ganges river, East India, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the Peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. We have previously quoted Dr. Archibald Hodgson, the great authority on these diseases in which he describes the sufferings of both Hindus and white missionaries and soldiers on these low, marshy swamps and jungles on the Ganges. He says:

"Intense tropical heat and moisture acting upon decaying vegetation renders these low grounds on the Ganges most unhealthy districts. Jungle fevers and miasma assail the system. * * * The Blood becomes deranged and the Urine thick and dark-colored. * * * Life hangs in the balance. Then when all modern medical science fails, safety is found in the prompt use of Kava-Kava. A decoction of this wonderful botanical growth relieves the Kidneys, the Urine becomes clearer, the fever abates, and recovery sets in, etc."

Of all diseases that afflict mankind, Diseases of the Kidneys are the most fatal and dangerous, and it is but natural that the discovery of the Kava-Kava Shrub—Nature's Positive Specific Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys—is welcomed as a gift to suffering humanity, and its medical compound, Alkavis, endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe.

Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., Editor of the "Religious World," writes of the wonderful curative effects of Alkavis:

"For several years I was a sufferer from Kidney troubles, and could obtain no relief from physicians. I used various Kidney remedies but with no success. I had given up all hopes of ever recovering my health, until hearing of the marvelous cures effected by your Alkavis, decided to try same. After using the first bottle I began to experience relief, and following up the treatment was permanently cured. I cheerfully recommend your excellent Alkavis to persons afflicted with Kidney and Rheumatic disorders as the best remedy known."

Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis, and was promptly cured of Kidney disease, and restored to health. Mrs. Alice Evans, of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Mary A. Layman, of Neel, West Va., twenty years a sufferer; Mrs. Sarah Vunk, Edinboro, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. Copeland, Elk River, Minn.; and many other ladies join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis, in various forms of Kidney and allied diseases, and other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood.

Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years standing, by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant misery, often compelled to rise ten times during the night on account of weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all his home physicians without the least benefit, and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. The testimony is undoubted and really wonderful. Many others give similar evidence. Many doctors also testify to the powers of Alkavis in curing almost hopeless cases. Among these none have greater weight than Dr. A. R. Knapp, of Leoti, Kansas, and Dr. Anderson, of Carthage, Mo., whose testimony is particularly valuable from the fact of their great experience in these diseases.

And even more wonderful is the testimony of Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel in thirty years service, stricken down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. He says:

"I was suddenly stricken down on the 22d of June with an acute attack of kidney trouble (uric acid gravel). For two months I lay hovering on the border line of life, and with the constant care of two excellent physicians, I only received temporary relief. My family physician told me plainly the best I could hope for was temporary respite. I might rally only to collapse suddenly or might linger some time. But the issue was made up and as I had for years warned others to be ready, so now more than ever I must needs put my house in order and expect the end. Meantime I had heard of Alkavis and wrote to an army comrade (now principal of a college), who had tried it. He wrote me by all means to try it as it had made a new man of him. At the end of two months and then only able to sit up a little, I dismissed my physicians and began the use of Alkavis. In two weeks I could ride out in the carriage for a short time. The improvement has been * * * constant and steady. I am now able to look after my business. I feel I owe what life and strength I have to Alkavis. * * * I am fifty-five years old, have been a minister over thirty years, have thousands of acquaintances, and to every one of them who may be afflicted with any kind of kidney trouble, I would say, try Alkavis."

Another most remarkable cure is that of Rev. Thomas Smith of Cobden, Illinois, who passed nearly one hundred gravel stones under two weeks' use of this great Remedy, Alkavis.

The Chnrch Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York City, so far are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its great value that they will send a Large Case by mail free to Every Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's disease, Rheumatism, Cystitis, Gravel, Female Complaints and Irregularities, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. All readers are advised to send their names and address to the company and receive the large case by mail free. To prove its wonderful curative power, it is sent to you entirely free.

Our Farm.

STRAYLINGS.

As every one has noticed by this time, fruits ripened early—earlier than in any other season that I can recollect. The strawberry came and was nearly gone by the first of June, which is usually the time for the first pickings. The crop was spotted—some good and some poor, mostly poor. Mine was a failure. At the time when the berries were forming and should have been growing, myriads of the false chinch-bugs were sucking the sap from the plants and the juice from the berries, and “buttons” were the result. If there is any practical way to fight these bugs, I would like to know it. They mysteriously rise out of the earth at their “appointed time,” do their mischievous work, and disappear just as mysteriously. To the ordinary man they seem just like the ordinary chinch-bug, but the state entomologist finds a difference and gives a life history of the insect in one of his reports.

Raspberries, currants, gooseberries and Juneberries follow the strawberry, and are mostly gone when the Snyder blackberry commences to ripen, which in this locality (central Illinois) is usually about July 4th.

The great bane of raspberry-patches here is the disease known as anthracnose, which, as I have noticed in other articles, appears to the ordinary eye as common winter-killing, except that the tips commence to die back in the fall—even before the first frost comes. Now, whether this disease can be controlled or not may yet be an open question.

A few years ago I would have said that the Bordeaux mixture had no effect on it, but this judgment was founded on only one or two years' experience or experiment. But this much I know, that five or six years ago many varieties of grapes—as all of the Arnolds, some of the Rogers and many other hybrids, and even the nearly rot-proof Perkins—were nearly ruined by anthracnose, which seemed to be gaining virulence each year, when I commenced spraying. This has diminished (almost imperceptibly) each year, until now scarcely a trace of the disease can be found in my vineyard of several thousand vines, and over a hundred varieties in bearing. So I now incline to think that if I had followed up the disease in my raspberries as I have in my grapes, in the place of plowing up the patch and abandoning raspberry-raising, I might still be in the market with a few Greggs and Cuthberts.

Currants and gooseberries fill the season between strawberries and blackberries, and I prefer to raise them, as they are not so sensitive to treatment—will endure more neglect—and will pay about as well for the work and money invested. Yet my crop of currants this year was light, and gooseberries were a failure.

Spring generally brings us delightful promises in the gorgeous red, white and pink bloom of our apples, pears, cherries, plums, peaches, etc., and we feel certain of an immense crop of fruit, “if something doesn't happen.” But the trouble is, something generally does happen, and the some-things seem to be thicker and bolder and more of them each year—bugs, worms, fungi, bacteria, cyclones, droughts, etc. Yet “it is better to wear out than to rust out,” and surely there is no danger of a successful fruit-grower “rusting.” He must be wide awake or his enemies will tie him up like Gulliver by the Lilliputs.

The Alexander peach comes in about with the blackberry, and is just about as worthless as any fair-sized showy peach well can be. To-day, with its green and fine red, it is hard and entirely uneatable, and unsalable where it is known. Tomorrow the green is mellowing to white and the red is beautiful, also the flesh is softening just a shade on the outside, but just as hard and bitter as ever at the depth of a quarter of an inch. Right here “let her slide,” if at all; for the next day, although yet hard at the core, it is too mushy on the outside to stand even

careful handling, except directly to the eater. If you can hold a specimen until it is really good all the way down to the pit, it has a first-rate piquant flavor. Usually half or more of the fruit rots on the tree, and in my opinion it is the very wormiest peach. On the other hand, it bears well, and is showy. A long string of its seedlings, of about the same season now, but “fully two weeks earlier” when introduced, have the same general character. But with all their faults, a tree or two of the Amsden or Alexander would not be amiss in the farm orchard. I prefer the Amsden.

Blackberries were a good crop—in many places ruinously good. For the seller, better a half crop at a good price than a large one which only sells for enough to pay the picking expenses. Snyder decidedly leads here. In the southern end of Illinois the Early Harvest is largely planted, but it is tender further north than Centralia. This vicinity has a few new varieties which seem to have some merit, among which are Lincoln, which originated near the tomb of Lincoln, near Springfield; the Surprise, supposed to have originated near Tallula, Menard county, and Leader, which I think was brought from Kankakee, but seems to be of uncertain origin. The two last-named are rather remarkable for their continuous fruiting, fine fruit having been shown at “exhibits” in late August, or even as late as the Illinois state fair. Taken all in all, the blackberry is perhaps the most reliable, useful and satisfactory of all the berries—a berry for the farmer and a berry for the professional fruit-grower—everybody's berry. Good raw, without sugar, cooked, in pies, preserves, jellies, canned, dried, for wine and for medicine; easy to grow, cheap. Call it the king of berries, and let the queen be the strawberry—a glorious couple! “May da lif long and brosher.”

Lapping the last half of blackberries comes the advance-guard of the plums. Commencing with the Wild Goose, there is an abundant succession among the “natives” until about the first of the frosts. Very few varieties are later than Golden Beauty and Wayland. The former, as its name suggests, is of a clear yellow, and the latter a glossy red, with flavors nearly as distinct as their colors. The apricot plum, with the same general appearance, is fully as late as Golden Beauty, and is probably a seedling of it. In size it is somewhat smaller, but the flavor is richer and more sprightly. Both are remarkably exempt from injury by curculio and rot, and were it not that there is some fungous trouble with the fruit, I should name them as the best of the very late plums. Here the crop of plums has been larger than was expected, and the price more than correspondingly poor.

One thing is evident, we must either find protection against rot, or we must give more attention to selecting varieties that are not so liable to it; and this applies to peaches as well as plums. A tree of Maquoketa or Hawkeye plums (they are both large and fine) that has two bushels of unripe fruit on it may give a peek of sound, ripe fruit, but it is so doubtful, while Poole's Pride or Wayland would be apt to ripen nearly all their fruit. Now, which is better, a large fruit which is rotten, or the smaller sound one? This calls to my mind that a seemingly new rot has forced itself upon us this year, showing alone, however, on a new variety of the peach, the Chinese Tong Pa, first disseminated here only a few years ago. The fruit was of good medium size, nice color, smooth red, with scarcely any of the furze that makes some peaches so disagreeable to handle. Only a day or two before it mellowed I was congratulating myself that I had at least one kind that would ripen up “sound.” Just as the mellowing came in, I noticed a pale grayish spot on one of the peaches, and I touched it with an inquiring finger. It was soft as jelly, and could be thrown from the sound part by a sharp blow or shake. This rot spread rapidly, and in a day or two much of the fruit on the tree was affected and spoiled. So if it isn't one thing it is another. By the time we have one enemy “by the heels,” another appears, and this feature constitutes one of the spices that flavor the business of fruit-growing in Illinois.

BENJ. BUCKMAN.

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SOUTH ATLANTIC AND GULF STATE NOTES.

The young men of the South are now putting more thought into the business of farming than formerly, and with it has come not only profit, but a real enjoyment of farm life.

The Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park, only nine miles from Washington, D. C., has a department of “farmers' institutes.” Prof. W. L. Amos is director, and he is now arranging for a series of institutes in every county in the state. These will afford the young farmers a rare opportunity to note the progress that always comes to those who read and think, and then with scientific accuracy work out profitable results.

The one-crop system has this season received a check, but not one on a solvent bank. In southeastern Virginia, in the Norfolk trucking district, the truckers have lost money this season. Many will be compelled to buy both grain and hay for their teams, and that, too, brought in from other states at prices including freight and commissions. Those who ignore the safe system of mixed farming, and make the truck and fruit their money crops, must expect to suffer. The point in trucking has been reached when it no longer pays to buy what can be produced at home.

Southern Pines, a noted health resort for northern invalids, is also the location of the experimental vegetable and fruit farms of the North Carolina experiment station, at Raleigh. The state director is Dr. H. B. Battle, but the general superintendent of the farms is Capt. D. D. F. Cameron. The fruits experimented upon are the small fruits and orchard fruits. The list of vegetables comprise onions, sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbage, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers and beans. The various plots of one tenth of an acre each are fertilized with acid phosphate, nitrate of soda, potash salts and lime. Green manuring with nitrogen-assimilating plants is practised. The result obtained can but prove of the greatest value to the farmers in that section and throughout the state.

An important question with our cotton-growers is the use of ties, or a substitute in the form of large-sized wire, for baling this season's crop. The cotton-tie trust is quite likely to receive a black eye, for it has been demonstrated that wire can be substituted in baling in place of the trust tie, for which an increased price was demanded. It is a matter of interest to know that organized capital has been met by the organized resistance of the cotton-growers, and that the latter have justly scored an enduring victory.

The calamity which has befallen the farms in the beautiful hill region of northern Louisiana, in the parishes (counties) of Claiborne, Union, Lincoln, Jackson and West Carroll is one fully as great as that which befell the farmers of Nebraska and northwestern Kansas a few years ago. As the South generously contributed to the relief of the farmers in those states on that occasion, it is not presuming too much to anticipate at this time a liberal response in aid of the farmers in the drought-stricken localities, where the population aggregates not less than 36,500 people. Murphy J. Foster, of Baton Rouge, governor of the state, is now having the extent of the destitution officially determined, with the view of affording immediate aid to those in greatest need. The hope is confidently expressed that Louisiana, broad and rich,

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FARMERS

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can care for her own. While this is the real feeling, offers of friendly aid would no doubt be gratefully appreciated.

J. W., JR.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

A gentleman whose business keeps him in a large city the year round, excepting a week in September, said to me: “I'm afraid you people do not fully appreciate the many blessings you enjoy. Here you have the purest air, the best of water, sunshine and shade, fresh fruits and vegetables and entire freedom from the stenches, the dangers, the perplexities, the crowding and annoyances constantly met with in the city. It is true you have to work in the hot sun a great deal, but that really is not so prejudicial to health as the steaming heat of the city streets. Then how different are your surroundings from ours after a shower! Your lawns, trees, gardens and growing crops are cleansed, freshened and beautified, the air purified and cooled and birds made merry; while from our streets and alleys arises a stench of nasty mud and decaying matter. And your September and October nights, especially when the ‘harvest moon’ lights up the country, what could be lovelier? How merrily the crickets chirp! How the music of the katydids rings through orchards and grove! Bless you, this music of an autumn night is the music of peace, of freedom, of rest; and to a weary city man it is a thousand times sweeter than the clang and shriek of the opera!”

FRED GRUNDY.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM VERMONT.—Vermont's hay crop is considerably short, but a large amount of corn was planted, which is very good. Oats are turning out fine, yielding from forty to fifty bushels to the acre. Barley and other small grains have done well. The writer had forty-five and one half bushels of oats to the acre, and forty-five bushels of barley to the acre. The potato made about two thirds of a crop. Frequent showers have made good fall pastures. The Everts & Eastman Creamery is doing a good business. It paid to patrons sixty cents a hundred pounds for August milk. Some are experimenting with crimson clover. Beef is worth 5 cents a pound; pork, 4 cents; butter, 15 to 17 cents. Bristol, Vt. W. F. R.

Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

MOLTING AND LAYING.

It is not too soon to select the winter layers, for one can be guided by present circumstances and avoid retaining any members of the flock that may not prove profitable after cold weather sets in. As has been frequently stated before, the hens must finish molting before December or they will not lay in the winter. It requires about three months from the time the hen ceases to lay in order to molt before she begins to lay again. Molting is the preparation for colder weather. The old feathers, which may be broken, are dropped, and new ones grow in their places. While the growth of new feathers is in progress the hen does not lay, as her system is drained of mineral matter in order to produce the feathers. If a hen does not finish molting before cold weather sets in, she will not lay before next spring; but if she completes the molting process by November, or even as late as December in some climates, she will be ready prepared for work and should make a good winter layer. About feeding such hens: It is usual to give them plenty of grain. What they really require is meat and bone. Occasionally a little sulphur in the food is beneficial. Grain makes them too fat, and they will not give satisfactory results when molting is completed. Grass, seeds, milk, meat, bone and linseed-meal are the best foods. These foods will hasten molting and shorten the time a week or two. If any of the hens should not begin to molt by September, they will probably be too late to finish in time to be winter layers, and should be disposed of, as it will not pay to keep them over until spring.

POULTRY AT THE FAIRS.

It is seldom that care is exercised in admitting birds for competition at fairs, many of the awards going to crosses or inferior kinds, owing to permitting persons to enter for competition in classes where there need be no exhibits. Unless a building is light, and the fowls properly caged, a comparison of the birds and a close examination of the plumage is difficult, even to an experienced person. The state and county fairs can be very serviceable to farmers by fostering poultry. Prepare suitable buildings, and allow no entries except of pure-bred fowls, seeking to encourage the farmers rather than benefiting itinerant exhibitors who travel from fair to fair with a litter of everything, including guinea-pigs, simply to secure the prizes offered in classes where competition seldom exists. The educational features of the poultry departments build up the poultry industry of a state, and visitors are best instructed with a small display of choice specimens rather than by a large exhibit of worthless birds which serve no purpose other than to fill the coops.

SHIP ONLY THE BEST TO MARKET.

There is an enormous amount of poultry sent to the large markets and consumed by purchasers that is utterly unfit for food, and if inspection of beef is necessary, it is more so with poultry. The stock that comes from near by is not so objectionable, but that coming sometimes from a distance is not all as it should be, and prices are reduced thereby. Of the diseases to which poultry are subject may be mentioned scrofula, consumption, bronchitis, and even diphtheria, which are usually termed "roup," for want of better knowledge of diseases; and we may also include chicken-cholera in the list. The privations endured by fowls that are shipped alive in coops, from crowding and lack of water, add to the drawbacks, and disregard of the comfort of the birds on arrival at destination serves to lessen their quality as food. It is not intended to reflect on those who ship poultry to market. There is a disposition on the part of some to ship every fowl, irrespective of its condition, if it ceases to be profitable, hence there will always arrive in market fowls that are unfit for consumption. They come in with the good, and cannot easily be separated, as many fowls that are diseased will appear as free from disease as the most thrifty, and

when dressed fowls are shipped, there is but little opportunity to distinguish the good from the bad.

FATTENING THE CHICKS.

When chicks for market are to be made fat, they should be at least eight weeks old, as too much forcing of young chicks may cause leg weakness or indigestion. Fattening should be done in a week or ten days, and the chicks should be shipped to market just as soon as they are ready. It is not necessary to feed oftener than three times a day, and all food not consumed at each meal should be removed after they have eaten. Early in the morning give them a light mess of finely chopped grass, onion-tops, lettuce, or any green food, sprinkled with corn-meal. After they have eaten it, give them as much wheat and cracked corn as they will eat. At noon give a stiff dough composed of a pound each of corn-meal and ground oats, half a pound of crude tallow and four ounces of linseed-meal. At night give wheat and cracked corn. Between meals scatter a gill of millet-seed for a hundred chicks and let them seek the seeds, which will keep them thrifty. Keep fresh water, charcoal and grit always before them.

COLD-STORAGE CHICKS.

Late chicks are killed in the fall and kept in cold storage in the winter, coming into the market soon after the holiday rush is over and the supply begins to fall off. The cold-storage chicks are sold as early broilers in the spring, and bring good prices. Contrary to expectation, cold-storage poultry, while reducing prices slightly, opens the markets for fall chickens and assists in increasing the number of fowls on the farms. In proof of this it may be mentioned that a review of the market for the past five years will show better prices during the fall season than existed before the cold-storage process became general. What is lost in winter prices is gained in the summer and fall. Cold-storage stock cannot compete, however, with fresh choice poultry. It is only the inferior kinds that are injured in sale by the frozen stock. The same may be said of limed eggs. They will sell because they possess a certain value, but they are almost unsalable after the full supply of fresh eggs begins to arrive.

CHANGING FROM GREEN FOOD.

Changes in the seasons, that is, from the warm weather of summer to the cooler weather of autumn, permit also changes in methods. It has been advised to allow no food in summer to hens having a range, because they can very easily supply themselves; but as the summer food departs, the hens will require assistance. The first impulse will be to give them corn or wheat, but such foods should be used sparingly, reserving them until the cold season sets in. As a rule, where the hens have had a good grassy run they will be in fair condition and need but little grain. To induce them to lay, give lean meat once a day, with a light grain ration at night. The change to dry food may cause costiveness, but this may be avoided by allowing a gill of linseed-meal to twelve hens daily, which may be mixed with a half pound of ground oats, or a mixture of ground oats and bran, equal parts. To begin feeding on grain heavily will result in making them too fat, and but few eggs will then be received.

DRY EARTH ON THE FLOOR.

The poultry-house is more easily cleaned in winter than in summer, as the cold freezes the droppings, rendering them easily swept up and shoveled, but this will depend upon how the floor is managed. If it is covered with dry dirt or sifted coal ashes, the cleaning is simply a matter of using a broom; but if no absorbent material is used, the fresh droppings become frozen and adhere to the wood, requiring considerable scraping for their removal.

WHITEWASH FOR CHICKS.

The fall season is the best time to begin whitewashing the poultry-houses. The main point is to use whitewash plentifully. If applied boiling hot, it ends lice at once. Add a gill of carbolic acid to each bucket of whitewash, and have it thick. Put on two or three coats, both inside and outside, and then sprinkle it freely, if necessary, on the floors and even in the yards, with a watering-pot.

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REDUCE THE STOCK.
There is not sufficient attention given to reducing the flock when necessity demands it. It is fair to presume that a visit to a hundred farms at this season would witness males on ninety-nine of them, and why farmers will continue to retain these useless food-eaters after their services are no longer required cannot be explained. They are worth but very little in market, and will not increase in value later on. The space and food given to them should be allowed to hens. There are also a lot of young fowls usually kept too long, which will never pay, every day adding to their cost. They should be disposed of, and the sooner the better, as they will sell better now than later. It requires courage to thin out a flock to a minimum number, as inexperienced persons fear that a sacrifice of the best is being made, but the results have shown that more mistakes are made by keeping too many unprofitable fowls than from reducing the flock.

LOW PRICES AND EGGS.

The working people have had less money with which to purchase luxuries, and in curtailing expenses they strike eggs from the list, only using them when necessity compels. But eggs pay, nevertheless, and it is better to have one dozen eggs to sell than to have none at all during severely cold winters when prices are high. Despite the low prices, farmers have made a profit from their hens this year, as a large portion of the surplus grain was fed to poultry. Prices are important, but the main point is to get the eggs to sell. Warmth is favorable to egg production, and no amount of food will enable a hen to lay if she is cold and uncomfortable; and food alone, without sufficient shelter and warmth, will not enable her to do more than protect herself from the drawbacks of winter.

CAUSE OF LAMENESS.

The roosts are too frequently made high, so as to gain room underneath for the nests, which compels the fowls to go up by a small ladder; but they invariably jump off early in the morning. This does no harm so far as Leghorns are concerned, but it is a severe ordeal for heavy Brahmas, Cochins and Plymouth Rocks. It is better to place the nests along the sides of the buildings and have the roosts only six inches from the ground, and there will then be less lameness in the flocks. Any roost that requires a ladder for the fowls is too high, and will cause injury.

DUCKLINGS AND TROUGHS.

A pond may not be necessary, but to be successful with ducklings or goslings they should have a wide, low trough, which at all times should be full of water. By an arrangement of slats across the top of the trough the ducklings can be kept out of the water, but they should have openings between the slats for their bills and heads. Ducklings must frequently wash their bills, which become clogged up, and they require plenty of water when eating; but they must not be allowed to become wet, as it may cause loss.

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INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Abscess.—E. E., Iowa City, Iowa, writes: "I have a fowl with a large lump on the side of the head, which is soft and tough, but otherwise she is healthy."

Reply:—It may be an ordinary abscess, which can be lanced, though such swellings usually indicate a scrofulous condition, the effects of roup at some previous time.

Ducks Becoming Lame.—M. E. S., Perry, Ill., writes: "My ducks became lame, but not up to time of death. What is the cause?"
Reply:—Method of feeding should have been mentioned. Probably the ducks have been fed too liberally on grain during warm weather, which would cause the difficulty.

Minorcas and Black Spanish.—L. E. J., Piqua, Ohio, writes: "How can I distinguish the Black Minorca from the Black Spanish, as (to me) they are very nearly alike?"

Reply:—The two breeds are nearly the same; the Black Spanish has a white face, the Black Minorca having only the ear-lobe on the face white.

Our Fireside.

THE LAND OF THE LONG AGO.

There's a dear old home in the Far Away,
A soft, snug nest where the children play,
A realm of rest where the old folks stay,
In the Land of the Long Ago.

There's a dear old home where the roses twine,
And the fruit hangs ripe on the tree and vine;
Where the Fates were good to me and mine
In the Land of the Long Ago.

Oh, never a map shall point that place;
Nor ever the drift of time erase,
But the hungering heart the lines shall trace
Of the Land of the Long Ago.

And ever the tide of my life's swift stream
Rolls back to the bay of a blissful dream,
And I live and laugh in the glint and gleam
Of the Land of the Long Ago.

On the north and south are the joy and rest
Of a sister's smile and a mother's breast;
And a father's love to the east and west
Of the Land of the Long Ago.

We shall all come back from the desert, "Sigh,"
We shall all come home to the "Soul's Reply,"
We shall all return in the "By and By"
To the Land of the Long Ago.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

"A GOOD FARMIN' WOMAN."

BY ANNIE M. BURKE.

IN FOUR PARTS—PART III.

IT was about the middle of the afternoon when Gus bid good-by to the Jordans. They all shook hands with him in the friendliest manner, and he willingly promised to come back again as soon as it would have become possible to husk corn. Then he went away from them, and started down the snowy road.

It was almost chore-time when he arrived at home. His father was in the barn, but the rest of the family were all in the dismal old kitchen just as he had left them. Gus still had the cheer of the Jordan household in his heart and its sunshine on his face, and as he looked around on his own family now, he somehow felt sorry for them. He had been picking corn in the snow, it is true; yet it seemed to him that he had been away enjoying himself while they had been staying here in this gloomy kitchen. And just then a vague resolution formed itself within Gus. It was that he would try to make his folks and his home pleasant and cheerful as they were at the Jordans'.

But, as it turned out, this resolution was short-lived. It lasted just till the next day at noon. They were all seated around the table, and had just begun dinner, when Kate began giggling over her coffee-cup. Nell immediately wanted to know what was the matter.

"Why—why—" gasped Kate, "don't you see? G—G—Gus's eating with his fork! Jordans 've been learning him manners! He—he—he'll be asking for a napkin next if he keeps on!"

Then to Gus' great disgust the whole family turned to look at him eating with his fork.

"Pooh, you wouldn't think that was anything," exclaimed Nell, "if you'd heard him last night! He ran against me in the kitchen door just as I was going out with the calf's milk, and he says, 'Oh, I beg your pardon!' just as polite as could be!"

"Oh, he didn't!" protested Kate, incredulous.

"Oh, truly he did!" cried Nell. Then both girls fell to laughing till they were well nigh helpless.

Gus' face had by this time settled completely into his old-time frown. And that was the very last of his attempts to make his "folks and his home nice, like the Jordans'."

Gus went to a party in the neighborhood that night, and when it was over he took Arabella home, as usual. But on the way they quarreled. Arabella, it seems, was in something of a huff because Gus had stayed last Sunday at the Jordans' instead of returning home and coming to see her in the evening. Gus explained that he could not very well have come home, as he could not leave the Jordans' till after dark on Saturday, and would have had to return before daylight Monday morning.

Arabella, however, had her own mind about this. She would not be appeased, and after awhile she accused him of "being sweet on the Jordan girl." Gus hotly denied this, and assured her that Dorie would never have him if he were ever so sweet on her. Arabella probably did not like the tone he took about this girl, he seeming to insinuate that she was somehow superior to any one else, and by and by she began talking slightly of her.

Among other things she remarked that Dorie was a "puny little thing." Gus did not mind this much. Then Arabella said Dorie was vain and stuck up because she played the organ at the church where she attended. Gus hristled up some at this, but still said nothing. Next Arabella said she was extravagant and wasteful. To this Gus replied that he had lived at the Jordans'

nearly two weeks, and that he had never seen her waste anything, unless it was pleasant words and nice ways.

"This irritated Arabella, and she said Dorie was good for nothing but putting on style. Gus replied to this in a scornful tone:

"If all the girls were only good for half as much as she is, the farm-houses round here would be a sight nicer places to live in!"

"Oh, my, now! you've got an awful good opinion of her, haven't you?" said Arabella, in an ugly tone.

"Yes, I have," said Gus, not to be beaten.

"Maybe, now, you think she's the very best girl you know!" persisted Arabella, in a still uglier tone.

"Yes, she is," said Gus, coolly.

After that Arabella would not speak to him. They rode along in silence. Gus felt somewhat ashamed of himself, and with good reason, but why should she pitch into Dorie so? When the sleigh stopped, he offered to help her out, but she pushed his hand rudely aside. Then he walked up the path to the house with her, and Arabella slammed the door in his face. Gus turned away with a sneering smile on his lips.

"There, I'll not have to go there any more!" he said, as he drove away. "No, I'll not go there again, and I don't care if I don't! I'm glad we quarreled. My, wasn't she mad, though! She could have bit the head off a nail!"

Then Gus thought of the other two fellows in the neighborhood who had long wanted Arabella, and he thought of the satisfaction he had always had in keeping her from them.

"But they can have her and welcome now. I don't want her!" he assured himself. "I

claimed, "you don't mean to tell me you've gone and quarreled with Arabella!"

"Yes, I have!" said Gus, tartly, his hat still over his eyes.

There was an impressive silence after that. Kate and Nell, who had been complaining of being lonesome all the afternoon, had now pricked up their ears and were listening with their big dark eyes bulging, and with their mouths dropped open. After a long pause Mrs. McArthur walked deliberately over to Gus and took a chair near him.

"Now, Gus," she began, "I want you to go right straight over an' make it up with Arabella! You're not going to let a little thing like a quarrel come between you an' her. You must fix it up somehow—"

"I'm not going to do anything of the kind!" came the answer from under the hat, cutting her short.

There was another impressive silence after this. Mrs. McArthur stared helplessly at her son, or rather, at the hat which covered his face, while Kate and Nell, who were now standing at the foot of the lounge near their mother's chair, stared at each other with shocked faces, then looked at their mother apprehensively.

After awhile Mrs. McArthur began again: "Gus," she said, forcibly, "there's not such another girl as Arabella in this whole county. She'll raise calves an' pigs an' chicks—"

"I wish you'd let me alone!" interrupted Gus, with a surly growl. "I don't care what she can do."

At this moment Kate's eyes flashed comprehensively.

"I know what's the matter, mother!" cried she. "He's struck on that Jordan girl! You

eried Gus, on the verge of distraction. "I'll never go near Arabella again! You can't make me!"

With that he got up from the lounge and left them. Mrs. McArthur turned to her daughters, and there the three women sat and discussed the situation till it grew so dark in the kitchen that they could not see each other's faces.

But Mrs. McArthur had one alternative left, she would "get his father at him!" This plan she had sometimes found to work with her children when everything else failed. So accordingly, the next day Mr. McArthur approached Gus on the subject of Arabella. At first he spoke reasonably enough, but later, as the young man proved obstinate, he grew angry, and stormed and threatened in much the same way he had done the time Gus wanted to leave the farm and be a telegraph operator. But this time it was with a different effect. Gus now would not be cowed or frightened. Threats and reproaches were alike unavailing; he would not go back to Arabella.

After that they gave him up. Gus heard no more about his former sweetheart, but the young man's home became more disagreeable to him now than ever. Sometimes it seemed almost unbearable. It was too cold to work long outdoors; he had to stay much of the time in the kitchen, where the washing and scrubbing and cooking and butter-making were going on all the time. Then one day the wind suddenly turned to the southwest, the air became mild and the snow began to melt. Gus' gloomy face brightened and his eye lit up. If this kept on corn-husking would be possible, and he could go back to the Jordans'. He eagerly watched the snow go. Then one day when it was yet hardly possible to gather corn, he started out for the Jordans'.

It was just noon when he arrived. Ned and Goodlow were in the dining-room, and Caroline was there setting the table for dinner. They welcomed him heartily, but Gus looked again and again in the direction of the door leading to the kitchen. He expected Dorie to appear. Then Goodlow explained:

"Dorie's away on a visit," he said. "She won't be back till Saturday. Aunt Clara sent for her to come and spend a week."

Gus managed to maintain an ordinary expression of countenance upon hearing this, but inwardly he felt the blankest dismay. Dorie gone! Could it be possible that she was not about the rooms somewhere? He had never thought of this house without her.

They sat down to dinner, and Caroline poured the coffee. She was a graceful little thing, and was getting to be a good imitation of Dorie. But nothing looked right to Gus. All was strange and empty without Dorie. He was shocked at himself for feeling her absence the way he did, but he hastened to assure himself that it was only because she was such an important member of the family circle. The reason he liked the Jordan household so well, and the reason he had longed for it so while at home lately, was because it was so bright and cheerful, such a jolly, lively place. Dorie, he argued to himself, was the achiever of all this, hence his missing her so.

He counted the days till Saturday. This was Wednesday—it would be three days. What a long time to wait! The corn-picking could not last much longer now. There were only eighteen acres out; then with three of them to husk it, if each picked an acre a day, it would last just six days. Only six days more—seven counting the Sunday that came in between—seven days, then, and Dorie gone three of those! It was too much!

Ned and Goodlow thought the fields rather too bad to venture out to-day, and they decided to wait till morning. The afternoon they spent mostly in the house. But about dusk in the evening, when Caroline was trying to begin getting supper in an ineffectual sort of way, they suddenly heard sleigh-bells out at the gate. Then there were rapid footsteps coming up the path, and the next instant Dorie herself bounded into the room.

"I was afraid you'd all be getting so lonesome that I had to come back!" she said; and her face inside its white hood was radiant with bright eyes and smiling lips.

They rushed upon her joyously. Caroline clung around her neck distractedly, and Ned and Goodlow kissed her with brotherly affection. Gus, of course, could only shake hands.

"When I saw the snow go I knew you'd be thinking of corn-picking again," said Dorie. "Then I knew Gus would be here, and that was one reason I came back—I was afraid he wouldn't want to put up with Caroline's cooking!"

Gus awkwardly said something about Caroline's cooking being very good, though he hardly knew what he was saying. His head was in a whirl, and his heart beat violently. He was glad the dusk hid his face. Gus had found out something. At that moment, that wild, joyous moment when she had suddenly returned to them, he knew that he loved her—loved Dorie Jordan desperately and with all his might, and that he would never again be content or happy if he could not win her.

PART IV.

The next day corn-picking at the Jordans' was resumed. The work went rapidly on now. There was nothing to hinder this time,



"DORIE," SAID HE, "I WANT TO COME TO SEE YOU SUNDAY NIGHTS."

don't want a slattern nor a spitfire. There's another kind of girls in the world, I've found out lately. I may never get married to any one—like as not I won't—but if ever I do, it will be to one of the other kind!"

But Gus was not wholly rid of Arabella. He soon found out that his mother had something to say concerning his letting this "good farmin' woman" slip through his fingers so. It was on the next Sunday afternoon. Gus was lying on his back on the kitchen lounge, with his hat over his eyes. Kate and Nell were there, and Mrs. McArthur—all the family but Mr. McArthur, and he was making a fire in the parlor, because Kate was expecting her beau. When the clock struck five, Mrs. McArthur looked expectantly at Gus, but the figure on the lounge did not stir. Then it came to half-past five and six. She looked at Gus with a puzzled expression on her face, but he still lay there with his hat over his eyes.

After awhile she spoke. "Gus, my son," said she, "it's after six o'clock. If you're goin' to see Arabella to-night—"

She paused, but Gus said nothing. Then she spoke out boldly, "If you're going to see Arabella to-night, you'd better be getting out your buggy. It's after six o'clock, and you haven't shaved yet."

Then Gus answered her, very shortly, "I'm not going."

"Not going!" cried Mrs. McArthur. She rose from her chair, and looked at him for several seconds. "Gus McArthur!" she ex-

ought to hear him talk about her and brag her up!"

Gus' hat came off his face with a jerk, and he regarded Kate with flashing eyes.

"I'm no such thing!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "I never thought of such a thing! Anyway, Dorie would never have me if I was struck on her a hundred times!"

But Mrs. McArthur believed Kate, and she gazed upon Gus with horror and sorrow in her face. "I never saw the Jordan girl," she said, gravely, "but I'm sure she's no match for Arabella. I don't see where your eyes have been, Gus. Where is there a handsomer girl than Arabella? Even if you don't care about her bein' such a good farmin' woman—"

Gus' hat was over his eyes again, but he interrupted his mother impatiently. "A good farmin' woman! A good farmin' woman!" said he, mimicking her tone. "A good slattern, and nothing else! What if she does raise calves and chickens! She doesn't care how she acts round home, and the house she keeps is about as cheerful as a corn-crib, and she goes about her work as slouchy and unkempt as—as—as Kate there!" And under his hat Gus' stormy face broke into a smile over the thought of getting that good hit at Kate.

His mother was in despair.

"Some other fellow'll step in an' snatch her up!" she lamented. "Gus, my son, won't you be a good boy now, an' do as I want you to?"

"I wish you'd leave me alone, mother!"

there being no more bad weather, and Gus saw that it would soon be all over, and that he would have to leave the Jordans'. He hated to think of this. He wondered if he could endure being at home again to stay. But to one thing he soon made up his mind, and that was that he would, when parting with Dorie, ask her to let him come to see her Sunday nights.

He was by no means sure what Dorie would say to this. True, she was a girl who was agreeable and cordial always with every one; yet this kind of a girl, Gus suspected, might be really harder to win, "when you came right down to business," than was one of the proud, independent kind like Arabella. However, he must risk it, he told himself, and in the meantime he would do everything in his power to make her like him.

Then one day Caroline rode out to the field in Gus' corn-wagon. Dorie had sent her out for the fresh air and for the ride, and she was to walk back to the house. As it chanced, it was the last day but one before Gus would be going away. All day he had been thinking about it, and it seemed to him that the Jordans must be thinking about it, too, though they said nothing. As he looked down into Caroline's tranquil little face now he wondered if she was not thinking about it. Then he ventured to broach the subject.

"Did you know, Caroline," said he, "that I'm going to leave here to-morrow and go home?"

"Oh, are you? That's too bad!" said Caroline, regretfully. Then a musing smile passed over her face, as she gazed off across the corn-field. She was still a precocious, self-important little girl, and she still loved to disclose family secrets to Gus or any one else who would listen. Just now she had something to tell.

"Ned and Goodlow will be teasing Dorie about it," she said.

"Teasing Dorie about it!" exclaimed Gus. "What would they tease her about my going away for?" and there was a look of intense interest in his dark eyes as he fixed them on her face.

"Oh, they tease her so much about you," said Caroline, innocently. "They tease her all the time when you are not listening."

This was not much, but it set Gus' heart to beating wildly, and the blood rushed to his head. Caroline, leaning against the tall top-boxes, was still gazing off across the corn-stalks. Her little face was quite calm, and she was wholly unconscious of the interesting theme she was on. Pretty soon she began to explain:

"You see, Ned and Goodlow say Dorie likes gloomy people. They say she would rather be with them than with the other kind; because then she can have the fun of cheering them up and making them jolly. Well, they say you are sullen and gloomy. But I don't think you are so. Gus!" the little girl hastened to assure him. "I think you are very nice, but Ned and Goodlow say you are that way, and they say Dorie likes you, and has been trying to frighten you up ever since you came. They say—"

The little girl stopped. Perhaps she had been scolded lately for telling things, and perhaps she realized dimly that what she was about to say now was something that should not be disclosed. But after a pause she announced, hesitatingly:

"They—they say she is struck on you!"

There was silence for awhile after that, except for the noise the big wagon made over the rough ground. Then Gus asked a question. He was taking a mean advantage in asking it, for it was unfair to Dorie. But Gus was in love, and he wanted to know.

"What does Dorie say when they talk so to her?" he asked. "How does she take it, I mean?"

He spoke in a low, eager tone, and Caroline did not hear him. She had suddenly become interested in noticing the way the sunshine glinted on the corn-stalks. Gus spoke again.

"What does Dorie say to all this teasing, Caroline?" he asked.

"Oh, Dorie!" exclaimed Caroline, rousing herself. "Why, she says it's all nonsense. She says she don't care for you at all—not a bit—no more than for any one else."

Gus drove on after this till he reached the place in the field where his last "down-row" was, then he stopped and helped Caroline out over the high top-boxes. As he lifted her to the ground the little girl noticed his face. It was white, his teeth were set and his black eyebrows were drawn together in a frown. She asked, wonderingly, "Are you sick, Gus?" Gus said "No;" then she went back alone through the corn-stalks over the rough ground to the house.

Thus was Gus repaid for asking his unfair question. That evening in the house he could not for the life of him keep his inward unhappiness from showing in his face and actions. But Dorie was so sweet and merry, so much more winning than usual, that he became cheered and hopeful again in spite of himself. After all, why need he feel so badly? Of course, Dorie would say she did not care for him when her brothers teased her in that way. What else could she do?

The next day was the last of the corn-husking. They celebrated the occasion by a feast in the evening. The Jordans were wont to celebrate all the birthdays in the family and all the national holidays; then they often

made up holidays of their own, such, for instance, as this day on which the long, hard corn-picking was concluded. They had the merriest kind of a time this evening, and Gus would have enjoyed it greatly had it not been for the thought of its being the last evening he could have with them.

First there were music and recitations by Dorie and Caroline, then came the feast, and after that there were games. At ten o'clock Gus put on his overcoat and cap, and began bidding them good-by. They were all very kind and friendly with him, but he watched in vain for a chance to see Dorie alone. She stayed right in a group with the others all the time, so he was forced to give up asking her if he could come on Sunday nights.

He went out and shut the door. But by the time he had reached the gate the door suddenly swung open again, and Dorie stood on the threshold.

"You forgot something, Gus!" she cried, and as she spoke she held up a small object in her hand.

Gus looked back. He knew what it was. It was his old husking-peg. However, he did not go back after it now, but remained there at the gate. Then Dorie shut the door behind her, and came down the path with it. This was what he wanted. When she reached the gate she held out the husking-peg; then Gus caught her hand.

"Dorie," said he, "I want to come to see you Sunday nights. May I?"

Dorie caught her breath, but said nothing. She remained silent a long time. The wind tossed her hair about, and it lifted her long apron and flapped it against him; still she said nothing. Once she tried to draw her hand away, but Gus would not let it go.

"You must let me come, Dorie!" he exclaimed, impulsively. "It's so dismal and lonesome at home, I can't bear it now if you don't let me come here Sunday nights!"

Then Dorie gave in. "All right, you may come," she said.

Gus left her and started down the road. He was ashamed of himself for having appealed to her compassion as he had done, but he felt that he must get her consent somehow.

He went home and waited for Sunday. It came, and in the evening he went to the Jordans'. There was a fire in the parlor to-night, and he and Dorie had the room to themselves. Ned and Goodlow had to stay out in the dining-room. This greatly amused Gus, though he was too much engrossed with Dorie to think long about it. The next Sunday evening he took her to church, and the next, and the next.

By this time Gus' family counted him as good as married to "the Jordan girl," and his mother was sorrowful. "She'll never make the woman Arabella'd have done!" she lamented to her daughters, one day, for the fortieth time. "No, she'll never make the woman Arabella'd have done!"

"But she's a nice little thing, mother, and you'll like her," Nell assured her, comfortingly.

But Mrs. McArthur shook her head. "She's not a good farmin' woman—she's not the wife for Gus!" she said.

"I got acquainted with her at a church fair two years ago," Nell went on. "It was that big fair that their church and ours gave together, and they put me to sell things at the same table where she was. And she was so kind and winning, and had such nice ways! She has awful nice ways, mother!"

"Nice ways? Nice ways, nonsense!" exclaimed the mother, aggravated. "What good will nice ways do her? Will they help her work or earn anything, or will they help her to save?"

"No—o—, I don't know as they will," murmured Nell, rather vanquished.

Then Kate thought of something. "Maybe the Jordan girl won't have him, mother," she said. "They're not engaged yet, and I know there are other fellows over there that wants her!"

"Won't have him, indeed!" exclaimed the mother, scornfully. "Do you think she don't know that Gus is to have the Dunbar place when he marries? Do you suppose she don't see that? Do you suppose she's going to let a catch like that slip through her fingers?"

And with this Mrs. McArthur left the room. When she was gone the girls were silent for a minute, then Kate laughed merrily.

"One thing's certain, Nell," said she; "it'll kill Gus if he doesn't get her! He's so dead set after her!"

"There's another thing certain, too," said Nell; "if he does marry her and comes to live over here on the Dunbar place, she'll be in and out here to see us all the time; then you and I'll have to—to—to mend our ways a little, Kate. According to Gus she thinks it awful not to comb your hair every day, and she wouldn't go around the house with a rip in her dress any more than she'd go to church that way!"

Kate's face for once became grave.

"Well," she said, "I can't say, for my part, that I'm so fond of going about with my hair tumbled and with my dress torn. I know I've always gone that way—it was such fun to make Gus mad—then mother never said we shouldn't; but lately, hearing Gus talk so much about that Jordan girl, has got me to thinking, somehow, and I don't know as we're right in believing it's no difference how we look and act round home. For my part, I

mean to improve a little whether Gus gets the Jordan girl or not."

"And I'll keep you company at it," said Nell, promptly. And they dropped the subject.

Gus continued going to see Dorie Sunday nights, and contrived also to see her through the weeks as often as possible. Then one day there was a donation party at the parsonage in the neighborhood where Dorie lived. Gus had no business at this party, as he did not belong to the congregation nor live in the community, but he went. Most of those present were middle-aged or older people, but there were a good many young people there, too, and there were enough young men present for Dorie Jordan to have two or three hanging about her. One of the two or three, of course, was Gus, and the one of them who succeeded in gaining her attention most of the time was Gus.

The guests did not leave till about four o'clock, but long before this time Gus had secured Dorie's promise to ride home in his buggy; so that if any of the other fellows should ask her after that they would be refused.

At four o'clock he drove up to the steps for her and helped her in. The weather had broken up for spring now, and the mud was almost hush-deep in places; yet Gus drove round two miles out of his route to take Dorie past the Dunbar place. This old homestead was always cheerless enough, but to-day, with the thawing, with the recent rains and with the surrounding mud, it was wholly desolate. Gus called Dorie's attention to it as they drove slowly past it.

"This is the old Dunbar place, Dorie," said he. "It belongs to my father, and he is going to give it to me when I—when I—get married, you know. My mother says I must get a 'good farmin' woman,' and come here to live."

Dorie turned her head with quick interest, and looked up at the old house. "Oh, how gloomy!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Yes, 'tis a dismal old place," assented Gus.

Then almost immediately Dorie began to see how it could be made nice. "But you could make it lots better, Gus, if you could cut away some of those old maples and elms," she said. "The sun would just stream in those west windows, and that big bay-window on the south—if it were filled with plants, it would be lovely, Gus!"

Dorie was getting enthusiastic. "And that long porch on the south," she continued. "you could train a honeysuckle or a wistaria or something up at one end, and it would be a lovely place in the summer-time to sew or shell peas or to visit with one's company. You could make that old place awfully nice, Gus!"

She was on just the theme Gus wanted.

"Dorie," said he, softly, "will you be my wife, and come here and make this old place 'awfully nice?'"

Dorie started, but did not say anything. Gus tried to see her eyes, but he could not. She wore a white hood with a deep ruffle around the front that hid her face. When riding in his sleigh or buggy with Arabella, Gus had often teased her by putting his arm round her. This liberty he had never dared to take with Dorie, but he now let his arm drop gently from the back of the seat about her waist, and Dorie did not make him take it away.

"Dorie," he murmured, softly, "will you come and make the old place bright and cheerful?"

Then Dorie spoke. "I'll go there and make you bright and cheerful!" she said, shyly.

"Dorie! Dorie! Do you mean it?" cried Gus, on the verge of raptures.

He drew her head down on his shoulder, and tried to kiss her, but Dorie turned her face in on his coat-sleeve. Gus had to drive with one hand, so he gave it up. But he pressed her head against his shoulder and kissed the white hood again and again.

"Maybe your mother'll think I'm not a 'good farmin' woman,'" whispered Dorie presently.

"A good farmin' woman!" cried Gus. "That's just what you are of all things on earth, Dorie! You make your home like a little heaven, and you keep your folks from being lonesome and dull and discontented, and they don't hate farming, and they're not always wanting to go away to town to live. You're an ideal farmin' woman, Dorie!"

THE END.

FROM SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

The traveler upon this journey bent passes through the pretty rural scenes between Springfield and Columbus in the late afternoon without the excitement of his special wonder. There are to be seen thrifty farm-holds, small station places and well-cultivated fields before he arrives in the capital of the Buckeye state. Unlike the advice given tourists on the continent of Europe, where it is said only fools and Americans travel first-class, the wise man in this land engages his compartment in a Pullman car by telegraph some time in advance, and thus secures comfort for the journey without a peradventure. The country after leaving Columbus is placidly rural and highly

prosperous in the twilight aspect. The night soon falls, and then the strange sight of the illuminating power of the natural gas is seen, lighting up the darkness of quiet towns. It flares out in great flambeaux, showing the muddy roads that seem impassable to city dwellers. About midnight we reach Wheeling, the capital city of West Virginia. Here a bridge of world-wide reputation spans the Ohio river, connecting Bellaire, Ohio, and Benwood, W. Va. The traveler who has a thousand-mile ticket will have five mile coupons taken from it here to pay Miss Mary Garrett, who is one of the richest women in the world, for the privilege of crossing over it. It is here, too, that the time changes from the western to the eastern standard, and timepieces are set forward one hour.

It is likely the tourist will sleep for a few hours now, and if he wakes up in the rare atmosphere of the Alleghany mountains and looks out of his car-window he will not wish for more slumber. The scene before his eyes is truly fascinating. The time is about four o'clock in the morning. The heavy foliage that clothes the mountain-sides, and the gorges and distant peaks that rise 2,800 feet above tide-water, are bathed in wondrous oriental effects of color, rosy splendors and the glowing warmth of eastern light. Sir Edwin Arnold wished that he might write his descriptions of the late coronation fetes of the Russian czar at Moscow in gorgeous dyes. He would wish for living hues in which to portray these scenes. The sky colors in the dawn are more brilliant than the tiring of queens and potentates. Areas of limpid gold light fill the mountain vistas and illumine the verdure with a strange glory; the precious color like unto what the fond imagination has pictured the apocalyptic streets of the New Jerusalem to be. The grays and blues are held in dazzling combinations, and lie lovingly upon the swelling heights, the wooded slopes and the graceful valleys, as they rapidly pass in a splendid succession of views. The rushing mountain stream, with its sections that ripple over a stony bed showing boulders that stand through, a footing for a fisherman, and the clean-cut mountain road that winds like a ribbon through the landscape, are features in the scene. The whole is densely shaded with a wealth of trees, sycamores, beech and maples, pines in groups, not the least striking variety of which is the blasted pine, standing like a monarch shaft against the gray sky or like a giant finger of admonition in the surrounding freshness, giving warning that all things earthly come to decay, the greenest though to blackened ruin. All these scenic effects are heightened by the frequent plunges made into the impenetrable darkness of a tunnel or the semi-obscure of a rocky cut.

The human element seen in this grand picture is of absorbing interest. The lonely shealings perched far up the mountain-sides might be accurately sketched by a half dozen simplest lines. The liveliest imagination could not assign within their limits spaces for the accommodation of the necessary domestic functions of eating and sleeping. Doubtless the application of the X-rays would reveal an ingenious application of housekeeping economy undreamed of in our philosophy. The women are standing in the doors of their tiny habitations at 4:30 in the morning, looking at the daily marvel of the passing train. In what do these people find occupation among the crests and brows of the heights and the stupendous curving lines of the mountain distances of this grand domain? It is told that they make a scant livelihood by engaging in a little unguing, a little lumbering, and although no domestic gardens appear in the extreme elevations, it is said of them that the mountaineers cultivate the almost perpendicular patches of soil at their command with marvelous skill and results. The air is thoroughly clean with the swirling and sweeping airs that prevail, and the agility of the lean men and leaner horses shows the hygienic effects of its purity. In descending from the rarer altitudes, villages of unpalated houses are seen, with commercial hotels and river-houses in wooden imitation of ambitious towns. Not until an hour later do the pretty villas of prosperous people appear. What limitless possibilities are here for generations of unborn romancists who may in the future hatch a dialect for these isolated folk and picture life among these mountains!

The national capital is still several hours in the distance, and there is much wondrously beautiful country to pass through before arriving in it. The great peaks of the Alleghany are left to the west in their majestic solitudes, but the descent is so gradual the feeling after the journey is strong that the capital city is in the heart of a mountain district. The tourist will be highly entertained en route by the canal and its simple system of navigation. It lies along the beautiful Shenandoah river for some way and winds by many of the treasured historic spots of Maryland and Virginia. When within an hour's travel of the handsomest capital city on the round globe to-day there will be presented the scene of the John Brown episode, Harper's Ferry. The plain cross that marks his resting-place is in sight, and the traveler finds himself involuntarily paying tribute to the memory of the grand old hero in humming "His Soul Goes Marching On."

Then the road sweeps forward through a succession of more or less palatial summering places until the train stops under the shadow of the great dome of the capitol, and the journey is ended in Washington.

In the near and merry future, when the people of the United States shall have gained confidence in their own milliners and tailors, when they shall have hunted titles and their possessors to their hearts' content, and when the greatness and power of our own political organization is rightly understood and appreciated, all these glorious mountain ridges will be occupied by happy Americans as well as foreign tourists through the outing periods of the year. In that glad day, by and by, every peak of the Alps and Apennines will not have a native-horn American sitting astride of it as now, and the hordes of Europe will not be enriching themselves upon money earned in the United States. Mr. C. A. Gillig, president of the United States Exchange in London, has expressed his estimate of the number of Yankees that will visit Great Britain this year at forty thousand, and computes that they will leave behind them fifty-eight and one half millions of dollars. One can well fancy that if half this number of people would spend a portion of the sum of money this year in our own vast and varied mountain and lake resorts of the North and West what a stimulus would be given our languishing business energies!

MARY P. NIMMO BALENTINE.

“FIATISM” AND THE FARMER.

John M. Stahl, Secretary Farmers' National Congress of the United States, writes as follows in the “North American Review” for September, as condensed by “Public Opinion:”

He who thinks that the farmers of this country are not in favor of sound finance, and are more favorably disposed toward a depreciated currency than are the rest of our population, does them an injustice, and must have forgotten or misinterpreted a consistent chain of facts in our political history. Of the two principal political parties now in existence, it may be said broadly, but none the less accurately, that the Republican party has stood for safe and sound finance and the jealous upholding of the national credit, while the Democratic party has championed measures for a depreciated currency and the debasement of the national credit. Equally prominent is another fact: the strength of the Democratic party has been in the cities, while the farmers have been the strength and support of the Republican party. New York state is a striking illustration of this.

The fiat-greenback heresy furnishes a striking parallel to the present demand for the free coinage of silver. The Democratic platform adopted in 1868 declared that “all the obligations of the government not payable by their express terms in coin ought to be paid in lawful money.” The Republicans took direct issue with this position. Governor Seymour (Democrat) made a tour as far west as Illinois, closing only with the national canvass. How did the farmers respond to his seductive appeals, that on the one hand magnified debts and taxes and on the other hand offered easy means of paying debts and a smaller tax burden? Every agricultural state gave a majority for the Republican ticket. And the Democratic vote was strongest in the cities, the Republican vote in the country. In his inaugural address of March 4, 1869, President Grant took strong ground in favor of upholding the national credit. The first act to receive his signature (March 18, 1869) was the act “to strengthen the public credit,” which pledged the government to “the payment in coin, or its equivalent, of all obligations, notes and bonds, except those wherein the law authorizing the issue stipulated that payment might be made in lawful money, which simply meant legal-tender notes.” It did not receive a Democratic vote in either the House or the Senate.

The issue continued to be clearly defined, and events were taking shape for the campaign of the next year. As the campaign of 1872 progressed, the Republicans stood more and more for increased revenue and a jealous regard and substantial measures for the national credit. How did the farmers vote in 1872? Read, and know how they will vote in 1896. As in 1868, every agricultural state gave the Republican national ticket a large majority. Mr. Greeley had been very popular with the farmers. But this popularity availed him naught when a vote for him meant a vote for national discredit. The last fierce fight for the “rag baby” was made in Ohio in the fall of 1875, and not even his great personal popularity among the farmers availed “Bill” Allen—the original “Populist”—and he was defeated. The next year the fiat-greenback heresy had so few supporters that when the National Greenback party nominated the justly popular Peter Cooper for president he could poll only 80,000 votes in all the country. This was the fiat-greenback strength until, not the farmer, but the city labor-unions favored it, and developed the Labor Greenback party which, in 1878, polled a million votes. Not on the farms, but in the cities, were the fiat-greenbackers! The fiat-greenback idea of the seventies, re-

produced in the nineties as the fiat-silver idea, and both founded on the assumption that this government is strong enough to nullify monetary law, and in opposition to all other nations—this idea, Mr. Blaine pointed out, gained greatest acceptance among business men of the West and Southwest. Because the unsound money sentiment has been strongest in these agricultural sections, it has been generally supposed to belong to farmers more than to other classes. As the people of the West and Southwest have been and are borrowers rather than lenders, compared with the people of the East, it is but natural that propositions to pay debts easily should find more favor in the West and Southwest than in the East; but, as Mr. Blaine observed, and as their votes eloquently testify, farmers are less disposed than are other classes to support the financial heresies that hard times always incubate. Superficial observers also hold the farmer responsible for Populism. Iowa now disputes with Illinois the honor of being the greatest agricultural state in the Union. What figure has the Populist party cut in Iowa? In Illinois the Populist vote has been nearly altogether in the towns and cities. Chicago alone furnishing more than one half the Populist vote of the entire state. In the other great agricultural states, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., Populism has cut no figure.

To hold farmers responsible for populism is not a greater mistake than to suppose that farmers are influenced in their currency views by hostility to city people and their interests. Tens of thousands of farmers' daughters are in the cities; nearly all of them have deposits in savings banks. Their fathers and brothers would guard those hard-made savings almost as they would guard the good name of those girls. Farmers' sons are the large majority of the successful business men—manufacturers, merchants, bankers—of the cities: who that knows them can believe that the fathers and brothers on the farm will vote to hurt the boys in the city of whom they are so proud? Farmers understand the interdependence of industries. They know that any policy, whether it relates to the tariff or currency, that reduces the output of factories and the business of merchants, must lessen the purchasing capacity for farm products. He agrees with the silver monometallist that our great need is more money in circulation, but he believes that to get more money in circulation we must have, not more activity at our mints so much as increased production of our factories under a protective tariff and more confidence in our financial integrity.

SUPERIORITY OF AMERICAN SHIPS.

The superiority of workmanship on boats built in America over those put up in Great Britain for the same classes of tonnage is a matter of such general knowledge, the “Marine Record” asserts, that it is no longer contested by those who have no reason to be biased. A few years ago a lake building firm offered to build a ship for the West Indian trade for \$250,000. The contract was secured by an English yard for \$150,000, or just 60 per cent of the price asked on the lakes. The ship made a few trips, but had not been in commission very long until she failed to return from one of her voyages, and was never heard of again, although there had been no exceptionally bad weather, and no reason for the loss of a staunch steel ship, unless by collision, a form of disaster which usually leaves some traces. The difference in price between the American and English yards should not be so great on a ship of this size, as the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the reduced prices of material, which is now as cheap in America as in England, have given lake builders some advantages which they did not enjoy a few years ago.

CARE OF TURQUOISE RINGS.

A well-known lapidary cautions those who own turquoise rings to remove them when washing the hands, lest the color be injured. The explanation of the change from blue to green that sometimes takes place in the stones is that they are affected by acid emanations from the skin as well as by certain elements in some kinds of cologne and other perfumes. The changes in the color of the topaz are believed to be due to light and heat, as experiments with the stones show that strong sunlight will bleach them.

COLORS FOR MOURNING.

In Europe the ordinary color for mourning is black, which, being the privation of light, is supposed to denote the termination of life. In China it is white, the emblem of purity, which color was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies. In Egypt it is yellow, which, representing the color of leaves when they fall and flowers when they fade, signifies that death is the end of all human hopes. In Ethiopia, brown, which denotes the earth.

IT CLOSES NOVEMBER 2ND. WHAT?

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Last Chance

⊙—TO GET—⊙

One Thousand Dollars Free

Guessing Contest Closes November 2d.

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THE PRIZES

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If at any time before election day two or more persons send the correct answer, then the first prize of one thousand dollars will be equally divided among those sending the correct answer.

If two or more persons send the next nearest to the correct answer, then all of the second prize of three hundred dollars will be awarded to the person who first sends the next nearest to the correct answer; and the one of these answers that is stamped with the next earliest date will be considered the next best answer, and all of the third prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded to the person sending it. This same plan will be followed in awarding all of the remaining prizes.

We will stamp each answer with the day and hour it is received in our office. No more than one prize will be awarded to any one person.

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Put your answer on a separate piece of paper about three inches wide and five inches long. Suppose you think Smith will be the next president, and that he will receive 400 electoral votes; then fill out your answer after this style:

SMITH, 400 VOTES.

Answer of

James Johnson,

Beaver,

Brown County, Idaho.

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

While the people elect a president by their votes, they do not vote direct for the candidate. The work is done through an Electoral College. In other words, each state puts up a ticket of Presidential Electors, and these cast the vote which finally decides who shall be President and Vice-president.

This ticket is made up so as to give one Elector for each United States senator and one for each member of Congress. The College, therefore, this year will contain 447 Electors. The successful candidate for President will be required to secure not less than 224. The electoral vote by states is as follows:

Alabama.....	11	Kansas.....	10	Nevada.....	3	Tennessee.....	12
Arkansas.....	8	Kentucky.....	13	New Hampshire.....	4	Texas.....	15
California.....	9	Louisiana.....	8	New Jersey.....	10	Utah.....	3
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6	New York.....	36	Vermont.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Maryland.....	8	North Carolina.....	11	Virginia.....	12
Delaware.....	3	Massachusetts.....	15	North Dakota.....	3	Washington.....	4
Florida.....	4	Michigan.....	14	Ohio.....	23	West Virginia.....	6
Georgia.....	13	Minnesota.....	9	Oregon.....	4	Wisconsin.....	12
Idaho.....	3	Mississippi.....	9	Pennsylvania.....	32	Wyoming.....	3
Illinois.....	24	Missouri.....	17	Rhode Island.....	4		
Indiana.....	15	Montana.....	3	South Carolina.....	9	Total.....	447
Iowa.....	13	Nebraska.....	8	South Dakota.....	4		

Set down your estimate of the electoral votes that will be given the man you think will be the next President, add up, and you will have an answer.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Household.

THE BROWNIES.

The Brownies have come to town—
The Brownies have come to town—
The stovepipe's lost.
The kitchen wood's crost,
The house is quite upside down.

The carpets just carefully ripped,
Won't fit the same floor when they're
whipped,
The hammer and tacks,
And even the ax,
Into some corner have slipped.

The door-bell's broke, the clocks are wrong,
The longs are short and the shorts are long,
The cake's too light and the stove won't
draw,
The cream won't freeze and the ice won't
thaw.

What now? Do I see you frown?
And do you think me a clown?

We're house-cleaning now,
And that is just how,
The Brownies have come to town.

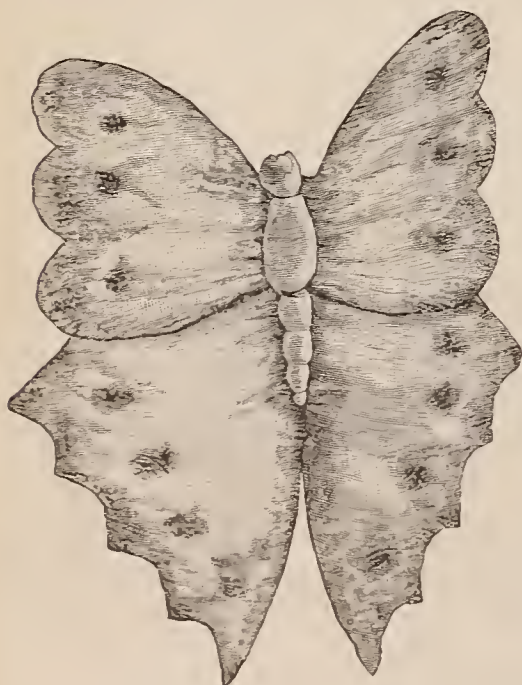
—Yawger.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

I HAD often heard the remark, "See Naples and die," but I certainly must confess I did not feel at all like dying after seeing "picturesque Naples;" nor did I think there was nothing left in the world worth looking at.

One thing I desire to say to tourists in our own country is to see Salt Lake before you die, if possible. When this wonderful "Dead Sea of America," as Brigham Young was pleased to term it, was first discovered, it was out of the world; it is now not only in the world, but a well-known pleasure and health resort. On the surrounding mountains are water-lines, rising in steps to a thousand feet above its surface, showing that in ages past this body of water occupied much more space than it does now, although at the present time it occupies an area of 2,500 square miles, and its surface is higher than the average height of the Alleghany mountains.

Its two largest islands are Stansbury and Antelope, from the sides of which rise lofty peaks to a height of 3,000 feet. From these eminences the scenery is transcendently grand—peak towers above peak and cliff beyond cliff in magnificence, while over all stands "the Dome." Descending from this point, a wonderful sight meets the eye. A deep gulch, which at first appears entirely closed between a perpendicular canon of massive rocks, opens out into a beautiful valley covered with nature's velvety carpet, and protected down to the very water's edge by friendly cliffs. On the shores of this lake is the pavilion at Saltair beach. It is the largest in the world, and cost \$298,000. It is built upon 2,500 ten-inch pilings at the end of a pier, reaching 4,000 feet into the lake. There are 640 bath-rooms,



wherein the bathers can be accommodated. But to obtain the full benefit of an ocean bath one must go to Garfield beach. It is eighteen miles from Salt Lake City, and is the only real sand beach on the lake; it is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world, and will no doubt be one of the great resorts of the continent. The water there is bright and sparkling, the waves that mingling of blue and green which artists find so difficult to reproduce. During the summer the waters be-

come delightfully warm. Those who know say it is much warmer than the ocean.

These baths are extremely invigorating. Persons who have accustomed themselves to it can remain in the water two or three hours at a time, though the majority only stay from one half to an hour.

It is a novel sight to see the bathers lying upon their backs, and not infrequently will the men be smoking as they rest there and are rocked delightfully in the swells which rise and fall upon the shore. Hundreds of bathers are to be seen there every day, as the trains from the city run every hour.

The water of Salt Lake contains eight times as much salt as the ocean, and the specific gravity is so great that it is impossible for a person to sink therein.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

WINTERING YOUNG ROSES.

A subscriber at Grove City, Pa., wishes to know how to winter young roses which have been started from cuttings during the summer. If the plants are occupying a place in the open ground, let them remain there, and place a board frame around the bed. The frosts of autumn will cause the leaves to drop, and when winter sets in, fill the frame with coal ashes, cover with stable litter, then place a board covering over the frame to turn the rain and snow. Let this remain until the Easter flowers are in bloom, then remove the litter and ashes, and cover on cold, frosty nights with boards and old carpet, which can be removed during the daytime.

If the young roses are in pots, they may be wintered in a shallow pit. Simply excavate a place a foot deep, place a layer of coal ashes in the bottom, then set the pots of plants in rows, filling the interstices between the pots with ashes. Now place a frame of boards around, and bank with soil to keep out all surface-water. Should wet weather come, cover with boards to keep out the rain. Leave open to frost till cold weather comes, then fill in with coal ashes, place over this a covering of stable litter, and cover with boards. Remove the covering when the Easter flowers are in bloom, and protect only on cold, frosty nights afterward. If you wish to winter only a few roses, and prefer to keep them in the house, it would be better to keep them in a cool window in the sitting-room than to put them in the cellar. There they are liable to an attack of mildew, which will soon destroy the plants.

PUMPKINS.

What would the farmer do without the good old pumpkin? Good for man or beast, it forms no small part of the supplies for the farmers' homes. First of all, choose a good place to store them. An upper chamber free from frost is much better than the cellar, as a pumpkin must be kept dry to keep the longest. One farmer used to keep pumpkins on the upper shelf of a cool pantry. Squashes keep best under the same treatment.

One would not think it much of a trick to make a pumpkin pie, but there is as much difference in them as often found in the quality of bread. A common source of failure is lack of sugar; one would scarcely think as much sweetness was needed as in a tart apple pie, but a cupful of sugar to a pie will not be found too much, unless the cup is very large and the pie very small. The flavor of the pumpkin seems better if the sugar is added while the pumpkin is stewing, and gets thoroughly cooked in; do not add sugar until the pumpkin has first cooked tender and water nearly boiled out. Maple syrup is better than sugar. A very little nutmeg in addition to the regulation seasoning of ginger and cinnamon is often well liked. A pumpkin pie should not bake too fast, or the crust will burn before the center is cooked.

When apples are scarce, pumpkins may be made to serve as a substitute for "apple butter." Cook the pumpkins as for pies, then add one cupful of apple jelly to two cupfuls of the stewed pumpkin, sweeten and spice to suit the taste; cook slowly for an hour, being careful not to allow it to burn down to the bottom of the kettle or jar. If the pumpkin is cooked in an iron kettle, I would change to a granite or stone jar before adding jelly. Any spices can be used that are preferred, and a little more in quantity than for

apple butter, as much of the flavor depends on the seasoning. One can scarcely tell the difference from apple butter, and my boy says, "It's awfully good, anyway, be it pumpkin or apple."

If pumpkins seem bound to decay early in the season, they can be dried. Cook as usual, spread on plates or platters, and dry in the tin oven or warming-closet, stirring frequently to keep from burning, and to hasten the evaporation of moisture.

When wanted for pies, put to soak over night in plenty of water to cover nicely, and in the morning add more water as necessary, and cook until soft again. Two tablespoonfuls of dried pumpkin are generally sufficient for one pie, and after being cooked soft, use as fresh stewed pumpkin.

Some people cut the raw pumpkin in rings and dry it that way, but I think it can be prepared for pies quicker by cooking first and then drying.

Dried pumpkin should be kept in tight cans, for when warm weather approaches, the flies like it so well there is apt to be trouble with worms, unless proper care is used to keep it away from danger. GYPSY.

BUTTERFLY ORNAMENT.

The drawing shows the shape of the cardboard for this pretty article, on a scale of one fourth. To enlarge it to the proper size, make the dotted lines four times as long as in the illustration, mark carefully the points where they are touched by the outline of the wings, and with this as guide sketch in the curves. Cut a strip of white crape-paper eight by sixteen inches, and cover the back wings, drawing the paper into shape by stitches at the body part of the foundation, so that the crinkles all run lengthwise of the wings (that is, from the edge to the body). Cut another strip six by ten inches to cover the front wings; fold the edges which lap the back wings so as to look distinct from them. Gum around well, pressing the paper well to the cardboard, and full the paper to the body as in the back wings.

Make the body of a roll of cotton four and three fourths inches long, and in the largest part as thick as the finger, tapering it almost to a point at the tail; cover with crape, and form the joints and the head by tying threads tightly about the body. Each of these threads should be covered with a line of gold paint, the body and top of the head liberally decorated with flitters and gold paint in spots, which can be bought in a variety of colors for ten cents a bottle, and varnish for the purpose of applying it.

Border the wings to the distance of one half inch all around with gold paint, and inside of this paint with water-colors a light shading of sepia. This shading is also placed at the inner part of the wings where the body rests. Sew to the cardboard where the head rests a piece of fine gilded wire for the feelers. Place the body in position, and paste securely to the foundation. Three small spots of flitters are placed near the outer edge of each wing, each spot surrounded with a shading of sepia. Slightly bend the wings, and then smoothly line with a plain French tissue beneath which at the top a piece of narrow ribbon is attached by which to suspend the ornament. With a wire hook secured to the foundation under the head this is often used as a side shade on lamps or gas-globes. If a transparent ornament is desired, cut out the center of each wing, leaving about an inch foundation. M. E. SMITH.

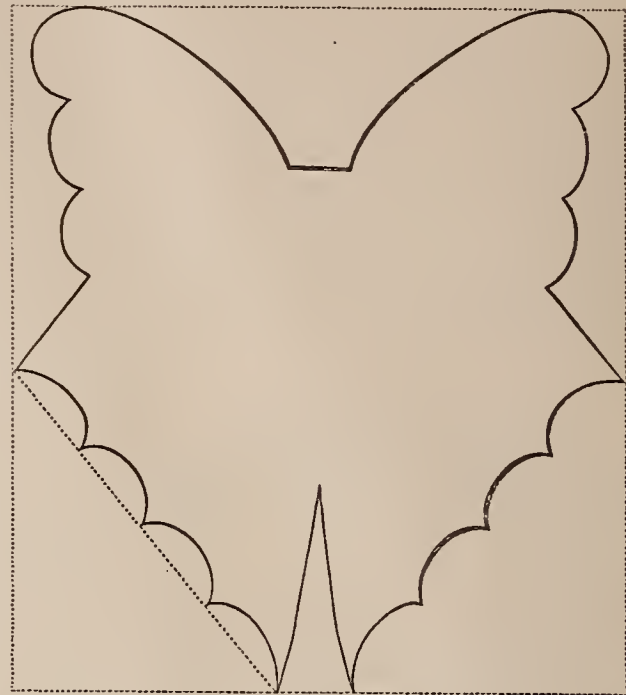
BECOMING ONE OF THE LOST ARTS.

There is a real danger that fine sewing will become one of the lost arts, and that it will be with women as with men—only those whose sole profession it is can handily hold a needle. As women grow more and more like men in their attachments and professions, this may be a necessity of the change. Ready-made clothing, and even mending and darning, done in the shops, help all this along, as well as the multifarious other duties which press upon a little girl's attention, which absorb her later years, and which leave her, as a

woman, scant time and little knowledge to "take a stitch" for herself or for others.

She, in turn, is not competent to instruct her children, and so the evil extends, and has even now extended, until one sees comparatively few women any more who can do the exquisite sewing which was common before the days of the machine. Yet there are certain things which cannot be well done by machine, and which cost enormously if one goes to the city headquarters for them. She who is a perfect mistress of felling and hemming, tucking and gathering, should in this day be able to turn her talent to account.

Not only may she establish a sewing-



class for girls and impart to them a knowledge which she possesses, but she may also make a specialty of dolls' wardrobes, of babies' layettes, of children's clothing and of bridal outfits. There is in a southern city a woman whose whole good income is derived from the infants' fine wardrobes which she prepares. There is no reason why her example should not be followed elsewhere.

In this case, as in all others of amateur work, the general rule should be enforced—conscientious work at a modest sum. Any one who can sew well is able to do fine mending. Likewise one often wonders that she did not turn her thoughts to making up the countless pretty things which a deft pair of fingers find so easy, and which most of us have to go without. A village dry-goods shop would sell these on a percentage. Do you know it is almost impossible to obtain ready-made a widow's cap? If one could make it, one could make other such dainty gear as well. And one should do it.

A DELICIOUS HOME-MADE CANDY.

Three glassfuls of granulated sugar, one and one half glassfuls of milk, butter the size of an egg, one half cake of baker's chocolate; boil until it hardens in the water, remove from the fire, and beat until it begins to sugar; pour into buttered pans, and score like caramels.

M. E. S.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

IT CLOSES OCTOBER 31st. WHAT?

Why, the guessing contest where you have a chance to get \$1,000 in cash for 30 cents. There are 2,337 other prizes. Don't lose your chance, but send at once. See full particulars on page 9.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world,

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd

On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

—Alfred Tennyson.

HOME TOPICS.

CANNING GRAPES.—A way of canning grapes was told me by a friend a few days ago. She said she had canned a good many quarts in this way and found them very nice when opened for use.

Pick the grapes from the stems, and fill glass jars with them, shaking them down until the jars are packed as closely as possible, then pour in boiling water until it runs over the top. Put the tops on loosely, and let the jars stand while you make a rich syrup, boiling and skimming it. Then open the jars, drain off all the water, fill them again with the boiling syrup, and seal them at once.

TABLE-LINEN.—Everyone cannot spend time to hemstitch their table-linen, but at least it should be hemmed by hand. Machine-hemming gives the finest damask a cheap, common appearance. An excellent method to hem by hand is taught in our sewing-schools, and known as the German style.

This hem is made in the following manner: First fold a narrow hem in the usual way, then fold it back and overhand it to the body of the cloth. This makes a very pretty hem, and the stitches are almost invisible. Table-cloths and napkins should never be starched in laundering. After they are washed and dried on the line, dip them into boiling water, wring as dry as possible, shake them out, fold evenly, and roll tight. Let them lay for an hour or two, then iron them with as hot an iron as can be used without danger of scorching, and be sure to iron them until they are perfectly dry. In this way the table-linen will have a slight stiffness and a beautiful gloss. It is better to have a number of coarse cloths, and change them as often as they become soiled, than a few of fine damask, and be obliged to use them after their freshness has disappeared. Spotlessness is of more value than fineness in all table-linens. If you have no thick cloth to use under the table-cloth, a white blanket worn too much to do service on a bed may be darned, cut to fit the table, and answer for any under-cloth for a long time. It will not only make the table-cloth look better, but wear better.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.—It is time now to prepare for early blossoms next spring. Have a bed spaded, and if not already rich, spade in a good supply of well-rotted compost. Then you are ready to set the bulbs. October is the time for this work in the northern states. In northern Virginia I have set them the last of November, and had excellent results. Crocuses, hyacinths and tulips may all be planted in the same bed, and as their time of blooming varies, you will have a succession of flowers from late March to early June. The first to appear in the spring are the crocuses, and very welcome are their bright faces, which often peep through a light snow. Next come hyacinths, and a little later the bed will be glowing with tulips. The bulbs should be planted from four to six inches apart and six inches deep, with a light layer of well-rotted manure spread over the top before the ground freezes. The crocus will thrive under almost any treatment. A few years ago I planted a dozen or more crocus bulbs on a small grass-plot at the side of the house, just cutting a little hole in the sod and putting in the bulbs. They came up just as bright and cheery in the spring as if they had been given the best care. MAIDA McL.

A POTATO RACE.

Given an ample lawn, fourteen or fifteen young people, an odd number of potatoes, and the problem of entertainment is easily solved. Let two persons choose sides, and take positions on opposite bases, as in many of our old school games. The distance between the two sides should be sufficient to insure an exciting race. Between the two bases, on a line equally distant from each, lay nine, thirteen, or any desirable odd number of potatoes. We have used nine successfully. There must be an equal number of players on each side, so that each person stands facing his opponent. A silver spoon is furnished each of the leaders, and must be passed on to each player as his turn comes to engage in the race. The leaders may keep tally and take turns in giving the signal to begin. "One, two, three, go!" is a good form with which to open each contest. At the word "go" the opponents (one from either side), with spoons in hand, make a frantic rush for the row of potatoes.

The rules of the game forbid touching the potato with anything but the spoon, or trying to take more than one at a time. A definite spot is chosen where they are to be deposited, and no throwing is permitted. The race is usually close, and all interest centers on the odd potato; the side carrying that one off makes a point and the leader makes a note of it.



HAMBURG STEAK.

Hamburg steak is quite popular in the cities, and as it is fashionable, prices range accordingly. The country consins, however, can enjoy it, and make it just as cheaply as any meat, if they only own a sausage-grinder; and if they do not, I would advise them to get one before hogs are killed this fall or winter.

For the steak, of course, the choicer the cut, the more tender the steak; but even that from the shoulder or some roasting pieces are very nice prepared in this way. Of course, all bones should be removed, and the meat cut into long strips; then drop into the sausage-grinder, and grind it through. Season with salt and pepper, roll into flat balls, dip in flour, and fry in a hot, buttered frying-pan. You can cook it rare or hard, as you choose; and if one and all do not say that it is a great improvement over pounded steak, I will be very much disappointed.

Do not think it such a bother to clean the grinder; just pour very hot water over it when you are through, and it can be cleaned in a very few minutes. In cool weather enough meat can be ground at one time to last for several days, if it is kept in a cool place. GYPSY.

DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.

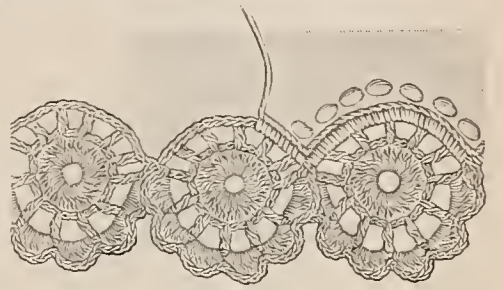
A simple dress for a young girl can be made from the model illustrated. The

the refrigerator on the ice, if there is not much room in the cupboard part. By a little care and forethought one can have a supply of good, cold water that is neither iced nor dependent on a well-curb.

GYPSY.

WHEEL EDGING.

A pretty way to adorn the edges of muslin is by making a number of crocheted wheels, buttonhole-stitching them to the



material, and then cutting away the material underneath. This wears well, and is to be preferred to boughten embroidery which wears so poorly.

SOME WELL-TRIED RECIPES.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Take a pint of scalded milk, put into it while hot one half cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of butter; when milk is cool, add a little salt and one half cupful of yeast, or one cake of compressed yeast, stir in flour to make a stiff sponge, and when light, mix as for bread; let it stand to rise until light, punch it down with the hand, and let rise again; repeat two or three times, then turn the dough into the molding-board, and pound with the rolling-pin until thin enough to cut; cut out with a tumbler, brush the surface of each one with melted butter, and fold over; let the rolls rise on the tins or pans, bake, and while warm, brush over the surface with melted butter to make the crust tender.

SCOTCH SHORT-CAKE.—

- ½ pound of butter,
- ¼ pound of good lard,
- ¼ pound of sifted flour,
- 4 ounces of rice flour,
- ½ pound of brown sugar.

Work all together into a smooth dough, knead it very thoroughly, using up the flour a little at a time; roll out one inch thick; divide into cakes six inches square; bake in a moderate oven one half hour. Prick closely with a fork before baking.

The potatoes are replaced in the center after each run, until every player has taken part. The side coming out with the largest number of points wins the game. Appropriate fines may be put upon the defeated, and prizes given to the victorious party. It is well to make the delinquents pay the penalty by giving an original charade or otherwise entertaining the rest of the company.

Of course, no game or method of entertainment is at all times successful, but in any ordinary gathering of young people a potato race is fraught with all the delightful uncertainty and party feeling of a political campaign. It must be entered into just as heartily, and carried through with as much spirit, or it will fail of its purpose. The tactful host or hostess will never start such a game without being sure of the general atmosphere of the company. That was a wise old king who said, "There is a time for all things."

Much can be done to dispel an air of stiffness or discomfort if such is seen to exist, but at times we must yield to the inevitable and leave out the lighter items of an evening program. It has been my good fortune to witness several potato races, and in every case both players and spectators entered fully into the fun of the affair. BERTA KNOWLTON BROWN.

skirt is plain; this winter only four yards around is the stylish fullness. The bodice is full French style, with trimmings of lace and ribbon. Ribbon also around the waist and down the skirt.

COLD WATER.

In some localities it is impossible to obtain good well-water. Be the cistern ever so good and clean, there is the soft-water taste so disagreeable to many; and worse yet, the temperature is far from rivaling the fluid drawn from Mother Earth fifty or sixty feet below the surface. In these days of progression, no farmer should be without a filter, if the cistern must supply the drinking-water. They can be home-made, with very little expense in time or money; directions can be found quite often in almost any of the farm journals, and it seems unnecessary to repeat them here.

But the question of temperature still remains, and there are many who do not like ice-water, claiming it to be neither healthful nor capable of quenching thirst. The putting up of ice among the farmers is becoming so universal that ice-boxes or refrigerators are quite common. Fill glass cans, or bottles with good corks, with filtered water, and lay them in the top of

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Philadelphia

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REVERSIBLE
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Made of fine cloth in all styles.
When soiled, reverse, wear again, then discard.
Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 25 cents.
They look and fit better than any other kind.

ASK THE DEALERS FOR THEM.
If not found at the stores send six cents for sample collar and cuffs, naming style and size. A trial invariably results in continued use.
Reversible Collar Co. 43 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

DANTE HUBBENS ANGLO RAPHAEL HUBBELL TASSO

\$.25 BUYS A SEWING MACHINE

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Oxford Merchandise Co. 300 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Our Household.

CROWDED ALONE.

VERY fleshy mau lived in the vil-
lage of M who owned houses and
lands which he rented out, and
he drove about the country in an
open buggy to collect his rents or to see to
his business; in fact, he was a man of
affairs. The boys trudging to and from
school would call out to him, "Say, mister,
give me a ride?" and his invariable reply
was, "No, I'm crowded alone."

That expression, "crowded alone," has
rung in my memory all these years, and
I've seen and known of a great many who
are "crowded alone." They never have
money or kindness which they are willing
to bestow upon others.

Just a little way off is a woman now in
a hard struggle with poverty. Perhaps
to-morrow she will be put out of her
humble rooms, for her rent is unpaid. To
be sure, she has done wrong things in her
life, so her relatives say. Her sister lives
in a beautiful house, with money and
horses and luxuries at her command, but
she will not help her sister—she is
"crowded alone."

The beautiful girl who is home from
school in the flush of coming out in society
is annoyed at any suggestion about call-
ing upon girls less favored, in her church
or Sunday-school. They don't belong to
her set—she is "crowded alone."

There are grand exceptions to such sel-
fishness. Susie's father is a mechanic,
and Susie was a clerk down town. But
she had a long, expensive sickness, and
when she was better and could go out,
she had nothing new or fresh to wear,
nor could she get anything for a long time.
She kept silent, but was mortified at look-
ing so shabby. One day, while she was
yet weak, a package directed to her was
left at her house, from one of the large
dry-goods stores. Inside the package was
the material for a neat summer silk dress,
with all the linings and things necessary
for making it up, and a pretty hat to match.
To any one having money they were inex-
pensive things, but Susie could not have
purchased a cotton dress at any price.
There was a card pinned on the material,
upon which was written, "Susie, this is
from Lanra and Mary, because we love
you." Those girls were not "crowded
alone."

There are many whose names are not on
the charity lists who need a kind, tender
word or a helping hand. When one has
not money to give, or use for others, there
are still endless ways by which you can
show you are not "crowded alone." You
may be able to teach another something
you know, or by sympathy you may turn
the bitter thought of some one in a dif-
ferent channel. In some poor home the
house-mother may be sick, and you can do
some service, no matter how menial. As



FIG. 1.

great a man as Samuel received the com-
mand to fill his horn with oil before go-
ing to the anointing of the king.

Do not fear to do a kindness to any who
have sinned. When a branch is partly
broken from the tree, nature makes a
great effort to save the branch, and she
sends sap for healing. Shall we not take
lessons from Mother Nature, and strive to
save the twisted and wrenched branches
which we see? Many work well in soci-

eties or in the enthusiasm of some pub-
lic service. That is well, but the kind
word and deed to those "trudging along"
will help make peace on earth and show
good-will to men.

In the home, above all places in the
world, none of the family should feel
"crowded alone." There the father,
mother, brothers and sisters should each
guard against selfishness, and should be
watchful that they do not impose upon
the good nature of any of the family.
Often one child is allowed to do the
errands and most of the work that should

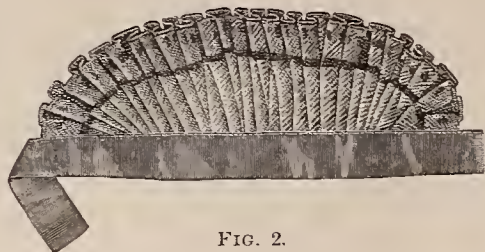


FIG. 2.

be divided among several. While each
may be helpful to the other, let the rights
of all be respected.

If one watches himself, he will be sur-
prised to see how often he is inclined to
say or feel, "I'm crowded alone," and how
easy it is to wrap up in self as in a fitted
garment. None should yield to that feel-
ing, but do something for those less com-
fortable than themselves.

MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

HOW TO PAPER A ROOM.

As all housekeepers know, a freshly
papered room is greatly to be desired.

To begin, select a paper the pattern of
which can be easily watched at the sides.
Good paper, with border and ceiling to
correspond, can be purchased for ten cents.

Old paper should always be removed,
not only for the sake of health, but the
soil is apt to come through and stain the
new paper. With a whitewash-brush
dipped into clean water, brush frequently
over the papered wall, a section at a
time; after remaining damp for a few
minutes the paper can be readily removed
with a tin scraper (a common cake-turner
answers the purpose admirably).

It is well to go over the bare wall and
ceiling with what is called good glue siz-
ing, for which the following is a good
recipe: Put half a pound of crushed gline
into a crock, and cover with cold water;
let it soak all night; in the morning melt
it over a moderate heat, and add suffi-
cient water to thin it; apply to the wall
and ceiling with a whitewash-brush, after
having removed all loose particles from
the wall with a broom. Let dry before
applying the paper.

Place two long boards either on trestles
or some good support, so that they are
absolutely level (a long kitchen table will
answer the purpose).

Make the paste as follows, if you desire
good results: Sift about five pounds of
wheat, rye or white flour, make into a
smooth, stiff batter, taking care to avoid
even the smallest lumps, and add a few
grains of corrosive sublimate (a deadly
poison); thin it with cold water to about
a good pudding batter, add two and one
quarter ounces of well-pounded alum.
Meanwhile have water boiling on the fire,
and pour it softly but rapidly over this
batter, stirring it all the time around and
around the same way; as soon as it swells
and changes color it is finished; put a
little cold water on top to prevent scum-
ming, and set it away to cool before using.

With a tape-line measure the height of
your wall carefully, and cut the first roll
into strips of this length, laying the pieces
face downward, keeping weights on their
ends. Dip your brush well into the paste,
so that both sides are well covered, and
apply as quickly as possible to the back
of the top piece of paper, fold over one
end and then the other, placing the edges
even, so the margin can be rapidly re-
moved with the scissors. The hanger must
be on the step-ladder ready to unfold one
end of the fold, and stick it onto the wall
very lightly just at the top; have the whisk-
broom and a cloth in a large pocket of
your apron, and as dexterously as possible
smooth down the paper with the whisk,
taking care to work out all the air, touch-
ing it lightly with the cloth when neces-
sary. If air remains after the slip is on,
small blisters will appear. Prick these at
once with a pin, and smooth the paper
over. Brush the paper down the center,
and from it to the edges. When you reach
the folded lower end, unfold carefully,

brush down the center as above, and avoid
wrinkles by letting cut edges lap slightly.

If care has been taken to apply the first
strip straight and smooth, the rest will go
on with little trouble. Only care can in-
sure success in matching the pattern.
Before applying your strip, glance down
both edges and see that the part you are
joining meets the same portion of the de-
sign in that placed next to it, and with
your whisk make one long sweep down the
joined edges; with a small roller go over
the seams and secure the edges well.

When the walls are covered, cut the
border into convenient lengths (as long as
possible), paste and fold, and apply quickly.
Although the ceiling is more difficult, the
same process can be followed with success.

M. E. SMITH.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Wash small pickles, fresh from the
vine, and pack. Allow one small cupful
of salt to each gallon of pickles; then add
boiling water until they are well covered,
and let stand twenty-four to forty-eight
hours; take out, rinse off with clear wa-
ter, and drain carefully; place in cold
vinegar for two weeks, take up, drain,
and pack closely in glass jars, using one
teaspoonful of white mustard and twenty
cloves to each quart. Make a sweet
vinegar by taking two parts of sugar to
three of vinegar, in which boil mixed
spices, closely tied in a thin cloth, for
twenty minutes; pour this boiling hot over
the pickles, and seal. It usually takes a
tablespoonful of mixed spices to a gallon
of sugar and vinegar, but one must use
judgment, as their strength varies.

MRS. ISAAC C.

NECK-RUCHES.

For home wear everything for the neck
seems to be of the most fluffy appearance.
Ruches of very full-plaited tulle, or chif-
fon edged with black lace (Fig. 1), are one
of the novelties. They will also do for
theater wear later on. Others, like Fig.
2, are arranged on a ribbon which an-
swers as a neck-band. Two or three
rows of lace are sewed near the edge to
make it heavier. These are considered
absolute necessities for a young lady's
toilet.

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For ladies, give BUST measure in inches.

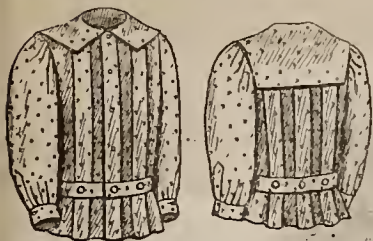
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Price of each pattern, 10 cents.

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No. 6869.—LADIES' CAPE. 10c. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. bust.



No. 6863.—LADIES' POINTED BASQUE. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 6711.—BOYS' FAUNTLEROY BLOUSE. 10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.



No. 6516.—MISSSES' COSTUME. 11 cts. Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



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\$18 a Week Easy. You work right around home. A brand new thing. No trouble to make \$18 a week easy. Write to us quick, you will be surprised at how easy it can be done. Send us your address any way. It will be for your interest to investigate. Write today. You can positively make \$18 a week easy. D. T. MORGAN, Box 20, Detroit, Mich. Mention this paper.

HARVEST FOR AGENTS Hustling canvassers are making a pile of money working for us. All say work is pleasant and profitable. Particulars sent free on request. Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, O.

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

It Closes October 31st. **WHAT?** The Guessing Contest. A chance to get \$1,000 for 30 cents. 2,337 other prizes. Send your guess quick and get a big prize. See full particulars on page 9.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF HIS CROSS.

Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Hide my sins and shelter me;
Claim or merit have I none,
I am vile and all undone;
I to thee for succor fly—
Give me refuge or I die.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
All my hopes are hung on thee.

Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Let me to thy shadow flee;
Here they mocked the crucified,
Here the royal sufferer died;
Here was shed the atoning blood,
Here expired the Son of God;
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Can the guilty trust in thee?

Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Type of love's deep mystery;
'Twas my sins provoked this love,
I this matchless passion moved;
For my soul this love was stored,
On my head the blessing poured.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Now I solve love's mystery.

Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
This my boast shall ever be,
That thy blood for me was shed,
That for me he groined and bled.
Now I catch that gracious eye,
Now I know I shall not die;
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
All my guilt is lost in thee.

—Daniel T. Taylor.

TIMOTHY'S STOMACH.

It is singular to note how careful some people notice the advice the Apostle Paul gave to Timothy about his poor, weak stomach, and how little they care about all the rest of the teachings of the apostle.

Nobody knows what ailed Timothy, anyway. Every statement about his sickness is pure guesswork, except that made in the verse. Physicians would tell you at once that there are diseases of the stomach and other infirmities where the worst thing that could be taken would be strong wine.

Moreover, nobody knows what kind of wine St. Paul recommended. Was it the kind the butler made when he pressed the grapes between his fingers and bore the expressed juice in a silver or golden cup to the king? Or was it the kind that is made by boiling down the grape-juice until fermentation is impossible, and then preserving it with care, thus making the wine a food as well as a drink? It might have been either of these, and was as likely to be one of them as that which "giveth his color in the cup," or that brings woe to all who "go to seek mixed wine."

At all events, the wine was not to be taken for pleasure, but as a medicine, and there was to be but "a little wine," perhaps a teaspoonful or so, in water. And Timothy was so strictly temperate that he would not take even "a little wine" for sickness, till he got a prescription from an inspired apostle, though some who quote the passage would take a prescription from any red-nosed doctor, and would soon venture to subscribe for themselves.

The temperance Irishman is said to have remarked, when confronted with the passage, "An' sure, me name is not Timothy, and me stomach does not ache." —The Safeguard.

THE OLDEST LOCK.

The very oldest lock in existence is one which formerly secured one of the doors of Nineveh. It is a gigantic affair, and the key to it, which is as large as one man can conveniently carry, reminds one of the scriptural passage, where the prophet makes reference to such instruments being carried on the shoulder. The exact words referred to are, "And the key to the house of David I will lay upon his shoulder." This enormous key to the lock from Nineveh is nearly three and half feet in length and of the thickness of a four-inch drain-tile. It was found at the end of a ruined chamber, where a large wooden door had probably once stood, the gigantic brass hinges and heavy bars being still in fair condition, though somewhat corroded. This relic of the olden times has but few points of resemblance to the keys of modern manufacture, or even to those of the early part of the Christian era. The tubular idea had never been thought out in those days, but the key is fearfully and wonderfully made, being equally as intricate a piece of machinery as the lock in

which it was used. A great many of the bars and pegs in the lock are believed to have been made of wood, as their places are now empty. The notches and pegs in the key, however, show that there were corresponding pegs and bars in the lock at one time. The great lateral iron bars at the end of the key, with their complicated series of notches, cross-bars, pumps, etc., are proof that the lock was once similarly provided. This being the case, it is reasonable to suppose that at one time the door to the palace could not have been opened until the key had been inserted and the impediment to the drawing back of the bolt removed by raising up so many bars and pins which had fallen down into their places upon the key having been withdrawn. Similar locks and keys were in use in Egypt five thousand years ago. —St. Louis Republic.

"KNOWLEDGE SHALL INCREASE."

What the future has in store, in what way old laws will be newly applied and new laws discovered, it might be difficult to determine, but that we are on the threshold of a chamber of wonders and miracles is beyond a doubt. We can look on the canvas and see a whole regiment go through its drill, or the treader and bull in deadly conflict. We can hear Paderewski at the piano, and with the microphone we can listen to the patter of a fly's feet on the window-pane, and the telephone reproduces the voice of a speaker who is a thousand miles away.

These, however, are only stepping-stones to higher things, and though they are marvels, there are still greater things to come which will make such achievements small and insignificant. Mr. Tesla tells us that it may be possible to see the face as well as to hear the voice of the speaker who is a thousand miles away. When the Roentgen ray becomes tamed and disciplined it will aid the physician in many ways. It is a bit refractory just now, but by and by some one will cajole it into profitable servitude, and then will follow a multitude of remedial agencies which are at present in dreamland only. —New York Herald.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOME.

She does not make any fuss about it, nor ask to have a reporter at her elbow. But her sunny heart of self-forgetting love will not let her hands be at rest while there is any bit of helpful service she can render. If she can without observation slip the burnt roll or undercrust on her plate it is done. If some one must stay at home when there is a day's outing, she tells, with music in every tone, how glad she will be to be left quietly behind and have time all to herself to do ever so many things she has in mind. And none suspect from word or tone how great the sacrifice to give up the pleasure.

Her quick eye detects the oversight or neglect on the part of another, and she quickly hastens to remedy the matter, careful that none shall know her hand has made up another's failure. Is a harsh round of judgment started by some ill-advised criticism? She deftly and tenderly drops the gentlest, the sweetest possible word for the criticized one, and switches the conversation to other topics.

Do we not all recognize this "angel?" We call her mother, wife, sister. In the glory-land they will call her saint. —The Contributor.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Very many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are songs which have been learned in the bitterness of trial. It is said of a little bird that he will never learn to sing the song his master will have him sing while it is light in his cage. He learns a snatch of every song he hears, but will not learn a full separate melody of his own. And the master covers the cage and makes it dark all about the bird, and then he listens and learns the one song that is taught him, until his heart is full of it. Then, ever after, he sings the song in the light. With many of us it is as with the bird. The Master has a song he wants to teach us, but we learn only a strain of it, a note here and there, while we catch up snatches of the world's song, and sing them with it. Then he comes and makes it dark about us, till we learn the sweet melody he would teach us. Many of the loveliest songs of peace and trust sung by God's children in this world have been taught in the darkened chamber of sorrow.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus.

The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

By the way—the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.

2.75 GENTS 14 KARAT GOLD PLATE. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price \$2.75 and express charges and it is yours. It is magnificently engraved and equal in appearance to a genuine solid gold watch. A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch, write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gents' or ladies' size. **THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.** 334 Dearborn St., [9], Chicago.

(Notice this to-day. This ad. will not appear again.)
\$250 GIVEN IN GOLD AWAY

Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in EDITORS? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do, you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. No proper nouns. No foreign words. Use any dictionary that is standard. Cephalus. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Editors, edit, set, dot, dots, to, etc. These words count. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD and JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$50.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word EDITORS; \$25.00 for the second largest; \$15 for the third; \$10 for the fourth; \$5 for the twenty next largest, and \$2 each for the twenty-five next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three-months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a large 336-page hook, "Esther Waters," by Geo. Moore, a remarkably fascinating love story. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than Nov. 20, so that the names of successful contestants may be in the December issue, published in November. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building, B 1113, New York City. Mention this paper.

Who will it be?

McKINLEY

...OR...

BRYAN

OR SOMEBODY ELSE?

\$3,000 IN PRIZES

For answers to the question, "Who will be the next president, and how many electoral votes will he receive?"

First Prize, \$1,000 in Cash.

See page 9 for full particulars.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Subirrigation.—G. E. L., South Riverside, Cal. Among the agricultural experiment stations that have published bulletins on the subject of subirrigation are the following: Experiment station, Logan, Utah; Morgantown, W. Va.; Wooster, Ohio.

Straw.—J. W., Middleton, Oreg., writes: "How can straw be made short, to haul on the field, to plow under, without cutting or burning? Is there anything that will prevent straw growing tall, without interfering with a good crop of grain? On summer fallow or after hooded crops our winter wheat will grow five and one half feet or higher, and often lodges."

REPLY:—Scatter the straw thinly over the ground. After it has been beaten down by rains, you can turn it under with a good plow having a sharp rolling cutter or a good jointer. For seeding rich land, select short, stiff-strawed varieties of wheat.

Butter-color.—J. M. C., Corning, Cal., writes: "What is the best process of coloring butter without injury to the butter? Experience teaches me that when cows receive what green grass they want, it is not necessary to color with anything, but we cannot have green grass the year round."

REPLY:—After grass is gone, bright, well-cured corn fodder will keep up the color in butter. In the absence of suitable foods, use a good butter-color. There are a number of preparations on the market that are perfectly harmless. Your druggist can procure them for you. If used according to directions, they will give, without injury, a light golden color to the butter.

Average Wheat.—J. M. R., Winview, Okla., writes: "You say editorially that the average wheat production is 13.7 bushels to the acre, and it is intimated that it is not profitable. You also say that this can easily be increased to twenty-five bushels to the acre by good farming, and at a profit. I know statements are sometimes made unthoughtfully, so I would like to ask a few questions. Do you think that with our present knowledge of agriculture the product of every acre could be doubled, or nearly so, as indicated? To do this would require the doubling in yield, not only on the poorest lands and of the poorest farmers, but also on the best lands and by the best farmers, bringing the yield in many cases up to one hundred or more bushels to the acre. If this could be done, and our annual production as a nation doubled, would it then be profitable?"

REPLY:—The average annual yield of wheat in England is about twenty-nine bushels an acre, yet we have never read of yields of one hundred or more bushels to the acre. Your questions do not apply exactly to what was said in the note referred to. "Less area, larger yield to the acre, and lower cost of production," are words you seem to have overlooked. In reducing the area, would not the lands giving the poorest yields, as a rule, be given up first? There is certainly no intimation in the note that we should strive to double our annual production of wheat as a nation.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

May be Tuberculosis.—C. H. P., West Barrington, N. H. Unless what you describe is only a case of somewhat chronic garget, your cow, in my opinion, is a good subject for the tuberculin test.

Probably Ankylosis.—F. L. Co., Dry Fork, W. Va. What you describe appears to be ankylosis in the pastern-joint. There is no cure. An immediate answer cannot and will not be given for a two-cent stamp.

A Mungy Dog.—A. S. G., Reading, Pa. If your dog has mange, have him treated by a veterinarian. It will not be difficult to find a good one in Reading. Don't ask for an immediate answer for a two-cent stamp; it will not be given.

Chronic Swelling of the Sheath.—D. A. P., Rockford, Mich. Such a chronic swelling of the sheath of a horse as you describe is, as a rule, permanent and incurable.

Garget.—A. J. H., Jasper, Ala. What you describe appears to be a genuine case of garget. If necessary, keep the cow a week or so at home, and restore the diseased half of the udder by frequent (every few hours) milking. As your cow will not be fresh until February, there is yet abundant time to make her dry two months before calving.

Injured Spinal Column.—W. F. H., Champion, N. Y. The paralysis in the hind quarters of your pig undoubtedly has been produced by an injury, perhaps amounting to a fracture of the spinal column, brought about when the pig tried to jump over a fence and slipped and fell on its back. If the pig is in a good condition, butcher it. There is no prospect of a cure.

Cattle Dying.—G. N. D., Gid, Ark. According to your description it is possible, but hardly probable, that your cattle died from poisoning. If an animal dies, the best way to ascertain the cause of death is by making a careful post-mortem examination, and where poisoning is suspected, to have the contents of the stomach, and in cases of suspected arsenic poisoning, also the liver, subjected to a chemical analysis.

A Rouser.—W. R., Terre Haute, Ohio. Roaring may be produced by various causes, among which the most frequent, perhaps, consists in a paralytic condition of the recurrent nerve. If this constitutes the cause, a partial cure can be effected by a neat but not easily executed surgical operation; which, however, even if well performed, is not always successful. In all cases the possibility of a cure depends upon the possibility of removing the cause.

Malignant Head Disease of Cattle.—J. A. M., Armour, S. Dak. What you describe is a case of so-called malignant head disease of cattle. Although it is not known that a communication from one animal to another will take place, some veterinarians who have had considerable experience with this disease, Bagnion, for instance, look upon it as infectious. In your case the time for effective treatment has passed. A good dietetic treatment and liberal applications of a mixture of linseed-water and olive-oil, equal parts, to the parts of the head and ears where the skin is peeling off, is about all you can do to any advantage. Do not give any more dish-rags; they are indigestible even to cattle.

A Swelling Under the Jaw.—W. J. P., Society Hill, S. C. If the swelling you complain of is situated on the border of the lower jaws of your mare, and beneath the roots of the molars, and at the same time is hard and prevents the mare from eating, there can hardly be any doubt that the swelling has its seat in the bone itself, and that the teeth (the molars) are more or less affected. What has to be done, and whether anything can be done, has to be determined by a thorough examination of not only the external surface of the head, but also of the interior of the mouth, particularly of all the molars of the lower jaw. Therefore, I have to advise you to call on a veterinarian to make that examination, and then to treat the mare in accordance with the result of the examination.

A Swelled Leg.—B. K., Greenspring, Ohio. Dress the wound produced by the barbed wire and not yet healed, although made in July, twice a day with iodine and absorbent cotton, and then bandage the leg from the hoof upward with a bandage of woolen flannel, which must be changed twice a day. After the wound has been brought to healing, exercise the horse during the day and keep the leg bandaged during the night until the swelling does not decrease any more. If the wound, which evidently has been neglected, or at any rate, has not received rational treatment, heals to a horny scar, that scar will be permanent, and all the swelling that is not removed by exercise during the day, and prevented from returning by the bandage during the night, also will be permanent.

Retention of the Afterbirth in Cattle.—G. H. W., East Sound, Washington. Retention of the afterbirth in cows is most frequent in cases of premature birth, and seldom occurs in healthy cows calving at the normal time, unless they have been allowed to drink a bucketful of cold water immediately after calving. It is therefore considered good practice to give such cows, until they have cleaned, only water that has been slightly warmed, in order to prevent a sudden contraction of the uterus and a closing of the os. A removal of a retained afterbirth by manual operation must be left to a veterinarian, and the treatment of a non-professional is best limited to carefully made injections of warm chamomile tea, to which a little carbonate of soda may be added, into the uterus. Still, otherwise healthy cows, if not cleaned in due time, usually do so inside of nine days, and are seldom seriously damaged. It is somewhat different with cows previously diseased.

Treatment for Barbed-wire Wound—So-called Sweeney.—F. M. R., Jamesport, Mo. Wounds treated with such a mixture of irritating substances as oil of tar, oil of thyme, carbolic acid, each one part, and coal-oil, thirty-two parts, cannot heal, and are bound to become ugly. Healing is a process which can only be produced by nature, and the only rational treatment consists in warding off all unfavorable influences, and in producing the most favorable conditions possible. Hence, a fresh wound has to be kept scrupulously clean, any invasion of micro-organisms (bacteria) has to be prevented by a careful aseptic, or even antiseptic, protection, but the antiseptics, carbolic acid, for instance, must never be used in such a concentration as will become injurious to the animal itself, or to cause irritation; further, the borders of the wound must be brought in as close contact as it is possible to do; all straining, which necessarily has a tendency to separate the borders of the wound, must be strictly prevented; where congestion is existing or threatening, for instance, if the wound is in the leg, a suitable bandage, which serves the double purpose of protection and of preventing unnecessary and injurious swelling, must be applied in a judicious manner, and be changed at least twice a day. Any further treatment depends upon circumstances and existing complications. In serious cases it is always best to call at once on a competent veterinarian. Concerning the case of so-called sweeney, I have to advise you to continue the same treatment, feed well, exempt the horse from work, allow him all the voluntary exercise he is willing to take, and abstain from applying any medicines and from resorting to any kind of quackery. It usually takes from six months to a year until recovery, which seldom fails, will be effected, provided quackery or injudicious treatment have not made it impossible.

SUMMERING IN THE TALLAHASSEE COUNTRY—TOBACCO-GROWING, ETC.

During and since the recent hot period at the North I have received many letters of inquiry relating to the temperature of this section; the facts of the case are simply this: The daily papers come to us laden with items relating to the fearful loss of life and prostrations that are daily taking place in many Northern cities; hospitals crowded; free ice furnished to the poor; streets flooded with water at night to reduce the temperature; parks made free sleeping-grounds for the poor of the crowded tenement districts, while here among the hills of Western Florida we were favored with almost daily thunder-showers and their cooling effect. Consequently, at no time did the thermometer reach a point higher than ninety-seven degrees in the shade, and remained at that point only a few hours. Usually cool nights, with no sun-strokes, prostrations or semblance to one. The reason for this condition of things is plain. The atmosphere during the heated term is laden with moisture from the natural evaporation from the sea twenty miles distant, lakes, rivers and streams that are so numerous in Florida, together with the breeze that daily fans the state. Whereas at the North during the heated term for hours at a time the stillness of death prevails, and so quiet that the most delicately hung leaf or spray of grass remains unmoved, as if hewn from solid stone.

Here summer practically begins the first of May and extends to some time in September, with frequent showers.

The season here has been a prosperous one for those who have farmed their lands by improved methods; the yield of native grass has been abundant, with in many cases second and third crops yet to gather. It is of a quality relished by stock equally as well as the best Northern timothy, and yields from two tons upward per acre, is baled and placed upon the market the same as the Northern product, selling here for \$14 to \$20 per ton.

Corn and cotton a full average crop. Tobacco a superior crop, with a greatly increased acreage, and those who have grown the improved cigar varieties are realizing very remunerative prices for their crops, as buyers are plentiful and go direct to the barns, and frequently bidding against each other in order to obtain an adequate supply for the Northern manufacturers whom they represent. The Florida tobacco has an established reputation; so much so that in the past many dealers attach a Cuban name or brand to the cases or bales, and sell it to small dealers as an imported article. This plan of procedure is about stopped, as the Florida producer desires his products to stand upon their own merits in competition with the output of other states or nations. At the present rate of increase, in a few years hence Florida will be far the largest tobacco-producing state in the Union.

For a quick-growing, money-returning crop, the growing of what is called plug wrappers takes the prize, as three months from the time the plants are set the produce is matured, cut, cured, stripped, graded and upon the market. The process being to cure a whole barnful of the freshly cut leaves and stalks by a simple plan of artificial heating in about three days' time. This brand yields from six hundred to one thousand pounds per acre, selling upon an average of twenty cents per pound; and as the whole expense incurred will not exceed forty-five dollars per acre, the profit upon the investment is very satisfactory. The cigar production is about the same quantity per acre, and sells for an average of eighteen cents for fillers, up to as high as forty-three cents for wrappers, several careful farmers realizing the latter sum for their entire crop of ten or more acres, the cost of production being a little more than for the plug-leaf brand. These crops are produced upon lands selling to-day at from \$12 to \$25 per acre.

No doubt many who read this will desire additional information relating thereto, as well as to the growing of grain, vegetables, fruits and other crops produced here. A stamp inclosed with your questions will insure a reply to those who would like a home in a semi-tropical, productive country.

L. D. SNOOK.

Tallahassee, Fla., September 15, 1896.

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSION OF FLORIDA.

I had read the articles in the FARM AND FIRESIDE about Florida, and became much interested thereby in "The Land of Flowers." My husband planned to go some time during the summer, concluding that if the climate agreed with him then, it surely would in the winter. A few days before he was to start the idea occurred to me, why should I not go, also, and see for myself how I should like to live there? Upon suggesting it to him he gladly assented, and I forthwith made hasty preparations for the trip. We started from Nebraska on August 17th, going by the way of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon and Lake City, reaching Tallahassee, Fla., on Thursday afternoon. Before the train had come to a standstill we caught sight of the street-car, drawn by three mules, and also a wagon with one mule, cov-

ered with something that looked like a piece of blue cloth hastily dipped in a tub of blood water for washing and wrung out, then used for a cover. As we were the last ones to leave the train, all the hacks and surries were filled, the odd-looking vehicle had disappeared, and we were left to take the street-car. The novelty of the affair created considerable amusement. It was worth twice the fare to see how that small colored boy managed his three mules, the manner in which he used his voice and whip, and also served to shorten the distance between train and hotel.

Not being tired in the least after three nights' and nearly four days' travel on the cars, I concluded that the climate had a beneficial effect already. In the morning Mr. Snooks, who had met us at the train, and taken us to the hotel, introduced us to Mr. Taylor, the resident agent of the companies, who received us with a cheery smile of welcome, bade us be seated in comfortable carriages drawn by fine teams, and started to show us over the country. We thus were shown over the plantations far and near until we were satisfied that we had seen all that one would wish to. We also were taken to Lanark Inn, a distance of forty-five miles by rail, situated on Appalachicola Bay. The hotel, or inn, is indeed conducted first-class, every attention paid to the guests. There was only one thing that I wanted yet (some people say a woman always wants something more), and that was to hire a bathing-suit to take a bath in the bay, as I had not provided myself with one. I heard a faint rumor about having them in the future.

Well, my impressions are very favorable. The people are very sociable, making one feel quite at home; they certainly come up to the reputation of Southern hospitality.

There are many places where the scenery is beautiful at a distance and beautiful close by. There are drives along roads, good roads, curving around the hills that are arched over with wide-spreading limbs of the live-oak covered with gray moss, hanging in long bunches and looking like a mass of veiling let down over them in fluffy masses. Interspersed with these are some young pine-trees, bright and fresh in their light shade of green, making a pretty contrast with the dark old live-oak, the airy light gray moss and the veil, which at times is a bright red, especially after a rain. The glints of sunlight crossing the road only serve to brighten the beautiful scene.

There are lakes of water clear as crystal reflecting the surrounding foliage on its mirror-like surface. The water is soft and has a good taste. I am very careful about drinking strange water when I travel, but I have drunk more water since I came here than I have for so short a time in years, and it does not harm me in the least.

I had a gripple last November, and have not been well since, but since I have been here (ten days) I feel very well, have not an ache or pain. I am completely surprised to find that it is not any warmer here than at the North; also that there are so few flies that they are not worth mentioning; no screen doors or windows needed. There are a few mosquitoes, but the screened beds keep them from doing mischief at night. No fly-nets on the horses, for I did not see one horse-fly, or anything to annoy a horse. Nearly every day we have a little shower to brighten up and keep the dust off. I enjoy these showers; they cool the air. I used to dread rain, for it usually gave me a pang of rheumatism or spell of neuralgia. I feel so well I should like to stay all winter to see if it would hold out. People here say this is a very healthful place. I am inclined to think it is. I would advise each interested one to come and see for themselves. I am afraid I shall have to throw a little shadow over this, but I must be truthful, so will tell you that you will likely be disappointed on your arrival at seeing how far behind the times Tallahassee is. But with a little Northern push and enterprise it would soon come up to date. It seems as though they had begun already, for I see workmen improving the capitol grounds.

There are numerous springs of clear water, and the lakes have an abundance of fish in them. I am perfectly satisfied to settle here in the near future. Sincerely yours,

August 27, 1896. MRS. JOS. L. HARLEY.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

A round-trip excursion to Tallahassee, Florida, from Chicago and Cincinnati has been arranged for the 20th of October. The tickets are good for thirty days. The fare from Chicago is \$29.80, and from Cincinnati \$22.90. On and after November 1st there will be a Home Seekers' Excursion on the first Tuesday of each month.

Our excursions are arranged to leave here over the Monon Route to Cincinnati, and thence over the "Queen and Crescent," "Southern" and F., C. & P. R. R. to Tallahassee.

We pass by daylight through the beautiful blue-grass region, and make almost an entire daylight ride from Cincinnati to Florida, giving one a most excellent opportunity to see the country.

If you cannot come to Chicago or Cincinnati and join our excursion, go to your nearest ticket agent and get through rates from him on the special excursion days. Then, if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our own railroad lines while you are visiting Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip via the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, and the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston, at low excursion rates, which includes meals and berth on board steamer. For special rates by water from these eastern points address the steamship companies at either New York, Philadelphia or Boston.

For any further information regarding excursions to the Tallahassee hill country, address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
Care of FARM AND FIRESIDE,
1643 Monadnock Block, Chicago, or
108 Times Building, New York City.

Our Miscellany.

"Now, Billy, tell us how you know when Sunday comes."

"Yes'm. I aillus knows it is Sunday coz grandpa won't let me sing 'Henrietter, she's a corker.'"—Detroit Free Press.

ETHEL—"Mama, what makes the lady dress all in black?"

Mama—"Because she is a Sister of Charity, dear."

Ethel—"Is charity dead, then?"—Princeton Tiger.

TEACHER—"Who was the wisest man?"

Tommy—"Noah."

Teacher—"Noah?"

Tommy—"Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHOOPIING COUGH, CROUP AND HOARSENESS are efficaciously treated by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. It removes difficulty of breathing and oppression in the throat and lungs, promotes the ejection of mucous, and subdues the violence of complaints at the outset. The best family pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sennative.

"Pa," said little Johnny, looking up from his book, "it says here that the martyr was broken upon the wheel. What does that mean?"

"Oh," replied pa, "I guess he couldn't keep up his instalments."—New York Press.

In an April mumber of the "Youth's Companion," Andrew Carnegie, the great steel manufacturer, in an article entitled "How I Served My Apprenticeship as a Business Man," tells the story of his boyhood and struggles with poverty. The article has been issued in neat booklet form, and will be sent free to any address on application to the publishers of "Youth's Companion," Boston, Mass. Many a young man and woman will find encouragement and inspiration in the story of the early struggles of this millionaire. It is the glory of our country that we have such examples of philanthropic rich men who have worked their way up from poverty, and conquered by strength of character and honest principles, combined with industry.

REMONETIZE SKUNK-SKINS.

What this country needs, yes, fellow-citizens, what the plain people are suffering for is a remonetization of skunk-skins, bear-hides and dog-pelts. They should be a standard of value and medium of exchange, just as they were in the good old days of our pioneer fathers. Then we could pay our taxes without mortgaging our farms, then we could discharge the small balances due our neighbors without paying tribute to the shylocks and stock-gambling sharks. Skins, hides and pelts were demonetized unjustly and surreptitiously, and it is nothing but the right thing, the fair thing, the honorable thing, to restore them to the old-time value they possessed in the eyes of the law.

This is a great moral issue, as well as a monetary issue. It is a duty we owe posterity to meet it like brave men. Of course, as a matter of fact, we have not many skunk-skins, and very few bear-hides, and not half enough dog-pelts; but, fellow-citizens, when they are remonetized, those who have them will put them in circulation, and we are bound to get our share of them somehow or other in the long run. Give us an abundance of this good old-time circulating medium and measure of value, and times will be good, as they were in the elder and better days of the republic, before the cutworm of the treasury had sapped the tree of our liberties. Fellow-citizens, let's go the whole hog, free, unlimited and independent!—Bristol (Tenn.) Courier.

LANDS FOR SALE.

AT LOW PRICES AND ON EASY TERMS.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offers for sale on easy terms and at low prices, 150,000 acres of choice fruit, gardening, farm and grazing lands located in SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. They are also largely interested in, and call especial attention to the 600,000 acres of land in the famous YAZOO VALLEY of Mississippi, lying along and owned by the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad Company, and which that Company offers at low prices and on long terms. Special inducements and facilities offered to go and examine these lands both in Southern Illinois and in the "Yazoo Valley," Miss. For further description, map and any information, address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, No. 1 Park Row, Chicago, Ill.; or, G. W. MCGINNIS, Ass't Land Commissioner, Memphis, Tenn.

READ BEFORE YOU SIGN.

Be careful how you sign your name to any document; read it before you sign it, at any rate. Following such advice you will be spared the mortification of discovering later that you have signed your own death-warrant or an application for a saloon license. It is stated that a man was once persuaded to do the former; and as a result of a practical joke played in Ohio the other day, a minister did the latter, and moreover almost every reputable citizen in the town did the same, each signing his name because the minister's autograph first appeared.

Recent Publications.

THE YOUNG MARKET GARDENER.—Part I.—"A little pit well filled." Part II.—"A little plat well tilled." Part III.—"A little purse well filled." A practical guide for beginners to the successful growing and marketing of garden crops. The chapters on greenhouse construction, management and use are of special value for beginners. Price 50 cents. For sale by the author, T. Greiner, La Salle, N. Y.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Agricultural specialties made by Kohler, Hayssen & Stehn Manufacturing Company, Sheboygan, Wis.

Catalogue of George S. Josselyn, Fredonia, N. Y. Small fruits, with grapes as a specialty.

Bulbs, plants, seeds, etc., for sale by Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Cortlandt street, New York.

Weher Gas and Gasoline Engine Company, Kansas City, Mo. Illustrated descriptive catalogue of gas and gasoline engines.

Book on Nebraska and Northern Kansas. Published by Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. Sent free on application to P. S. Eustis, general passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

Choice hardy trees, shrubs, bulbs and plants for fall planting. Frederick N. Kelsey, 145 Broadway, New York.

The Silver Manufacturing Company, Salem, Ohio. Catalogue for 1896, and eight-page circular describing power cutters, a four-page circular showing hand machines, and "A Book on Silage," edited by Professor F. W. Wall, of the University of Wisconsin.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FENCE!
18c PER ROD
Is the cost of wire 50-in high. You can make 50 rods per day with our automatic machine. Circulars free.
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38 Styles & Sizes for Horse and Steam Power
46 Inch Feed Opening
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"Sunset Limited"
The Southern Pacific Co.,

In addition to regular daily trains, and for the especial accommodation of first-class passengers, are running over the "Sunset Route" their famous vestibuled "Sunset Limited" trains, composed of Ladies' Parlor and Drawing Room Car, Composite Car, containing Barber Shop, Bath Room, Buffet and Smoking Compartments, Pullman Sleepers—which are Double Drawing Room ten section cars—and last but not least the necessary Dining Car. The train is never without this car—day or night. Commencing November 9th, and leaving New Orleans SEMI-WEEKLY, every Monday and Thursday morning 10 o'clock, time to LOS ANGELES only 58 hours, SAN FRANCISCO 75 hours. No extra charge for this superior service. Avoid the cold rigor of the more Northern Routes by patronizing "Sunset Limited."

ALSO FOR HOME SEEKERS.

The Southern Pacific Co. "Sunset Route" in connection with the "Queen and Crescent Route" are running the only line of through tourist Pullman Sleepers leaving Cincinnati Thursday evening, for Los Angeles, San Francisco, and all other points in California.

These excursions are especially conducted, and the object is to enable those who do not care to buy first-class ticket, to enjoy a comfortable ride with sleeping car privileges and no change of cars, on the very low second-class rate ticket.

For further information, address

W. H. CONNOR, Commercial Agt. S. P. Co., Cincinnati, O.
W. G. NEIMYER, G. W. Agt. S. P. Co., Chicago, Ill.
S. F. B. MORSE, G. P. & T. Agt. S. P. Co., New Orleans, La.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.



We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Attenheim Medical Dispensary,** Dep't N.B., Box 779, Cincinnati, O.

SPEX BIG MONEY IN SPECTACLES. Send for our Optical Catalogue—just out. New goods. Cut prices. **F. E. BAILEY,** Chicago, Ill.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CATARRH, ASTHMA, HEADACHE

and their marvelous cure. Science of the 19th Century looks on with amazement at the most remarkable record of cures ever known in the World's history.

OVER 200,000 PEOPLE CURED

in the last year without a single failure by "5 Drops."



As a positive cure for the above diseases, also for Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Backache, Hay Fever, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc., "5 Drops" has never been equalled or surpassed, and is a pleasant, prompt and permanent cure. Though free from opiates and perfectly harmless, "5 Drops" is the most concentrated and powerful specific known. Your money refunded if "5 Drops" falls in any way short of what we claim, for no disease is too deeply rooted or painful to yield to this wonderful medicine, and relief is usually felt the very first night. What it has already done to relieve suffering humanity is told in letters of grateful praise from thousands of hearts once sickened and heavy with pain, now painless and happy.

G. F. BILLINGHAM, Prop. of Clinton House, Clinton, N. Y., writes: "I have been using '5 Drops' for Rheumatism for three weeks, having been troubled five years. To-day I am as well as ever in my life, and gladly recommend it to all sufferers from that terrible disease, for it is a positive cure."

J. J. JONES of Douglas, Kansas, says: "You have the best nerve remedy on the face of God's green earth. I want the agency without fail."

ELIJAH DAVIS of Butlersville, Ind., writes: "My wife was in bed six months with acute neuralgia. She tried every kind of medicine and several doctors, but all to no effect. Thank God your wonderful '5 Drops' cured her, for in three weeks after she commenced using it, she was out of bed and going about."

PETER LOBERG of Lindstrom, Minn., writes: "Within two months I have sold over 400 bottles, which were used in every kind of disease, but have received no complaints. It is the greatest household remedy in the world, and gives wonderful satisfaction."

"5 Drops" taken but once a day is the dose of this great remedy, and to more quickly introduce it, we will send during October prepaid by mail our 25-cent sample bottle, containing 40 doses, for 10 cents. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merit. Best and cheapest medicine on earth. Large bottle (300 doses) \$1.00. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 & 169 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BUTTER in 3 Minutes. A SCIENTIFIC WONDER

Selling the Queen Butter Maker that makes and gathers butter in 3 to 5 minutes; everybody wants a quick churn. Sells at sight; guaranteed, easily cleaned, simple, practical, great chance for agents. Hard time winner. No talk nor hard peddling. To show the machine is to sell it. The agent that makes butter in 3 min. before 8 or 10 people, is sure to sell 6 or 8 at once. Agents easily make from \$12 to \$20 a day. The Queen Butter Maker Co. 28 E. 3d St. Cincinnati, O.

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BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST AND BEST.



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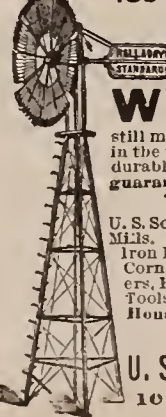
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THE BEST MADE.

U. S. Solid Wheel Mills, Gem Steel Wind Mills. Also I. X. L. Feed Cutters, Iron Feed Grinders, Hand and Power Corn Shellers, Wood Saws, Tank Heaters, Pumps of all kinds and Haying Tools. The Leading Water Supply House of the World.

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Ball Bearing Weather Strip. Positive novelty. Sure seller. Simple, cheapest, best fuel saver. Used by U. S. Government. Large profits. Sample sent by mail, 35 cents. Give size of window. Circulars free. **MARCH WEATHER STRIP CO., 1331 Arch St., Philada., Pa.**

\$3 FREE A fine 14 k. gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address and we will send you one of these elegant BUNTING CASE FULL SIZE GENTS' or LADIES' JEWELLED GOLD FINISHED WATCHES, by express for examination, and if it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50 and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we give you ONE FREE. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 50 days only. 1256 Broadway, Chicago. Oxford Watch Co., 300 Wash Ave., Chicago

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,500 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Cure RUPTURE.



Send for book of particulars. **I. B. SEELEY & CO., 25 S. 11th St., Phila.**

Smiles.

A QUESTION.

Now whisper, Autumn Girl, and tell
A secret which the world would know;
Will you retain a gentle spell
Whose witchery we love so well,
As on your wheel you come and go?
Will you wear sleeves to whose expanse
The breeze fond salutation flings,
Till he who stands to sigh and glance
Sees, in these billowy folds that dance,
The fluttering of an angel's wings?
—Washington Star.

HOUSEWIFERY UP TO DATE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mama,
I'm going to make a pie;
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen-bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Now pass me the neutral dope, mama,
And rotate the mixing-machine,
But give me sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine;
And the phosphate, too, for now I think
The new typewriter's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.
—Chicago News.

NEED OF SPELLING REFORM.

ENGLISH spelling is remarkable for its indefinite variety. As long as "tisis" is spelled "phthisis" the voice of the spelling reformer should be heard in the land.
Mr. Turner in the following incident, in view of the present method of spelling, was entirely consistent:
Dobbs met his friend Turner on the train. They were both going to London, and stopped at the same hotel. Turner registered his name, "E. K. Phtholognyrrh."
Dobbs, noticing it, exclaimed:
"Here, what are you assuming such a foreign name for? Are you in any trouble?"
"Not a bit of it," replied Turner, "and I am not assuming any foreign name."
"What kind of a name is that?" demanded Dobbs.
"That is my identical old name," persisted Turner, "and it is English, too—pronounced plainly Turner."
"I can't see how you can make Turner out of those thirteen letters; besides, what is your object in spelling that way?" asked Dobbs.
"Well, you see, nobody ever noticed my name on the register when I wrote it Turner," explained the latter, "but since I commenced writing it 'Phtholognyrrh' I set them all guessing. They wonder what nation I am from; what my name is. I can now hear people talk about me all around. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Phth' there is the sound of 't' in 'phthisis,' 'olo' there is the 'ur' in 'colonel;' 'gn,' there is the 'n' in 'gnat;' 'yrrh,' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now if that doesn't spell 'Turner,' what does it spell?"

BOTH ROBBERS.

"Now you know the details of the affair," said the doctor to the lawyer a few days later, "what would you advise me to do about it?"
"Go back to your practice," replied the lawyer, promptly. "You have no case. Ten dollars, please."
"Now that I have told you the symptoms," said the lawyer to the doctor a few days later, "what would you advise me to do?"
"Go back to your practice," replied the physician, promptly. "You have nothing seriously wrong with you. Ten dollars, please."
Thus it happened that two men are calling each other robbers.—Chicago Post.

On page 16 of this paper our readers will notice the advertisement of the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 167 Dearborn street, Chicago. Their advertisement speaks of their remarkable remedy "5 Drops." Our representative informs us that he has personally read a number of original letters from persons who attest over their respective signatures to the wonderful curative power of this great remedy, which has jumped into popular favor within the past year. Our business relations with this firm have been of the most satisfactory kind, and we believe their offer to refund the money if "5 Drops" does not fulfill every claim, is made in good faith, and can be safely accepted as such. Always mention this paper when you write.



NEPONSET WATER-PROOF FABRIC

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ONE EACH ROLL OF ALL GENUINE NEPONSET

We will send you Free of expense
Samples and Particulars.

F. W. BIRD & SON,
Sole Mfrs. East Walpole, Mass.

A FINAL REMEDY.

A young lady once called on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day, settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things, she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out, she started for the door. She had just opened it, when she turned and said:
"Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?"
"Take the cork," he retorted; "they tell me that's good for a sinking feeling."—Argonaut.

APPLYING AT HEADQUARTERS.

"I beg your pardon," said the passenger in the skull-cap, leaning over and speaking to the young man on the seat immediately in front of him, "but are you not just returning from college?"
"Yes, sir," replied the young man. "I am one of the graduates. In fact, I was the valedictorian."
"I was sure of it," rejoined the other. "I would be greatly obliged if you would tell me in a few words who wrote 'Junius,' who the man in the iron mask was, what was the origin of protoplasm, explain the Schleswig-Holstein question, give me the reasons why republics are superior to limited monarchies, and tell me why evil is permitted on the earth."—Chicago Tribune.

SMART YOUNG MAN.

Wonderful things happened when old people were young—if the memory of old people is to be trusted.
"My young friends," said a lecturer in the Cornville Academy Lyceum course, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but of owning them, so that you may have recourse to them at any time. Why, when I was a young man I used frequently to work hard all night to earn money to buy books, and then got up before daylight to read them!"

RAILROAD ITEM.

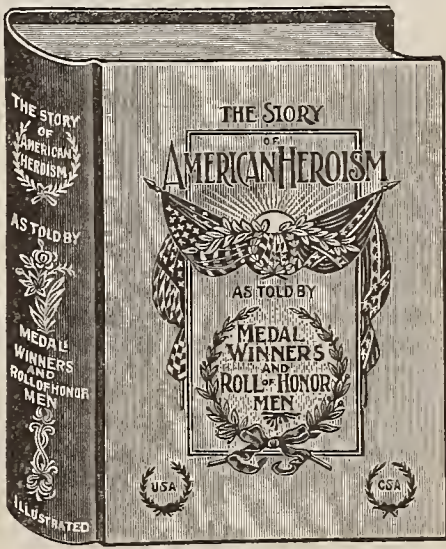
"Can you tell me the names of the railroad lines in Texas?" asked a Dallas teacher of a pupil who was the son of a member of the legislature.
"I dunno," was the reply.
"On what does your father travel when he goes from here to attend the session of the legislature?"
"On a free pass."—Texas Sifter.

A BASE CALUMNY.

The candidate's wife glared furiously at a life-size picture of her feet.
"This paper says I wear a 4 A," she cried, "and my shoe dealer has sworn that my size is only 2½ A."
With a quick movement she tore the paper to shreds.
"Another campaign lie nailed!" she hissed, triumphantly.—Truth.

NEED FOR ACTION.

Mrs. Brown—"We ought to try to have the minister's salary increased. Why, it isn't enough to supply his large family with the necessities of life!"
Mrs. Jones—"No, indeed! I don't see how they manage to keep their wheels in repair."
—Puck.



1250 FOUNTAIN PENS FREE
GRAND ADVERTISING OFFER. We have procured a lot of 1,250 Fountain Pens, (warranted perfect writers) and so long as they last, to each person sending us **THREE CENTS** for a copy of the November number of **MODERN STORIES**, which will be specially interesting. This wonderful offer is made to advertise our great family magazine. If you answer at once you may get a Fountain Pen free. **MODERN STORIES OFFICE, 30, Excelsior Building, New York.**

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NICHOLS' INHALER cures any Headache instantly; sells like wildfire. Pays Agents 100% profit. Address, J. B. NICHOLS, MANUFACTURER, CHICAGO.

\$5.00 per 1000 for distributing circulars, inclose 4c. Globe Advertising Ass'n, N.Y. City.

RUBBER STAMPS. Best made. Immense Catalogue Free to agents. The G. A. HARPER MFG. Co., Cleveland, O.

WRITERS WANTED to do copying at home. LAW COLLEGE, Lima, Ohio.

Salesmen to sell Cigars to dealers. \$100 to \$150 monthly and expenses. Experience unnecessary. Reply with stamp. GLOBE CIGAR FACTORY, CHICAGO.

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WRITE for circular of our new Lamp Shade and Reflector. Used in every home. Agents wanted. Sells at sight. DUNNING VORHEES MFG. CO., Box 573, Chicago.

All for 10 cents Catapult Bean Shooter, Box of Paints with Brush, Cameo Finger Ring, False Mustache, Address, TOY IMPORTING CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MADE EASILY—by any one—**25 DAILY** sure. Our Plan is entirely new, most liberal known. Demand never filled. Write for full information and Catalogue—How to start making Money at once. ALUMINUM NOVELTY CO., 335 Broadway, New York.

BIG PROFITS To men or women, boys or girls. Easy work and big pay. No money required to carry on the business. Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, O.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

We have regular employment for an active man in every locality, at \$15.00 weekly, (no fortune hunter need apply) will guarantee permanent employment if right; if interested apply promptly, address "Benefactor," P. O. Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR
"The Story of American Heroism."

The latest and best book on the Civil War. Stories of personal adventure by Uncle Sam's Medal Winners and Confederate Roll of Honor Men, the cream of the Nation's Heroes, who were honored by the government for special acts of bravery; each man tells his own story for the first time. The most thrilling record of personal encounters, captures, hair-breadth escapes and blood-stirring experiences ever published. Reads like a romance. **OVER 800 LARGE OCTAVO PAGES; 300 FINE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.** Narratives by Gen. Lew Wallace, Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. Alex. Webb, Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, Wade Hampton, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, and a score of others equally celebrated. **A NEW IDEA;** official and authentic; the only book containing the stories of the Medal Winners. Every family will want it. Just out; territory fresh; absolute control of same. Interests people at once; sells where nothing else will. Popular prices and terms to suit the times. **Chance for hustlers to make \$50.00 to \$75.00 a week. \$10.00 A WEEK GUARANTEED TO BEGINNERS.** Don't wait an hour, but write quick for circulars to **AMERICAN PUB. CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.**

Will \$500 Help You Out? If so, you can have it. We offer you the Sole Agency for an article that is Wanted in Every Home and Indispensable in Every Office, something that **SELLS AT SIGHT.** Other articles sell rapidly at Double the Price, though not answering the purpose half so well. You can make from \$500 to \$700 in three months, introducing it, after which it will bring A Steady, Liberal Income, if properly attended to. Ladies do as well as men, in town or country. **Don't Miss this Chance.** Write at once to **J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.**

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OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. Trial Free. No Pain. Comp'd Oxygen Ass'n, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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RUPTURE A positive, radical cure at home (Sealed). Book giving full particulars Sent Free. Address DR. W. S. RICE, Box F, Smithville, Jeff. Co., N.Y.

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

IT CLOSES OCTOBER 31. WHAT?

The Guessing Contest. A chance to get \$1,000 for 30 cents. 2,337 other prizes. Send your guess quick and get a big prize. See full particulars on page 9 of this issue.

Selections.

TIME.

We tread along the stumbling-blocks of time
To gain the goal from which we see afar,
And with to-day we strike to-morrow's chime,
Still grasping at anticipation's hour;
We strew our path with pebbles as we go
Along life's dusty way, and yet we find
The pebbles are the same of every kind,
Though bruised, perhaps—but then we do not know;

But Time still stands; to-morrow's hour he holds.

We stumble over all of our to-days
To grasp it, when, alas! we see it folds
Another leaf; and lo! our yesterdays
Have been our morrows that we seemed to crave,

And yet, poor fools, we look beyond the grave.
—France E. Woods.

TAPESTRIES.

An attempt has been made, the success of which is now assured, to make tapestry in the United States. It is intended that the product shall rival that of the famous Gobelin looms. The factory is on the Bronx river, at Williamsbridge, and is said to be the only one in the world outside of France.

Besides the two government institutions in France, the Gobelins and Beauvais, employing altogether not more than seventy-five men, including artists, artisans, apprentices, helpers and the bureau of administration, there are only two other establishments of note—those of Hamot and Braquenie, both at Aubusson, employing together not above 200 men all told. There are also one or two isolated weavers in and around Paris.

One of the advantages of a good piece of tapestry is the permanence of its colors. The colors must be of a fast quality and possess much brilliancy or the tapestry will fade and become dull and lifeless in appearance. Much of the superiority of the Gobelin tapestry over all others is ascribed to the excellency of the dyes used. The water used in mixing the dyes is taken from the little river La Bievre in the suburb St. Marcel, Paris. In the fifteenth century a family of dyers named Gobelin established their dye-works on the banks of this river, and soon became renowned above all others.

A great deal of the tapestry now made is woven from the famous cartoons of the old masters. When tapestry-weaving was in its golden age in Flanders, the great weavers had their cartoons painted by Van Eyck, Vander Weyden, Memling and others, and by the great Italian masters Raphael, Giulio Romano, etc. The Gobelin cartoons were painted by Le Brun, Lefelvre, Coyvel, Boucher, Watteau, Audran, Oudry and other famous artists and their disciples. Modern tapestry is handicapped by the lack of such men, and more especially from the fact that so little attention has been paid to cartoon-painting by modern artists.

Every step in the process of tapestry-weaving has to be done by hand. No machinery yet devised could do the work. This partly accounts for its costliness. As the first step in the manufacture a cartoon is made, which is used as a copy from which to weave the fabric. Upon the excellence of this cartoon, which is really a finished oil-painting, the success of the tapestry depends.

The cartoon is stretched upon a frame and mounted upon rollers, which revolve at the will of the operator. About an inch above the surface of the cartoon are stretched the threads which constitute the groundwork of the tapestry. These threads are made of tightly twisted wool, and are about one sixteenth of an inch apart. The artisan takes his various colored threads of wool and silk, and with the cartoon for a guide, begins to weave them around the ground-threads and gradually works up a copy of the cartoon in the form of tapestry. By long practice the weavers are enabled to follow the drawing and colors of the cartoon through the threads, although they are so close together. To an ordinary observer the cartoon is almost invisible, and what colors can be made out are a confused mass, but the artisan is apparently able to see through the threads without any trouble.

Some years ago the Windsor works were established in England under the patronage of the queen and many of the nobility, with the object of making tapestry-weaving a home industry. Men were obtained from the Gobelin and other factories, and some magnificent work was turned out.

The residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt at Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue contains some fine specimens of tapestry in the shape of hall and staircase friezes which were made at the Windsor works. In consequence of gross extravagance on the part of the management the royal support was withdrawn, and soon afterward that of many prominent people. The institution collapsed, and the master workman, together with other French weavers, formed the nucleus of a tapestry factory in New York, which was started by a well-known dealer in antique furniture. A feature in the new industry is the apprenticeship of a number of American boys to the trade. They have proved satisfactory.

SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.

The half-precious stones—moss-agate, topaz, agate, amethyst and others—are cut and polished by less experienced men than the diamond-cutters. They are first sawed into the proper size with a soft tin wheel which revolves only at a low velocity. The uninitiated would suppose that the hardest steels, notched with the finest teeth, would have to be used in cutting agates and other hard stones, but such is not the case. The soft tin wheel, which has been in use for centuries, is the best instrument for the purpose ever invented. But it must be generously treated with diamond-dust, and it is kept running in a bath of kerosene-oil all the time.

When a particularly difficult piece of sawing is to be done, the edge of the tin wheel is sometimes notched in a score of places with a dull knife, but this is only for the purpose of providing lodging-places for the diamond-dust, which in reality does all the work of cutting. When the agate has been sawed to the proper shape, a workman smooths it down on an ordinary grindstone, which is turned by a small engine. Then it is taken in hand by a polisher, who lays its face to a fine imported grindstone, and after an hour of work, in which the wheel hums a little song in three or four notes, dear to the heart of the workman, the stone has assumed the appearance of glassiness which it presents in the shops.

Most cameos are imported from Paris, where they are made for almost nothing by convicts in prison. Except where a particular design is desired, it does not pay for American lapidaries to try to do the work. If, however, some precious-stone fancier desires to have the face of a friend worked in cameo on a brooch, a photograph is sent to the lapidary. He imports the onyx in two or three colors, cut to the proper shape. On the upper part of the stone he blocks out the general outline of the face he is to cut. Then, sitting down to his lathe, he drills away the stone little by little until every line of the face stands out. It is a job requiring unbounded patience and a high order of skill—a skill which Americans for some reason seem unable to acquire. It often takes weeks of work to complete a single cameo, and the stone, when it is finished, is worth, by reason of the vast amount of work put into it, a good many hundred times its value in the rough.

THE END OF OLD MONEY.

The end of these old bills that have served their purpose so faithfully has a certain amount of pathos. If one is fortunate enough to be present when a committee of three officers of the treasury send them to their destruction, a curious, almost indescribable sensation will creep over one. The destruction takes place in a room in the treasury building. There is a small table in the center of the room, and on this the bundled bills are piled in reckless confusion. Through two holes in the floor at the end of the table can be seen the large cylinders, or macerators, into which the bills are placed. They are about the size of locomotive boilers. A large funnel is inserted in one of the holes, and it connects with one of the macerators. The bills are then untied and thrown into the mouth of this funnel. It is amusing to see one of the committee take a stick when they become jammed and prod them through. When the last one is safely in, a mixture of lime and soda-ash is placed in the macerator, a cover is clamped over the ventricle, and each member of the committee fastens it with a separate lock. Steam is then turned on, and the cylinders are set in motion. When the bills have been thor-

oughly macerated, the pulp is drawn off and taken to a paper-machine, where it is made into sheets of paper, and afterward sold.

Some one suggested the idea of using part of the pulp to make little fancy images. The idea was adopted, and dainty little knickknacks made of the pulp can be bought in the stores in Washington. The salesmen often induce the possible purchaser to buy by telling him that the image at one time represented a large sum of money.

To pick up one of these images is to give rise to thought, for here, embodied in a small compass, is that which was once part of the greatest power in the world.—Harper's Round Table.

OLD OCEAN FIREWORKS.

The ocean, too, has its lanterns, or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jelly-fish and sea-anemone are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents, flashing out red, green, yellow and lilac rays.

Many luminous sea-creatures are very small, not larger than a spark, but these gather in such masses that in the Indian ocean the water often looks like a sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he found himself illuminated for hours afterward, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide gleamed like grains of gold.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its starfish and sea-pods, some in rich purple, shedding a soft, golden green light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp-fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls, and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in some way. Even crabs in hot climates seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and teased, they blaze all over with indignation.

A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead. Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject,

and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in the little sacs or cells in the body of the animal.—Christian Observer.

FISHERMEN'S QUEER WAYS.

Fishermen have queer customs. A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used actually to go fishing on Sunday. It seems incredible, but they did. A clergyman of the town used to preach against this Sabbath desecration and pray that they might catch no fish. And they did not! But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rags and put this small "guy" up their chimneys. While his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed, the fish bit—like anything!—London Fishing Gazette.

THE SPEED OF A FLY.

An instrument for measuring the flight of birds was made years ago. This instrument has been adapted to measuring the flight of insects. It has been discovered that a house-fly flies faster than birds. It can fly twenty-five feet a second, and when frightened it increases its speed to one hundred and sixty feet a second. A swallow is considered the swiftest of flying birds. A naturalist saw a swallow chasing a dragon-fly, and it could not catch the fly. Bees and wasps not infrequently keep up with a fast train for some distance, trying to get in at a window.

A NEW DUSTER-BAG.

The latest thing in bags for dusters is to cut two pieces of cretonne about half a yard square. In one of them cut a circular hole in the center. Have it about one third of the width of the square. Line the squares with silesia or silk, and bind the one which is cut with ribbon an inch wide to match the lining. Stitch the squares together, finish the corners with tassels or bows of ribbon, put a drawing-string around the circular opening, fasten ribbons on either side of it by which it can be hung up, and your bag is made.

A FAMILY OF SEVEN DOLLS WORTH

50 Cents for 10 Cents

SHOWING HANDSOME CLOTHING IN MANY BEAUTIFUL COLORS.

This is the only set of dolls ever made with a GRANDPA and GRANDMA doll. They are all lithographed on cardboard in many bright and pretty colors. It Beauty, in Style, in Height and in Number they are

Finer than Dolls Selling in Stores for 50 Cents a Set.

They Stand
Alone.
Made from
Cardboard.

The Four
"Big People"
Dolls are Over
Nine Inches Tall.



THE DOLLS ARE MANY TIMES LARGER THAN THE PICTURE.

CHILDREN PRIZE THEM ABOVE EXPENSIVE PRESENTS.

Think of the make-believe weddings, parties, visits, and all the delightful combinations that can be arranged. For, remember, this set contains an ENTIRE FAMILY OF SEVEN SEPARATE DOLLS. They give children more fun for the money than anything else. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

PRICE 10 CENTS FOR THE SET OF SEVEN DOLLS.

Send a silver dime or five 2-cent postage-stamps.

Postage paid by us. Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

40 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents

Any FOUR patterns, and this paper one year, 60 cents, post-paid

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received.

For ladies, give BUST measure in inches.

For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

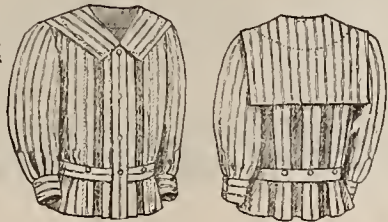
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No. 6845.—LADIES' BASQUE. 10c.
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 6738.—BOYS' SHIRT-WAIST, WITH BYRON OR SAILOR COLLAR. 10 cts.
Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



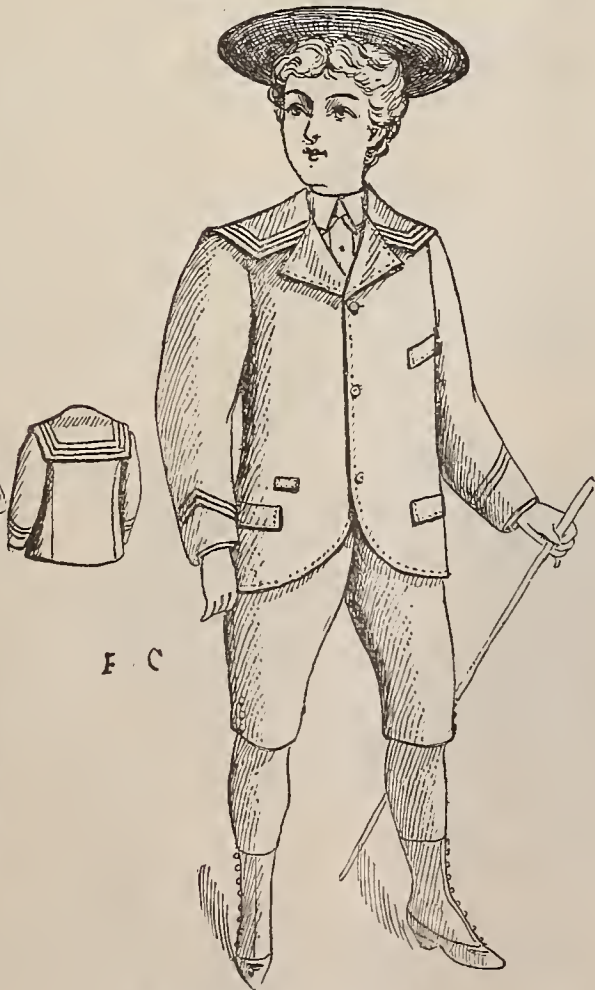
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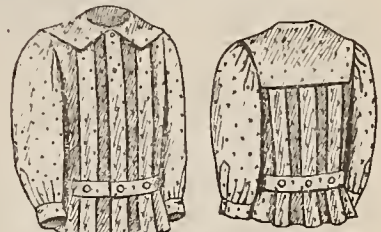
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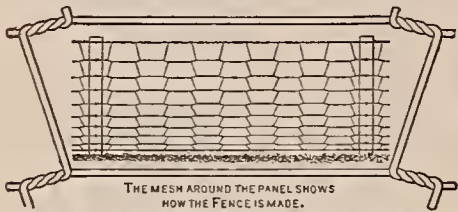


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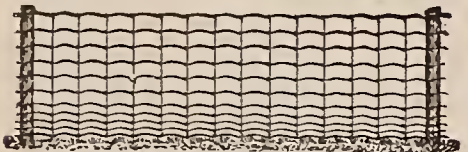
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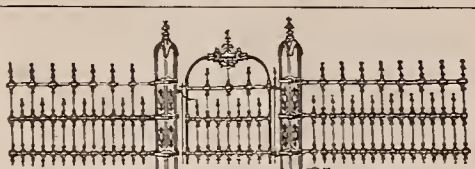


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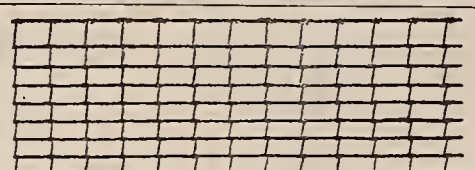


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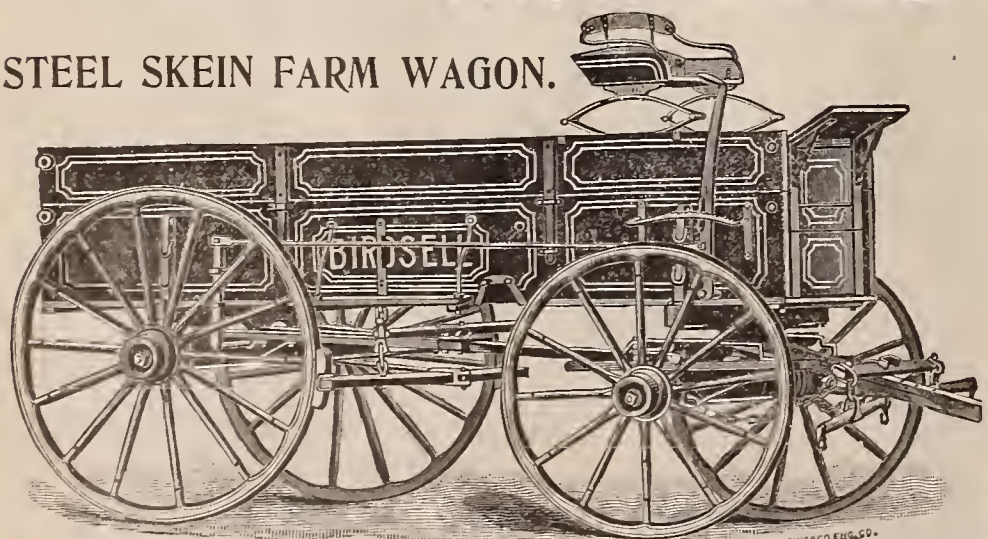
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The Potash Question.

The better the use of Potash is understood, the better the results of farming. Crop failures can be prevented by using fertilizers containing a **large percentage** of Potash; no plant can grow without Potash.

We have a little book on the subject of Potash, written by authorities, that we would like to send to every farmer, free of cost, if he will only write and ask for it.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.
Mention this paper when you write.

A FEW MORE FACTS

For Home Owners and Farmers

PRICES OF FARMING PRODUCTS HAVE FALLEN, and so have most of the commodities which we buy—clothing and provisions of all sorts—and to-day every man and every woman pays less than ever before on account of the sharp competition forced upon merchants and manufacturers to keep their business going and pay their help.

TO FARMERS.

The Democratic Party in the Fifty-third Congress imposed a big load on the agriculturists of the United States by the Wilson Tariff Bill. For instance, wool, one of the greatest industries of the land, was placed on the *Free List*, thereby causing absolute stagnation in this domestic trade! It further caused the actual loss to our wool growing farmers of millions of dollars.

Our farmers can raise 95 per cent. of all the wool needed for use here, and consequently *ought* to be protected from the cheap foreign raisers.

Eggs.

The McKinley Bill put the duty on eggs at 5 cents per dozen, while the Wilson Bill reduced it to 3 cents per dozen, with a consequent loss to all who keep poultry for a profit.

The amount per dozen may seem small, but the aggregate is *enormous*; and yet the retail prices to the buyers are no lower. Now, **WHO** makes the profit? The importer from foreign countries!

Hay.

Formerly protected by \$4 per ton, the Democratic policy (Wilson Bill) reduced it to \$2 per ton. Canadian eggs and hay, consequently, came into this market to the detriment of every American producer.

Ruinous Policy.

Mr. Bryan, the Democratic-Popocratic nominee for the Presidency, has unqualifiedly endorsed this policy. This shows that he is not the friend of the farmer and the home owner.

Mr. Bryan was a member of the Ways and Means Committee which framed the Wilson Bill, and opened the cheap markets of the world against our own people. Who should be protected if not American people? Are we living for the rest of the world or for ourselves?

The Home Market.

That is what the farmers and all other wage earners need, and it is what they should have. It belongs to them rather than to the Englishman, or the Russian, or the German, and it is, as Mr. McKinley says, "The best market in the world," and the Republican Party believes that the best is none too good for the farmer.

"Open the Mills, Instead of the Mints,"

is Major McKinley's advice. What will be the result?

You will increase the number of workers and consumers.

When you do that you will improve the market, not only for farmers, but for other producers. You will also increase the prices that farmers and other producers receive for their products.

This is sound Republican doctrine.

A vote for McKinley and Hobart is a vote to open the mills and improve the markets.

Democracy and the Farmer?

Strange, weird combination. Like oil and water, **they don't mix.**

The only party that has loyally looked after the farmer's interests is the Republican Party.

It has given Protection to every agricultural interest and to every farm product.

For instance, in 1891, under Protection, the price of wool was 32 cents; under Free Trade, in 1896, the price of wool is 15 cents. This is a difference of 17 cents per pound. Who loses it? The farmer who grows the wool. It is what he pays to enjoy the luxury of Free Trade.

Protection and Limited Coinage of Silver

are to-day what the country needs, and prosperity is bound to come with this sort of legislation. The votes of the honest, thinking men of the country will determine it November 3d.

The Gold Dollar is a Sound Dollar.

The gold standard is recognized as the basis of actual value in all the civilized nations of the earth. If you are satisfied to accept a dollar worth only fifty cents, vote for Bryan and Sewall. If you want a dollar worth one hundred cents, your vote should be cast for McKinley and Hobart, and thus get full value for your work and your products, whether of your farm, your hands or your brains.

Will you vote for a 100-cent dollar or a 53-cent dollar?

McKinley and Hobart are the 100-cent men.

Bryan and Sewall are the 53-cent men.



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VOL. XX. NO. 3.

NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

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In all America no semi-monthly has credit for one half so large a circulation as is accorded to the Springfield, Ohio, FARM AND FIRESIDE, and the publishers of the American Newspaper Directory will guarantee the accuracy of the circulation rating accorded to this paper by a reward of one hundred dollars, payable to the first person who successfully assails it.—From *Printers' Ink*, May 6, 1896.

General Miles is widely and favorably known, not only as a soldier, but as an orator on civic occasions, and as a writer on public questions.



CROP deficiencies in European and South American countries and in India have made a heavy demand for the breadstuffs of the United States. Europe has been and is making heavy purchases of American wheat. Under the natural working of the law of supply and demand the price of wheat has been bounding upward, and the prices of other commodities have followed in sympathy.

By this rise in prices in the past few weeks the values of farm products have been enhanced many millions of dollars. It is useless to make an estimate of the aggregate amount now, for another week's advance may double it. Some idea of it may be formed if we consider that every advance of one cent a bushel on corn means over \$20,000,000 on the whole crop of 1896. This rise is not merely a change in nominal prices, but an advance in real values, and it is of incalculable benefit to the farmers of the country. After many months of weary waiting, they rejoice exceedingly, and look forward hopefully to an era of prosperity that is sure to come with the restoration of business confidence.



One of the notable features of the situation is the shipment of cargoes of wheat from California to India. Several years ago India threatened to become a dangerous competitor of the United States in the world's wheat markets. A few years ago India's exports of wheat began to dwindle, and soon ceased to be of any importance. Now, on account of a partial crop failure, India is importing wheat. After all, cheap money has not greatly stimulated the production of wheat in India, and a plausible theory has been badly damaged.

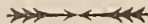
Coincident facts do not necessarily stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. Based on the false

Commenting on the rising tendency of prices, "Bradstreet's" says:

"The presidential campaign is now almost over, and those who have confidence to believe the results of the election will effectually dispose of the fiat silver money craze, as the greenback heresy was killed twenty years ago, are among those who think that a pronounced revival in business is close upon us. The shelves of the country storekeeper, as a rule, are almost bare; he has been buying small bills of goods, for immediate wants only, for three or four years, and waits only to anticipate his wants until assured not only of the permanence of the existing standard of value, but of the likelihood of starting the wheels of idle industries throughout the land.



"At this point one again recalls the enlarged demand for our surplus wheat, which has been referred to. In 1879-80, just prior to the great revival in commerce and manufactures of 1881-83, the stimulus to trade was applied in almost precisely the same manner, by an unexpectedly heavy demand for our wheat from all wheat-importing countries, due to short crops in wheat-exporting countries other than the United States. The claim is made, based on government and other reports, that our wheat crop is short this year. Be that as it may, it is not so short but we shall have an average surplus available for export, and if prices warrant it, probably a little more than the average shipped abroad in recent years. Current wheat estimates place the yield in the United States in 1896 at 437,000,000 bushels, and there are excellent reasons for believing the real total is more likely to equal 470,000,000 bushels than to fall below it. This, with the surplus carried over on July 1st last, will furnish sufficient to enable us to profit materially from what appears likely to be a period of extra dependence by foreign countries on wheat supplies in the United States."



THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF INSTITUTE MANAGERS.—The International Association of Institute Workers, which was organized at Watertown, Wisconsin, last winter, held its second meeting at the Sherman House, Chicago, October 14th and 15th, and changed its name to the one above. As at first organized, any institute worker in the United States or Canada could become a member, but it was thought that this was too comprehensive, and a new constitution was adopted confining the membership to institute managers in the United States and Canada, giving institute workers the opportunity of becoming associate members, without the privilege of voting. Workers from several states were present, and able papers were read.



The last day of the session the question of allowing fake shows and gambling devices a place on fair-grounds came up, and the association passed a resolution asking all farmers' institutes to take action on the matter the coming season. W. W. Miller, of the Ohio state board of agriculture, said that he attributed much of the success of the Ohio state fair to the fact that they absolutely prohibited any questionable business, show or device on their grounds.

The association is one that may do great good to institute work in this country, and it begins work with such strong men as Professor Hamilton, of Pennsylvania; Professor Dawley, of New York; Secretary Miller, of Ohio; Superintendent McKerrow, of Wisconsin; Superintendent Gregg, of Minnesota; Superintendent Butterfield, of Michigan, and others as leaders and workers.

The officers for the following year are as follows: President, George McKerrow, Wisconsin; vice-president, L. K. Butterfield, Michigan; secretary-treasurer, F. W. Taylor, Nebraska.

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, who is now rounding out a noble military career in the supreme command of the United States army, began life on a Massachusetts farm. Descendant of a long line of patriots, he followed the example of his Revolutionary ancestor, and devoted himself to the service of his country and the cause of human liberty. When the civil war began he raised a company, and entered the volunteer service as first lieutenant in the Twenty-second Massachusetts infantry. On his first battle-field the boy lieutenant distinguished himself, and from that time onward his career was one of rapid and deserved promotion. He was in every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac save one, up to Appomattox, and was wounded three times. All through the final campaign he was in command of the famous First division of the Second corps, on the front of which General Lee presented himself to surrender. His bravery and services at Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania, and his conduct throughout the Richmond campaign, advanced him to the highest rank in the volunteer service. After receiving an appointment as colonel in the regular army, he was mustered out of the volunteer service in September, 1866. After the war ended, General Miles was actively employed in the work of reconstruction, and displayed administrative qualities of the highest order. Firmly and fairly he maintained order and enforced the laws in North Carolina, and re-established the state government. As a colonel in the regular army he began a series of brilliant achievements in Indian warfare in the far West. He conducted eight Indian campaigns, every one of which was eminently successful.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

Valuable services were rendered to his country in 1894 by General Miles in suppressing the rebellion against federal authority during the railroad riots in Chicago. The menaced city woke one morning to find the military under his command in firm possession of its important points. His tact, skill and knowledge in handling men averted bloodshed in its streets, and a possible second destruction of the city.

assumption that they do is the familiar fallacy that the fall in silver was the cause of the coincident fall in wheat, that they are indissolubly linked together in price, and that one always follows the other up or down. This plausible fallacy had already been overworked, but the recent rise of twenty-five cents a bushel in wheat coincident with the fall of five cents an ounce in silver broke it down completely. The market has killed the myth.

FARM AND FIRESIDE

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Payment, when sent by mail, should be made in Express or Post-office Money-orders, Bank Checks or Drafts. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. DO NOT SEND CHECKS ON BANKS IN SMALL TOWNS.

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Postage-stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar, if for every 25 cents in stamps you add one-cent stamp extra, because we must sell postage-stamps at a loss.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid. Thus: Jan 97, means that the subscription is paid up to January 1, 1897; 15 Feb 97, to February 15, 1897, and so on.

When money is received, the date will be changed within four weeks, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

What to Do With Our Apples. We are "swamped" with apples now, as we were swamped with potatoes a year ago. We hope to find sale for the really good fruit at a price that will leave a little above the expense of harvesting and handling; but we feel sure that none but really good apples will be salable. We have wagon-loads of windfalls, and quantities of seconds and culls. What to do with them is the question, as it was the question a year ago what to do with our potatoes. The very worst thing that one can do with inferior apples this year is to put them up in barrels with good fruit, and try to sell all together as a good article. Few people ever succeed in such a dishonest trick. Buyers are usually shrewd enough to detect the fraud in time.

* * *

Cider Vinegar. As usual we shall use a good many of the unsalable apples (and far better ones this year than have ever been used here for that purpose) for cider and vinegar making. Cider will flow in streams this fall. The great cry will be for barrels to put it in. Large tanks or vats might be used. It seems sure that there will be more than enough apple-juice to fill every demand, and supply the country with good cider vinegar for years to come. This should have one good effect, anyway; namely, to drive the artificial acid solutions usually sold as vinegar in our stores out of the trade. The best cider vinegar can be made and sold this year almost as cheaply as any of the fraudulent substitutes.

* * *

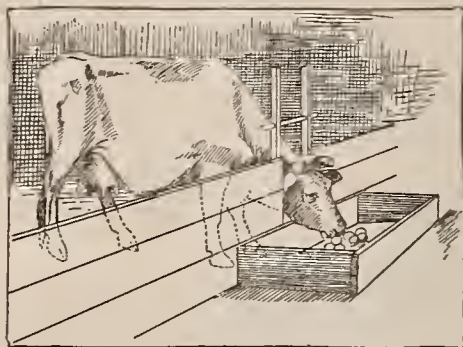
Feeding Apples. Yet after the evaporation and the cider-mill have consumed apples to their fullest practical capacity, I think there will still be great quantities of apples left for other purposes. I see no other use for them besides feeding, as we fed great quantities of potatoes last winter and spring. Then much was said about the dangers of feeding raw potatoes in quantity to our cows

and horses. Yet I did feed with very gratifying results larger quantities than the majority of our experts pronounced safe. It seems to me that it is largely a question of what we feed with the potatoes. If the rations consist largely of good coarse wheat-bran (which is now so cheap) with a little oil-meal added, and of good hay or straw (cut), and all mixed, stock seem to do first-rate, even if raw potatoes are given quite freely. In feeding apples I have had more experience than in feeding potatoes. Some twenty years ago I remember having had a very large crop of apples one year, and in order to dispose of the culls, having fed them freely to horses and cows. The experience was so satisfactory that it has induced me to dispose of surplus apples in the same way whenever I had such to feed. Many farmers are prejudiced against apples for feeding milk-cows. I do not see any reason why they should be. Experience is rather in favor of the apples if these are fed judiciously. Any good thing can be overdone. Grain is good for horses, and yet you can injure them by overfeeding. So with apples. I fully agree with my friend Mr. J. S. Woodward when he says, in the last issue of "Rural New-Yorker":

"The proper way to feed apples to cows is to have them ripe and sound. Green or rotten apples are not good food for anything. The cows should never be given a full feed of them at first, or given them on an empty stomach. At the first the cow should have no more than two or three quarts once a day, but this may be increased so that in ten days she may be safely fed one peck twice a day, and if a very large cow, twice this quantity. In all cases the cow should have some dry food when eating apples, and as apples are quite rich in nutritive ratio—1 to 8—she should have something like clover hay or wheat-bran to balance the ration. Cotton-seed meal is a capital food to add to apples for cows, as its effect is constipating, while the apples are rather laxative. Still I would prefer to feed a mixture of cotton-seed meal and wheat-bran. If, when feeding liberally on apples, the hay should happen to be largely clover, then it would be well to add a little corn-meal to the provender; say, make it one third each corn-meal, cotton-seed meal and wheat-bran."

* * *

How to Feed Apples. The cow that has her own way in eating apples or potatoes, namely, picking them up at leisure from the ground or low manger, unmolested, will seldom choke. I often feed apples, especially large ones, whole, and am not in great fear of accidents resulting from the practice. Yet ordinarily I have the apples ground through the root-cutter, which undoubtedly is the better way. Thus the ground apples, the cut hay or straw and the grain ration can all be mixed, and eaten together. If I had no root-cutter, I think I would chop the apples coarsely in a large plank box, using a sharp spade to chop them with, or arrange the manger somewhat on Mr.



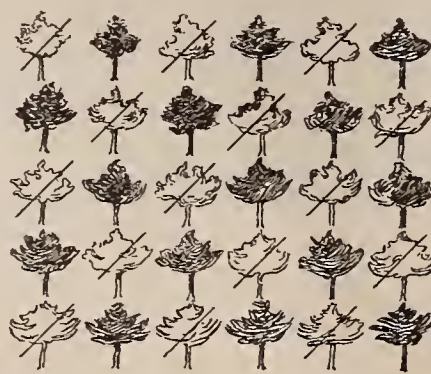
Woodward's plan here illustrated. He says: "If a pair of posts or stakes be firmly set in the ground or made fast to the floor like a pair of stanchions, just far enough apart to admit a cow's neck, and a hole be bored just high enough so that a pin put through will prevent the animal raising her head quite level, it will be impossible for the apples to roll down into the throat and choke her. The same apparatus will prevent animals choking when eating potatoes or any other food. What makes the animal choke is raising the head so high that the pieces slip, by their own weight, into the gullet." I think that the instructions and information, as here given, should induce those among our apple-producing friends who have yet been in doubt as to the advisability of feeding apples to relieve the

country of the otherwise undesirable surplus by turning it into milk, butter and meat. Now, in its great wealth, it is really a source of annoyance and loss. It can be made a source of income.

* * *

Thinning Apple Orchards.

A trip through our older apple orchards at this time will convince any one having ordinary good judgment that most of them were planted far too closely for best results. The branches of adjoining trees have frequently grown into one another, the harvesting is impeded, and the fruit thus overshadowed



refuses to color up well. The time has come for cutting a portion of the trees down. In many orchards the removal of one half the trees would just leave room enough for the remaining half during the next ten or twelve years. The illustration shows how the thinning should be done. Simply cut out every other tree in every row, but alternating in the rows across; or in other words, remove every other row diagonally. This will leave the remaining trees again equidistant from one another, but the rows running diagonally to the original rows. This procedure, if followed generally, would give needed relief in several directions. It would dispose of many trees that are not needed, give to those remaining a better chance to produce fine and nicely colored fruit, and to the owner better opportunities for cultivating, spraying, picking, etc. This is about the most important work to be done in our apple orchards after the present crop is taken care of.

* * *

Poor Stuff in the Markets. I have just returned from an inspection of the public market in Buffalo. I found it well supplied (oversupplied, in fact) with vegetables and fruits, the quality of the former, on the whole, being very fine, and prices low. It can hardly be said that the low prices are the result of the abundance of poor stuff. The trouble with us is that so many of our farmers, having found wheat-growing unprofitable, have turned to the production of garden stuff as a supposedly better business. Competition has been wonderfully increased of late. But I also found a great lot of poor apples offered in bushel baskets at rates lower than we used to sell our cider-apples. This seems to me very unwise on the part of the growers. Apples of that kind should not be seen in the markets when there are so many really good ones. The apple market is weak enough already. Why further weaken it by the burden of such trash?
T. GREINER.

SALIENT FARM NOTES.

There has been a great deal of wrangling and disputing over the national finances lately, probably more than at any time in our history. This has been a campaign of education sure enough, and every one who desired information on almost any subject could get his fill of it for the mere asking. On one point almost all are agreed, and that is that we have, during the past two years, seen the hardest times that have afflicted the country in about thirty years.

The man who took a reef in his sails when the present wave of adversity loomed up, and began to practise the closest economy, is not now in a very tight place; but he who failed to correctly interpret the signs of the times, and continued to buy on credit and extend his business, that man is being sadly squeezed, if not entirely smashed, financially.

* * *

This panic, or stringency, or whatever we may term it, has been very severe on farmers, especially tenant-farmers who

are paying high cash rents. Many of them will be unable to raise the amounts due their landlords, and there is certain to be considerable distress the coming winter. Considering the prices received for farm products the past two years, land rents have been at least forty per cent too high—fully forty per cent more than even a good and careful tenant has really been able to pay. If there ever was a time when landlords should be lenient, that time is now. We cannot afford to crush the spirit of a farmer who is striving to pay his just dues, and live.

"Don't drive a willing horse to death," is good advice when applied to the equine race, and it is not only good, but also Christian advice when applied to a tenant-farmer who is doing his utmost under adverse conditions. The tendency of people toward the cities is strong enough, anyway, let us not increase that tendency by enforcing demands for dues which we can, by a reasonable amount of economy on our part, get along comfortably without.

* * *

There is a change coming—in fact, I feel safe in saying that it is almost here—a change for the better. Everything has been awaiting the outcome of the election at hand, a fact we cannot, even if we would, ignore. The indications are plain that confidence will soon be restored, and with restored confidence will come a loosening of the purse-strings of capitalists, and a great revival of that spirit of enterprise for which the American people are proverbially famous.

Then will our mills, factories and mines be opened, and workers who are willing to work be employed at wages that will enable them to buy the products of the farm. When there is a demand close at home for our products, prices quickly rise to a living rate, and we prosper. When prices are below a living rate, as now, and our chief market is in foreign countries, and we are obliged to pay freight thereto, there is very little left for us, and we can barely sustain ourselves.

* * *

If our markets were flooded with cheap foreign wheat, naturally there would be little or no demand for our wheat, and we would have to grow something else or quit farming. Anybody can understand that. When our market is flooded with goods of foreign manufacture, there is no demand to speak of for ours, and consequently our factories are closed and artisans thrown out of employment. And when they can earn nothing, how can they buy? An old farmer said a few days ago: "I tell you, boys, I am a great United States man! I believe in the United States. We can grow the best feed in the world on our farms, and our fellows can make the best goods of all kinds in our mills and factories, and I feel a heap more like swapping with them than with some foreign cuss that doesn't care a copper for us so long as he can get the best end of the bargain!"

* * *

I feel satisfied that close at hand is the beginning of an era of prosperity for this whole country, and especially for the farmers thereof, and now is the time to prepare for it. The best stock never was cheaper than now. Experience has convincingly proved that the best is the cheapest to raise and feed, and brings the most in the market. If you can raise the money, now is the time to buy males of the best quality. If you are unable to purchase for yourself, by all means breed to the best in the neighborhood. This certainly will not cost you much, while you will be doubly recompensed for the outlay.

Get rid of the scrub stock at the earliest moment; you cannot afford to keep and feed it at any time, least of all now. Breed up your stock until it comes into demand for breeding purposes. Improved stock creates in the owner an intense interest in it, and an earnest desire to build up a model herd or flock. Improvement on any line invariably leads to improvement in other lines, and the interest extends to every member of the family. Once get an entire family interested in improved stock, and they are morally certain to see that it receives first-class care, while the better prices received for it in market are the encouragement that leads to the front rank in enterprise, education and wealth.
FRED GRUNDY.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

AN INDISCREET REMARK.—An alleged organ of fertilizer manufacturers harms the interests of its patrons by publishing the following statement: "The majority of farm-press writers, as well as experiment stations and state agricultural boards, are hostile to chemical fertilizers." If this were true, intelligent farmers would think twice before investing in a single ton of commercial fertilizers. Our experiment stations are manned by those who are not only paid to learn the exact truth, and give it to the farmers, but whose reputations as scientific investigators depend upon the nearness with which they approach the facts. They have a natural ambition to make a record that further investigation will not discredit, and thus all influences combine to inspire confidence among farmers in experiment station results. Farm-press writers are equally desirous of teaching truth, and state agricultural boards are composed of our most intelligent farmers. Truly, if all these men believed that chemical fertilizers cost more than they are worth, entailing loss in the end, the sales of chemicals would be cut half in two at a single stroke.

AN UNTRUTH.—The statement made is not only indiscreet, but also untrue. All leaders in agricultural thought believe that there is a legitimate use of chemical fertilizers. The claims of interested parties have seemed too broad, and the stations are sifting the truth. It is being learned that the indiscriminate use of chemicals is a losing business, and that some soils are not at all responsive to the use of any chemicals. Honest manufacturers have no objection to a disclosure of the facts, believing that it is to the best interests of themselves as well as the farmers that the unwise and wasteful use of chemicals be stopped. The best teaching of to-day is that farmers should cease being dependent upon the advice of agents who want to increase sales, and should make careful experiment upon their farms. Appearances are deceptive, and the scales should be used in determining results. Some chemicals are merely stimulants, and lead to impoverishment of the soil; others are true plant-food, the use of which pays under some conditions and fails to pay under others, and some are more profitable in their use than others. Here are problems, and the stations are at work upon them. Study the bulletins, and use them as guides in further experiment on your own soils.

A TRUTH.—The fertilizer publication quoted above makes this admission: "Home mixing is growing, if we may believe official returns, and among the class who pay cash and use large quantities." This is correct, and one reason may be found in the following statement, made by this same publication: "The fertilizer supply is much like the implement supply—one of the most expensive of all forms of commercial exchange. The fertilizer manufacturer must advertise his goods, use traveling agents, and make use of local dealers at the small country distributing-points. The cross-roads general store exacts a very high percentage of profit, and the fertilizer manufacturer as well as the farm-implement manufacturer must make use of these men. . . . The cost of doing business in the fertilizer trade is relatively greater than the average manufacturing industry. In any branch of industry the cost of raw materials will be found insignificant as compared with the ultimate consuming cost." This statement is an exaggeration, to some extent, and some good brands of fertilizers are sold at only a slight advance over first cost; but the average selling price is too high as compared with the cost of raw materials, and hence our stations advise home mixing, and large users of chemicals practise it.

ABOUT HOME MIXING.—Concerning the advisability of farmers buying the raw material and mixing their fertilizers at home, the Ohio station says: "Most of the so-called fertilizer manufacturers are simply mixers; they purchase the refined or treated materials named and mix them in certain proportions, put them into sacks,

and label the sacks with the brand and analysis required by law. . . . There is nothing whatever to prevent any farmer or group of farmers from purchasing the materials named and mixing them at home in any proportion desired. . . . It is shown that persons may save from thirty to fifty per cent of the cost of their fertilizers by purchasing the materials and mixing them at home." This substantiates what I have said before on this page. I have found this mixing of the raw materials a simple operation, and suggest a trial of the plan to others. Nearly all reputable fertilizer companies will sell the raw materials at market price in any desired quantities. Pay no attention to the objections raised by interested parties. Buy good brands without the advance in price that this fertilizer organ says is charged, or else mix the goods at home. Fair prices are high enough, and the excessive charges now added are inconsistent with farm prices.

CHEMICALS NOT ALWAYS NEEDED.—For the sake of emphasis I desire to repeat a truth stated on this page two months ago: "Fertilizers should be used chiefly to insure heavy sods—worn soils often need nothing but an abundance of humus to restore them." Most soils are a great storehouse of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, the three elements valued in a fertilizer. Analysis shows that there are usually tons of each of these elements in an acre of soil. They have been stored there in insoluble form, and slow disintegration renders them available. It is an established fact that humus in the soil hastens the needed chemical change, and nature undisturbed supplies this matter. By continued cultivation we exhaust the store of humus, chemical action is retarded, the mechanical condition of the soil becomes poor, and crops languish. Then too often we hasten to buy available minerals when a new supply of humus is most needed. Farming calls for good judgment. There is a right time for a trial of chemicals, but it comes after humus is supplied or when the effort is made to supply it. Experience has proven the truth of this statement to thousands. Good farming calls for a wise use of chemicals, which may be bought of reputable firms; it does not call for their indiscriminate use, which is yet too prevalent, and in the end harms both manufacturer and farmer. DAVID.

LADDER-MAKING.

Our fruit crop this year has not only boomed the barrel industry, but it has also given to the manufacture of ladders a new impetus. In traveling over the country I frequently notice places where material is being prepared for the construction of ladders, and I find, as a rule, that people make the common mistake of building their ladders altogether too heavy. Why this endless waste of muscle in handling these unreasonably heavy structures day after day, week after week and year after year? There is no wear of any amount about a ladder; if it is strong enough when first made, it will be so as long as it exists. No extra allowance of material need be made on that account.

The desirable features of a ladder are least weight and the greatest strength.

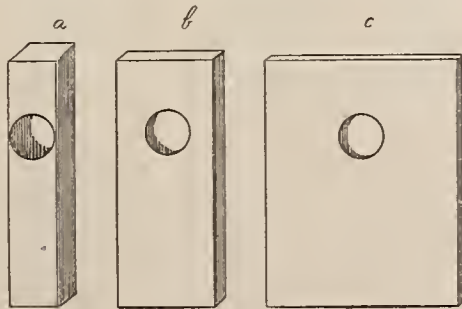


FIG. 1.

The first we can have by using basswood throughout, sides and rounds, or if we can obtain it, so-called shoemaker for the latter, as it is still lighter than basswood. The sides should be tapered both ways as much as possible and still retain sufficient strength; it is the weight of the top end that makes a ladder heavy and clumsy to handle. This is the great objection to those adjustable section-ladders that are now offered to the public—they are too top-heavy.

The strength of the sides lies in their shape. A round or square stick is not

nearly as strong as when the same amount of material is changed into a board or strip of one half of its thickness, but twice as wide. Besides, the holes for the rounds weaken the round or square stick a great deal more than they do the flat. This principle is plainly shown at Fig. 1. *a* representing a stick one inch square, *b* a slat one half inch thick and two inches wide, and *c* a board one fourth of an inch thick and four inches wide. Although all three forms contain the same quantity of material, a one-inch hole would cut the first clear off, leave one half of the second, and only take one fourth of the third. Thus, the wider the board, the less it is weakened by the holes.

The proper size of the sides must, of course, be governed by the length. I have now in use an eighteen-foot all basswood ladder, with sides of the following dimensions: $1\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches at the bottom, tapered $\frac{3}{8}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the top. The rounds are turned $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches at the middle and tapered to fit $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch holes at the ends. The whole weighs twenty-four pounds. It is so easy to handle that a person of common strength can take it by the second and fifth rounds and easily raise it from the ground.

When first made, fifteen years ago, I considered this ladder too frail for everyday use. It was intended for hiving bees, with the object of having it light enough so that it could be placed carefully against any limb in any position. Since then its purpose has been lost sight of, and it has been used all these years for all purposes—picking apples, painting buildings, served for carpenters' use in building, has been loaned to neighbors, and has answered as a barn-ladder when not otherwise in use, and to-day it is practically as good as when new.

I have also an eleven-foot addition to the same ladder, making outside of the lap twenty-six feet in the clear. The sides of this are straight, $1\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches, and the lap is shown in Fig. 2. The lower end of the ladder proper has a notch to rest on the upper round of the addition, and the addition has on its upper end an iron clasp to hold it firmly in its place. This clasp is made of band-iron and fastened by a 5-16 bolt. The whole combination weighs forty-four pounds, and can be easily handled by one person.

As it is not always practical, especially for long ladders, to secure basswood for the sides, we have to resort to pine or cedar poles. In this case we should not sacrifice future convenience for the little time it may take to dress the poles. As I said before, it is not the thickness of the half poles that gives them their strength, but their width; they can be reduced to nearly one half of their thickness (from their rounding side, of course) and not lose very much of their strength.

It is a mistaken idea to expect heavy ladders to last longer and stand more wear and tear than light ones. Because of their weight they are short-lived; they are too liable to be dropped and broken.

G. C. GREINER.

DAIRY GOSSIP—SHELTER.

Good cows are the foundation of the dairy, whether a specialty or only an auxiliary. Proper feed is essential, and comfortable quarters are not to be underestimated. The best of cows will sometimes fail to give paying returns because they are not given protection from the severities of the weather. The feed supplied may not find its way to the milking-pails if the animals require all they obtain to maintain the animal heat. It is cheaper to provide some kind of shelter than to lose the value of the food the animals consume. True, one may not feel disposed to build a large and attractive barn in which to shelter his cows if he does not have the means at hand with which to build it, for debt is burdensome in prosperous times, and tenfold more so in times of business depression, but he may build a cheap stable of boards, or even one of straw and poles, that may be made fairly comfortable even in the worst weather.

I visited a farmer some months ago who found it profitable to keep a few cows, from which the surplus butter was sold in a neighboring town. He had earned

and saved enough to buy a small farm, but as yet was unable to save any money for improvements. The small log stable was scarcely large enough to accommodate his two horses. But with a few poles he constructed the frame of a shed adjoining the stable. With cheap boards from a near-by sawmill he boarded the frame inside and outside, and packed the intervening space with straw. This made quite comfortable quarters for six cows, and the actual money cost was very small.

If possible, of course, a good substantial stable or barn should be erected, but I have known many costly barns to contain less comfortable quarters for the milk-cows than this cheap makeshift just described. But there are yet many farmers who do not think it worth while to provide any shelter at all for the milk-cows. It makes them harder to be out in the open air, where they can have plenty of exercise, is the reason assigned. Possibly this may be true, but it is poor economy in a cold climate.

It should be remembered, however, that cows are not comfortable in a foul and filthy stable. I have seen cows standing in filth several inches deep, and the air so foul as to be almost suffocating. The milkers were compelled to wear rubber boots to enable them to safely wade about among the cows. The butter was engaged to city customers at thirty cents a pound, but had they seen the methods employed, it is doubtful if they would have been willing to engage the butter at three cents.

The stables should either be arranged with gutters, or manure-trenches, of sufficient depth to prevent the cows standing with the feet in the gutters, and these gutters should be cleaned twice or three times each day; or what we believe to be better, there should be a large and comfortable manure-shed or covered barn-yard in which the cows may be turned after being milked. This will insure a sweet-smelling stable, which will not befoul the milk, and also insure clean cows, which is also an essential point.

Most farmers are familiar with the covered barn-yard of Mr. T. B. Terry, which was fully described in many of the agricultural papers a few years ago. This was a shed adjoining the barn, and was thirty by seventy feet in dimensions, covered, but not inclosed. Our farmers here are improving upon Mr. Terry's plan by inclosing them upon all sides, lighting them with windows, and providing large straw lofts above, where all the straw is stored, and thus kept in the best possible condition.

No one who has once experienced the luxury of these covered barn-yards would willingly forego the advantages they afford. They will pay for themselves in a short time in the saving of feed, the better quality of the manure, the better returns from the cows, and the satisfaction afforded the farmer in knowing that his cows are in comfortable quarters, no matter how severe the weather may be out of doors.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

Catarrh

Is just as surely a disease of the blood as is scrofula. So say the best authorities. How foolish it is, then, to expect a cure from snuffs, inhalants, etc. The sensible course is to purify your blood by taking the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has permanently cured Catarrh in a multitude of cases. It goes to the root of the trouble, which is

Impure Blood.

"I have been afflicted with nasal catarrh which caused me severe headaches nearly every day. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken three or four bottles I was completely cured of the catarrh and headaches." N. G. EGGELESTON, Rapid City, S. Dak.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM WOODBANKS.

MONEY IN THE GARDEN.—Wheat is going up in price. I am glad of this, and only hope that this upward movement will continue until the dollar-point is reached once more. I hope for this, notwithstanding the fact that I am a buyer of wheat (of which I feed freely to my poultry) and a buyer of flour, for which, with higher wheat prices, I expect to have to pay a higher rate, also. But the cheap wheat has driven thousands of farmers, especially those living within driving distance (say fifteen to twenty miles) of our cities, out of the business of wheat-growing and into that of raising garden stuff. The agricultural papers of the East have been advocating this very course for years, telling their readers that they could make more money in potatoes, in fruits and in vegetables than in grains. I have been guilty of this same thing, and perhaps we were wrong. But we could not foresee the great slumps in the wheat market, and the wholesale transformation of wheat farmers into market gardeners. The result has been the great competition in market gardening, and the terrible slump in the prices of almost all garden products. If we want to make money in vegetables now, we have to manage pretty shrewdly, and select certain lines which we can still make pay. The advancing wheat prices can only have the result of coaxing a portion of those farmers who have not found the expected profits in gardening back into grain-growing.

ONION PRICES.—The other day, while I was strolling through the market-place in Buffalo, I found onions (good ones, too) offered at 30 cents a bushel. It was Saturday noon, however, and the truckers were anxious to clear out their loads. In the commission stores the same quality of onions were offered (plentifully, too) at 35 cents a bushel. Such prices make one wish to get out of the business of growing even the Prizetakers on the new plan. If this state of affairs can happen when the onion crop is rather short compared with other seasons, what could we expect in a season of a large crop? There is a possibility of better prices later on; still I shall sell my crop as fast as I can, even if I have to take 50 cents (the lowest price I have yet sold for this season) a bushel. I make several grades, mostly as to size, and sell the first grade at 75 cents a bushel. At this rate onion-growing pays well enough, but the sales are rather limited. Pickling onions have brought me a better price this year than ever before; namely, from \$1 to \$1.25 for a ten-quart basket. I shall raise them rather more largely next year, and trust to luck that this branch of the business will not be so soon overdone.

STRAWBERRIES FOR PROFIT.—One of my correspondents (in Erie county, Pennsylvania) complains about the increased competition, and of the greatly lowered prices and slower sales of vegetable products, and says that strawberries and red raspberries seem to him to offer greater advantages to the grower than vegetables, and that he knows he can sell the berries in his market. I do not see how we can get along without the strawberry (and the red raspberry, also), either in the home or in the market garden. If the publishers of FARM AND FIRESIDE do not object, notwithstanding that it may appear as a bit of free advertising, I will quote from my newest book ("The Young Market Gardener; Beginner's Guide," Garden series, No. 2; 120 pages; illustrated. Price 50 cents. Published by the author at La Salle, N. Y.) as follows:

"Another crop that the young market gardener must have, and which is sure to bring good profits if well managed, is the strawberry. You will want at least half an acre. Select a rich, clean loam, if possible, and set good, strong plants of Bushach, Haverland, Crescent or any other very productive variety, new or old, as long as it is suitable to your soil and locality, not to forget to mix in an occasional row or two of some good perfect-flowering sort, like Warfield, Wilson, Beder Wood, etc. This is for the purpose of providing

the needed pollen in the required or desirable abundance. The best way for the young market gardener (and old one, too) is to set a new patch early every spring, and plow up the old patch soon after the first crop is off. Have rows four feet apart, and plants eighteen to twenty-four inches apart in the row. I set the plants with a spade, and it is quick work. The young patch needs prompt attention with the Planet Jr. horse wheel-hoe (or some other good cultivator or weeder) all season long to keep it scrupulously free from weeds. When the ground is frozen up in late fall or early winter, put a coat of marsh-bay all over the whole patch for a mulch. This is to be removed in the spring, and the bare spaces between the rows stirred up with a fine-toothed and very narrow cultivator. After that the mulch may be put back between the rows, leaving only the plants without cover. This will discourage the weeds long enough to keep them down until after the crop is gathered. The patch can then be plowed up and utilized for the production of a crop of late potatoes, late celery, fall spinach, carrots, radishes, turnips, or possibly others.

"I would also strongly advise the young market gardener to have a patch of raspberries, especially the red sorts where they sell well, of blackberries, enrrants and gooseberries. All these crops pay quite well where they can be sold at the usual retail rates. The same may be said of grapes and all other fruits. If you have land for the purpose, set out a good supply of all such crops. They will sell with the rest of the stuff, and do not require very much space on the wagon compared with the amount of money they bring. It is always well to have a variety of products with which to tempt customers. One thing sells another. The proper location for these fruits, of course, is with the other perennial crops, the asparagus, rhubarb, etc., and a little off on one side, to interfere as little as possible with the proper working of the ever-changing vegetable crops."

I am well aware that the production of strawberries and raspberries is also overdone in some localities or whole sections. In that case, of course, the young market gardener had better keep his hands off. But I know very many places where strawberries can yet be retailed, year after year, for from eight to twelve cents a quart, and wholesaled at from six to eight cents. At such rates small fruits can be made to yield good profits. Whatever the price and the chances of sale, however, the home grower wants a good big patch of strawberries in his garden, anyway; for almost invariably he can raise them more cheaply than he can buy them. And when you wish to have strawberries and raspberries on your table three times a day during their whole season, and eat them as freely as we do, you will find that the purchase of these fruits soon "runs into money," and that you can indulge in them to your full desire only when you have a chance to gather them from your own vines or bushes. Besides, you then will have them in all their freshness and goodness, without bother and money expense.

COLD-FRAME CABBAGE-PLANT.—One of our readers asks when and how to grow cabbage-plants to winter over in cold-frames. Seed of Early Jersey Wakefield should be sown in open ground about September 15th and 20th. It is always best to make two sowings to be sure of good plants. Then in the middle of October or soon after the plants are pricked out into cold-frames in rows three inches apart, and plants about two inches apart in the rows. When winter sets in, the sashes must be put on; but plenty of ventilation is to be given on mild sunny days all winter long. The plants are to be kept dormant, and must be prevented from starting into active growth before it is time to set them in open ground in early spring. They are then well hardened off, and able to endure the cold spells that are liable to come afterward without injury. In my own practice, I prefer to start cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce plants in the greenhouse during February, and transplant them into cold-frames as soon as the weather will permit, then a few weeks later into the open ground.

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

IMPROVING FRUIT.

Improving fruit has been a theme for centuries. The theory of Dr. Van Mons, of Belgium, is the reproduction of seedlings from seedlings in succession, selecting each time those which prove best in the fruit. We have learned from experience that seedlings always have a tendency to improve, but they also have another and stronger tendency to return to the original, or wild, state. At the eighth generation in growing from the pear, Professor Von Mons' seedlings produced fruit at four years old, while at the commencement it required twelve to fifteen years. Therefore, be regarded this method as the correct one to pursue in the amelioration of varieties. He was the originator of the Frederic of Wurtemberg, a pear that produces its fruit often in the nursery at two years from the bud; while it required twelve to fifteen years for the Dix.

Thomas Andrew Knight, a distinguished horticulturist of England, advocated the theory of cross-fertilization, or hybridizing, for the improving of new varieties of fruit. This may seem adverse to the former theory; but it does not differ materially, as the blossoms have to be fertilized, either by nature or bees or by artificial means—hybridizing. Prof. Lindley says: "If the pistils of one species be fertilized by the pollen of another species, which may take place in the same genus, or if two distinct varieties of the same species be in like manner intermixed, the seed which results from the operation will be intermediate between its parents, partaking of the qualities of both."

The selecting of seed has undoubtedly proved the better in producing larger fruit and bringing it into bearing sooner, but cross-breeding gives one the privilege of producing fruit to his own ideal, which was practised by Professor Knight to quite a degree of success.

The Bartlett pear, a seedling from an unknown variety, originated in England in the year 1770. It was brought to Massachusetts and cultivated by Enoch Bartlett; hence its name.

The Kieffer is a seedling from Sha Lea (Chinese sand-pear), supposed to have been fertilized by the Bartlett. The original tree is in the yard of Peter Kieffer, Philadelphia, and was planted in the year 1868. Garber's Hybrid is also a seedling from the Chinese sand-pear.

The Le Conte is a seedling from Suet Lea (Chinese snow-pear), supposed to have been fertilized with some cultivated variety of Georgia.

The Duchess, or Duchess d'Angouleme, was found as a seedling in a hedge in France near Angers.

The Ott is a seedling of the Seckel. It comes in earlier and grows faster, but its fruit is nearly the same.

The original Minkler apple-tree is a seedling which still stands upon the farm of the late Smith G. Minkler, in Kendall county, Illinois.

The original Concord grape is a seedling from a wild grape of one of the eastern states.

We have learned that by planting the seed from the nicest and best fruit we may get a much better fruit, and by cross-breeding, which may be accomplished by growing two trees of the same species close together, so that they may fertilize one another, we may grow fruit of any size, shape, color or flavor we may desire. Does this not suggest to the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE that it is their duty, as citizens, to do all they can toward further improving our fruit, by carefully selecting seed or hybridizing? If you should not live to enjoy the production of your labor, remember that your children, neighbors' children or friends will enjoy that which stands as a living monument in memory of your labors.

S. C. VAUGHN.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Insects for Name.—P. H. S., San Francisco, Cal. The insects received were badly jammed, so they could not be identified. If you will collect new specimens, and send them in a tight, strong box, so they will not become destroyed in the mail, I will try to name them. The insect that eats your rose-bushes can be destroyed by spraying the leaves with Paris green and water, using a teaspoonful of Paris green to a pailful of water.

Propagating Cherries and Peaches.—Sneed Peaches.—E. P. C., Perkins, Okla., writes: "1. Will stocks raised from pits of common Morello cherries be good ones on which to bud sour varieties? 2. Can budding be done in early spring with success? 3. Can peaches and cherries be grafted successfully?—What kind of a peach is the Sneed, and when does it ripen compared with Alexander?"

REPLY.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. Budding is but a form of grafting, and I generally prefer to use a longer scion than one bud when grafting in the spring. For some plants, such as willows and oranges, I have had far better success by inserting the scion just under the bark, between the bark and wood, when grafting than when the scion was inserted as in the common practice. This is practically the same as spring budding. 3. Yes; but it is so much easier to bud them that it is seldom attempted.—The Sneed peach has not been sufficiently tried for its merits to be well known. It ripens ten days ahead of Alexander, and only slightly clings to the seed. It is of good quality, and promises to be a profitable market sort.

Downy-mildew—Black-spot on Peach.

—G. R. P., Stuart, Iowa. The grape-leaf sent has been destroyed by a well-known fungous growth termed downy-mildew, which is especially liable to injure such varieties as Delaware, Rogers' hybrids, and others having the European wine-grape in their parentage. It often takes off all the leaves of such varieties before the fruit is fully grown, and in consequence it cannot ripen, but remains green, and gradually shrivels up. It seldom attacks the fruit, but occasionally does so, when it produces what is known as brown-rot. This disease is most prevalent where the vines are closely shut in, and do not have a good circulation of air. It seldom attacks Concord, Worden, Niagara, and others of the Labrusca class. It may be prevented by spraying the foliage with Bordeaux mixture early in the season, and the carbonate of copper solution in the latter part of the season, as recommended below for black-spot on peach.—The disease that injures your peaches is known as black-spot. It, too, is caused by a fungous growth. Some varieties (notably Hill's Chili) are much more liable to be injured by it than other sorts. This disease may also be largely prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture early in the season, and with the carbonate of copper solution later on. But the foliage of the peach is very tender, and liable to injury from such solutions, therefore care must be exercised in applying them. If found too strong, dilute them. The treatment should consist of too applications of the Bordeaux mixture in July, and two applications of ammoniacal carbonate of copper in August. For this purpose the Bordeaux mixture should be made of five pounds of lime, five pounds of sulphate of copper and fifty gallons of water. The ammoniacal solution of carbonate of copper should be made by dissolving in a wooden vessel three ounces of carbonate of copper and one quart of ammonia (twenty-two degrees Beaume). Dilute by adding thirty-six gallons of water.



Many women have good reason to dread the approach of the hour of maternity. All too frequently it is a time of almost unbearable pain and suffering and extreme danger. Women who are wise know that this is unnecessary. They know that the woman who takes proper care of her womanly self, who looks after the health of the organs that make motherhood possible, need have no fear of approaching maternity. They know that there is a sure and safe cure for all weakness and disease of these organs. Over 90,000 of these women have testified in writing to the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, a regularly graduated physician and an eminent and skillful specialist, who is and for thirty years has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. The "Favorite Prescription" makes the organs of womanhood strong and healthy. It cures all weakness and disease. It prepares for approaching maternity. It does away with the discomforts of the expectant period. It alleviates the pains of parturition and makes baby's advent easy and safe. Druggists sell more of it than of all other remedies for these troubles combined.

Woman should know herself. She should not be dependent in every emergency, great and small, upon a physician. She should be familiar with her own physical make-up. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser will reveal a world of important truths to the woman who is ignorant upon these points. It contains many chapters and illustrations devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. It is written in plain, straightforward language. The book contains over 1,008 pages. A paper-covered copy will be mailed absolutely FREE to any one who sends twenty-one one-cent stamps to cover the cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. If cloth binding is desired, send ten cents extra, thirty-one cents in all.

Our Farm.

FRUITS.

J. D. CHEELY writes Benj. Buckman: "Do you know anything about the following fruits? Apples—Arkansas Black, Gano, Miukler, York Imperial, Akin, Arkansas Beauty, Rain-bow, Jefferis, Paragon (or Mammoth Black Twig), Dr. Walker (or Walker Geniton), Marshall Red, Fanny, Kinnaid Choice, Babbitt, Stark, Springdale, Shackleford and Early Colton, and Florence crab. Peaches—Elberta, Missouri Summer Snow, Washington (or Future Great), Gold Dust, Sneed and Northern Apricot. Plums—Poole, World Beater, Forest Rose, Burbank, Red June, Gold and Juicy, also Orient. Prunes—Splendor and d'Agen. Cherries—Abbesse, Moutmorency Oidinaire, Ostheimer (not Ostheim), Dyehouse and Suda Hardy. Quinces—Missouri Mammoth, Meech and Van Deman. Pears—Koonce and Krull. Sundry fruits—Buffalo-berry and upland cranberry, Sunrise, Noonday and Chinese (Acme or Shensi) apricots. Is it true that Mariana plum does not sucker? In growing quince and pear trees from cuttings, how would it do to splice a short piece of apple-root onto the cutting to give it a start, then when replanting cut off all the apple-root, thus putting each tree onto its own roots? Please answer through the FARM AND FIRESIDE."

REPLY:—Mr. Cheely has come with a bushel or so of questions, that makes me think the "shaly marl" country of Upper Egypt is at least fertile for interrogation-points. I am not a Downing nor Warder, and cannot answer half of them, but will do the best I can.

To commence with the first, which is an inquiry about mostly new or rare varieties of apples, will say that I have not fruited any named except Minkler, York Imperial, Akin, Arkansas Beauty, Jefferis, Geniton, Fanny, Kinnaid, Stark, Shackleford and Colton, although I have seen most of the others at fruit exhibits, and have them—as yet unbearing—in my experimental orchard.

As I have seen Gano, it is smaller than Ben Davis, redder, and of the same quality.

Minkler is an old variety here, and I have a tree that is thirty-five years old, besides several others that are younger. It is an irregular, crooked grower, with a wide spread of head, and should be planted to eventually take forty feet in the orchard, for it is a hardy, healthy, long-lived tree. The head should be started high, as the lower limbs are inclined to droop. There is no excess of limbs, and only a few cross-growing limbs should be cut out. Should be planted leaning to the southwest, for the naturally crooked stem inclines the other way, and is liable to "sun-scald." It is not an enormous fruiter here, by any means, but rather a good, regular bearer. Probably the Ben Davis is in its prime for a few years will outyield it two to one. The fruit is from medium to large, quite smooth and regular, of fair color, keeps well, and is of "very good" quality. Mr. Miukler is dead, but the monument he has erected to himself by giving us the apple which bears his name will be more enduring than any shaft of marble or granite. It was fitting that all show and ostentation were, at his request, omitted at his funeral. They are for those whose lack of good deeds leave room for tinsel and pomp for a counterbalance.

York Imperial seems here a tardy bearer. Mine, planted ten years ago, has only fruited two years, and very lightly each year. It may do better from now on. Perhaps my soil doesn't suit it. The fruit is nearly large in size, one-sided, medium showy, and of fair quality, but not a very late keeper.

Akin fruits this year for the first—five years planted. As a young tree it is rather an upright grower. The fruit is a little smaller than Jonathan, just about as showy, and fully—to my taste—as good in quality. I call it "best"—good enough for anybody. What faults it will show in the future I cannot say, but I am afraid that, like the Jonathan, it will not be late enough for a genuine winter apple.

I rather think Jefferis apple is a good one. Mine bore this year for the first. It had the label of "Everbearing"—perhaps you recognize the name. The tree is a moderate grower, with symmetrical head and slender limbs (too many of them,

however, and must be thinned), and bears a fair-sized, smooth apple of first-rate quality. Ripens in August.

I read the next name, "Geniton," but my eyes must deceive me, for surely Mr. Cheely does not want a description of the old Rawles' Janet, Neverfail, Rock Remain, etc. However, as the nurseries have nearly quit propagating it, let us "commune together," and see whether it should be "shelved" or not. Neverfail is a good name for it, for the Geniton is on hand for business (mostly, but not always, in alternate years) all the time for a good long lifetime, and the fruit is in eating condition from December until spring. The tree may be planted from twenty-eight to thirty feet apart. The limbs are not ambitious to see which shall reach the moon first, but they grow so as to form a symmetrical, round-headed tree, so that a sixteen-foot ladder can take in all the fruit, which is borne all through the tree, inside as well as outside. To be sure, the fruit is too small, and not high-colored enough, but one Geniton tree is not just like another. Some trees bear apples that are above medium in size, and pretty well colored; and were I planting, I should propagate from such trees. When well grown and kept, I consider it at least "very good" in quality, and it will turn out just about twice the cider from a bushel of fruit that the Ben Davis does, and good-keeping cider, too, if not rich. Another point, you don't have to pick the fruit early to keep it from "dropping." April will still find a few Janets in the ordinary cellar, if they have been put there, and not eaten up. Several times I have bought from my neighbor (who has an orchard of several hundred Janets) late in the spring, after my apples—Rock Pippin excepted—were all gone. Pretty good apple yet is the old Rawles' Janet in tree and fruit. Better than the like of Bellflower, Walbridge, Pewaukee, Belmont, and plenty of others I could name.

BENJ. BUCKMAN.

(To be continued.)

BUDDING ROSES.

One of the easiest and best ways to propagate roses is by budding. I have the Hermosa, and desiring to make more plants of the same kind, thought I would try budding it on the wild rose, and having one near by, I inserted two buds of the Hermosa about the middle of July, and in about three weeks they measured ten inches in height, and had buds almost ready to expand; since then I have given them but little care and attention, but they still continue to bloom, and are in good condition for winter. Although I had then never heard of any one budding the rose, my experiment proved a grand success.

The process of budding is the same as that of the peach, pear, apple, etc., which

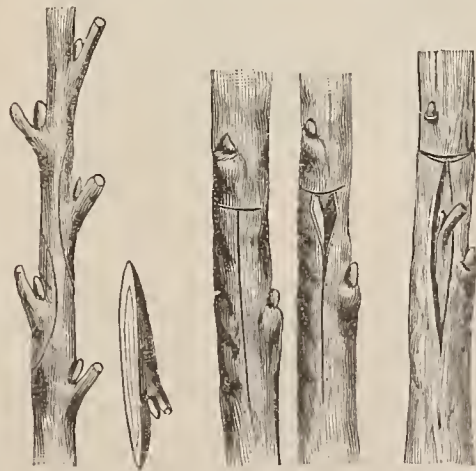


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

was explained through the columns of this paper March 1, 1896, but for the benefit of new subscribers, or those who perhaps did not observe closely the process, I will give an explanation, with illustrations.

Select a bud from the rose you wish to propagate, and cut about one fourth of an inch above and below the bud, taking out an elliptical piece with a little wood beneath it, as shown in Fig. 1.

For the stock, take any hardy or wild rose, cut a T-shaped incision through the bark near the roots (Fig. 2), carefully raise the ends or bark of the incision and insert the bud (Fig. 3); then wrap firmly above and below the bud with a strip of cloth about one fourth of an inch in width, commencing at the bottom and passing above the bud, returning again and tying just below, covering all but the bud, as shown in Fig. 4.

In about ten days after budding, if done in spring or early summer, unwrap it, and if the operation has been successful, which it is most sure to be if properly done, cut the old stock off about two inches above the bud; and when it has made a new shoot, tie it to this stump to make it grow straight.

If budding is done in August or later, rewrap in about ten days, and let the bud and stock alone until spring, then cut off

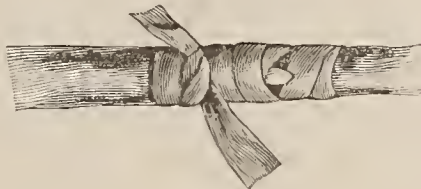


FIG. 4.

the stock above the bud, and encourage growth. The bud will not start till the following spring, though its union with the stock can readily be distinguished by its plump and fresh appearance.

Buds of different roses, red, white, crimson, etc., may be inserted in a single stock, thereby producing a rose-tree of many colors.

It is not necessary to bud on the wild rose only, but if you have some other single rose you wish to improve, insert a bud or buds of some nice variety, and I think you will be pleased with the result.

Every lady reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE should try this mode of propagating, for it is very simple, and easily done, and you can have a rose ready for bloom in the same length of time it would require a cutting to form roots.

A. E. V.

PICKED POINTS.

"Fruit, fruit, grow fruit!" is sounded continually on all the strings of some newspaper harps. Experience here shows that when a farmer has grown enough large fruits for his own family, it is as far as he can go profitably. Off years, when the price is high, there is none to sell; and bearing years it is so plentiful there is no paying market. Last season plums and pears hardly paid for picking and carting away. This year apples are so plentiful there is no sale worthy of the name. A hint dropped here may be found of value. Two years ago apple orchards bore a full crop. A branch on each of three Baldwin trees was stripped of fruit when the size of hickory-nuts. Last season these branches bore full and the rest of each tree none; and this year the case is reversed. Carried out to a logical conclusion, half of each tree might bear in alternate years, and thus have apples annually.

That Merino sheep are best for the western ranges, and southern states, where there is a general lack of shelter from inclement weather, as at our antipodes, is abundantly proved by the price obtained for stock rams. The highest price a black-faced ram ever brought is \$600, and sixty averaged \$93; this in England, in September last. Two Lincolnshire Long Wools brought \$1,750 each; fifteen, \$510 each; and three hundred and fifty-six, about \$140 each. At the recent sales in Sydney, New South Wales, a Merino ram brought \$8,000; a Vermont Merino ram lamb, \$2,625; a ram recently imported, \$3,500; one, \$1,835; another, \$1,050, and so on down the scale, \$840, \$735, \$600, \$530, \$299, and a Tasmania Merino went for \$1,750. The flockmasters of New South Wales know what they are about, or they would not pay these long prices for Merinos in preference to other breeds. The "American Sheep Breeder" says of this sale: "We take great pleasure in chronicling this sale, because it justifies every word of encouragement to American Merino breeders we have uttered during the past three years of depression."

GALEN WILSON.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ALABAMA.—We are located on Lookout mountain, six miles from Fort Payne, the county-seat of DeKalb county, Alabama. Lookout mountain extends from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atalla, Ala., a distance of eighty-five miles, and is from eight to twelve miles wide. We have a delightful climate, being about six hundred feet above the valley. It is much cooler in summer, the temperature being three degrees cooler. In winter we have some cold weather, but not as severe as

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one would think. We have snow and ice. The soil is a sandy loam with a good sub-soil, which holds fertilizers well, and the soil can be made as rich as desired. All kinds of fruit do well here. Peaches, apples, plums and pears are grown with success. The common blackberry grows in abundance, and as large as the cultivated kind. Raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries and grapes do exceedingly well. Potatoes, onions, peanuts, turkeys and all kinds of roots are easily grown and do well. Our farmers grow corn, oats, wheat, rye, peas and beans with success. This is a good country for stock. Sheep do well and are profitable; they require so little care here. Wool is now worth twenty cents. There is money in keeping poultry here, the fowls are so vigorous and healthy. The hawk is their greatest enemy. Brandon, Ala. J. R. A.

FROM TEXAS.—Austin county offers inducements to capitalists, home-seekers and to those seeking health. Wallis Station offers many advantages for different kinds of manufactures. Our railroad facilities are very good. Wallis is surrounded by one of the richest farming countries in the world. East are the famous Brazos river lands, known for large crops; west for several miles to the Colorado river lie rich prairie-lands, where the home-seeker has every opportunity. Land is worth from eight to fifteen dollars an acre, in any size tract. On these lands can be raised almost all kinds of crops. Water is good and easily obtained; we have good schools and churches, and a better and more law-abiding people I never saw. I came here from the North, and I am very much pleased. Fruit-growing is a great success here. The country is well watered with small streams, and these streams abound with fish. During the winter season we have plenty of wild geese and ducks. Along the streams we have plenty of timber for fire-wood, and in the timber may be found deer, turkeys and squirrels. Wallis, Texas. H. I. C.

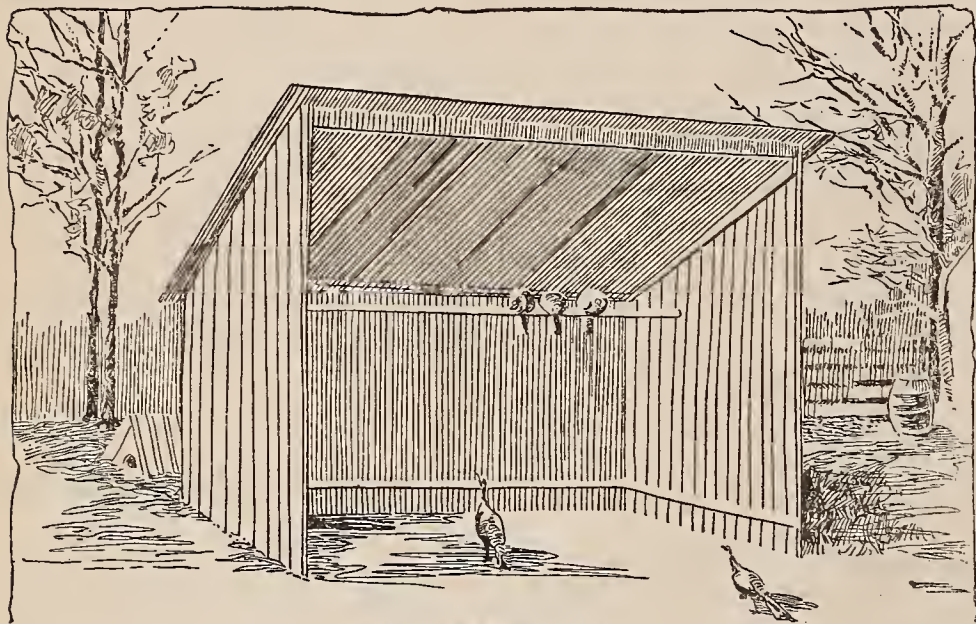
Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

COST AND PROFIT FOR A YEAR.

SIX pecks of corn or wheat should be more than enough for a hen during a whole year, as she will need much less food in summer than in winter. The next point is, how much will the six pecks of food cost? At present prices the cost of six pecks of corn should not exceed forty cents; at wholesale the cost is less. The second point is, how many eggs will the hens lay, and how much is obtained for them? Let us fix the cost of the food for a year at fifty cents, for when we estimate on six pecks of grain a year, we mean grain or its equivalent; but when other food is given, then the grain must be reduced proportionately. It is difficult to estimate the exact quantity, as there is no way of knowing the proportions of bone, meat, grass, worms, etc., eaten, hence the cost is based upon six pecks of grain, which is as much as a hen will eat in a year if she receives no other food. With fifty cents as a cost for food for a year, eggs should sell for eighteen cents a dozen, allowing eleven dozen (132 eggs) a year



SHED ROOST FOR TURKEYS.

as the production of the hen, to clear one dollar profit. The cost of buildings, labor, etc., is not included. Some hens will not lay one hundred eggs in a year, and a flock may contain sick hens, worthless hens, and a large number of males. We do not believe, therefore, that eggs alone will pay unless one can manage large flocks. But the hens may hatch and raise chicks, and that is where the profit will be gained, for if the hen raises only two or three chicks she will in that manner pay all her expenses, leaving the eggs as so much clear profit, the amount of profit being according to the prices obtained for the eggs, which are greater in some localities than in others. We believe that to make poultry pay one will secure the best results from poultry and eggs combined easier than from eggs alone.

DETAILS IN WINTER.

Winter management that leads to success is of a kind that includes every detail. Sometimes a very simple matter conduces to good results. For instance, where a poultryman could get no eggs from his hens, although he fed them in a manner that entitled him to a fair profit, the use of cut straw on the floor made a difference in a short time. It was not altogether due to the straw serving as litter in which to scratch, but to the warmth secured, the cut straw, which was six inches deep, serving to protect against the cold drafts that came in along the floor. The cost of the straw and the labor of cutting it were but trifles compared with the advantages gained by its use, and as we frequently requested readers to save the leaves, those who did so will be more than repaid for their work this winter. Compelling the hens to drink ice-water is another practice that is detrimental. One cannot keep the water warm on a cold day, but if a pan of warm water be placed before the fowls three times a day, it will answer the purpose. On a very cold day corn should be the main proportion of the ration, as the hens then require a food that will not only be serviceable in producing eggs, but also cre-

ating animal heat. By using judgment in management many seeming difficulties may be removed, for during the winter much depends on the person who attends to the poultry.

IMPORTANCE OF A COMPLETE RATION.

Corn is claimed as making the hens lay in winter. Admitting this claim to be true, yet by what method can poultrymen learn whether their hens are producing to their full capacity or not? Suppose that the hens do lay a fair proportion of eggs on a corn diet in winter, it does not signify that they are doing their best. If the farmer is receiving three eggs a week from each hen in winter, he is satisfied; but it may be that if he fed something better, the average may be four or five eggs a week. Corn is the substance that keeps the hens warm in winter, and many of the advantages derived from its use may be attributed to the protection it affords the flock from severe cold; but it is deficient in mineral matter, and is not considered a nutritious food compared with cut bones and meat. It is more largely used than any other food, but if it is accompanied with cut bone and clover, the corn will be quadrupled in value, because it supplies warmth and enables the hens to better utilize the entire ration to which it is applied. We do not oppose corn for laying hens. On the contrary, we consider it

superior to all other foods for winter feeding, but farmers who wish their hens to lay when prices for eggs are high must keep in view the fact that eggs are composed of several substances, and if they cannot provide those substances, it will be but a short time before nature will assert her rights and the hens cease to lay.

WARMING THE POULTRY-HOUSE.

While there are many ways by which a poultry-house may be made warm, yet but few make it an object to provide heat. As we have before suggested, the cheapest and easiest method is to hang a lighted stable-lantern in the poultry-house, suspending it from the middle of the roof. The vessel containing the oil should have sufficient capacity for permitting of holding a supply for the night, and the wick should not be turned too high. It is not necessary to have the temperature higher than fifty degrees, and as there is quite an amount of heat given off from a lamp, the temperature will be raised to that point if the house is not too open; it will also assist in drying the walls and preventing dampness. There will be no liability of the foul air or injury from the lamp in winter.

SELECTION OF PULLETS.

When selecting the young pullets, bear in mind that any lack of vigor in them while they are small is evidence that they will not be hardy when fully matured. Hardiness is everything with a flock, for if any of the old or young stock cannot pass through the warmer seasons of the year with perfect freedom from disease, they will not prove profitable as layers next winter. The getting of eggs from the hens during cold weather depends on the selection and management of the pullets in the summer and fall.

FATTENING THE FOWLS.

For fattening poultry for market there is no ration equal to sweet potatoes and corn-meal. The small and unsalable potatoes are serviceable as well as those that

are larger. Cook them, and just before removing them from the fire, add the corn-meal, feeding the mess when it is cold. About a pound of corn-meal to half a peck of sweet potatoes makes a fair ration. Sweet potatoes are not suitable for laying hens, as they contain a large amount of sugar, thus causing them to fatten too readily.

SHED ROOST FOR TURKEYS.

Turkeys will always seek a high roost, and they resort to the tree-limbs instinctively to escape danger from enemies that may reach them on the ground. The limbs of trees, however, are not suitable roosting-places, as the turkeys are thus exposed to cold and driving storms, frequently their feet becoming frozen to the limbs. An open shed, with roost as high as can be located, as may be noticed in the illustration, will serve as a protection, and may be made either of boards or by arranging corn-stalks on stakes and poles in some manner so as to accomplish the purpose.

CAUSE OF BAD HATCHES.

When a lot of eggs are examined after being under a hen the allotted period for hatching, the death of the chick should not be ascribed to the hen, as she has done her duty if some of the chicks come out. The difficulty is with the eggs, the eggs most probably in such cases being laid by fat hens or immature pullets. As a rule, all poor hatches are due to the hens from which the eggs are produced, and not to any fault of the hens that hatch them, as it is not an easy matter to secure perfect hatches in winter.

THE USE OF DRY DIRT.

We have always cautioned our readers not to overlook dry dirt for the winter, and to store it away before the rains set in. We do not refer to road-dust, which is not very clean, but to fresh, dry earth, which may be sifted, and put away under shelter. It is excellent, not only for the hens in winter, but it is also one of the best substances to use in stalls for cattle or as an absorbent of urine. It costs almost nothing, and is more beneficial on the poultry-house floor than any other substance.

GROUND MEATS AND FISH.

If you cannot get fresh meat for your poultry, or if the expense is apparently too great, use the commercial ground meat. Fish is also excellent for ducks if the eggs are to be used for hatching, and ground fish will be very acceptable to them. In the winter season, when grain is largely used, meat or fish will serve to supply the deficiency of nitrogen. One cent a pound is about the cost for ground meat or fish, and they are very cheap, even at double the price.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Slanting Roost.—Mrs. E. M. B. Settley, Cal., writes: "What causes my fowls to become lame? The roost is slanting, the highest portion being only five feet from the ground."

REPLY:—All of the birds seek the highest roosts, and some are thrown off. Five feet is too high. Make the roosts all of the same level, and not more than a foot high.

Canker Sore Throat.—I. S. M., Moulton, Ohio, writes: "Our hens have been well all summer, but some now have swollen throats, inside the throats appearing spongy and white. Some have died."

REPLY:—It is probably canker sore throat (diphtheria), and is contagious. It is best to destroy all that are sick. As a prevention, use a teaspoonful of carbolic acid in every gallon of drinking-water.

Roup in Turkeys.—Mrs. J. P., Shaffer, Kan., writes: "My turkeys have swelled faces, some being nearly blind, and also have a discharge from the nostrils. They are dying off. Is the disease contagious?"

REPLY:—It is roup, due to exposure, and is contagious. But little can be done, owing to the labor of handling them. Place them under shelter, as the cause is due to exposure. Destroy the sick ones to prevent the spread of the disease, and use a teaspoonful of carbolic acid or chlorate of potash in half a gallon of drinking-water.

Game Bantams.—R. G. L., Newark, Ohio, writes: "1. How many varieties are there of Game Bantams? 2. Give the points of Silver Duckwing Bantams?"

REPLY:—1. Nearly all the games have Bantams to correspond. The Blackbreasted Red, Brown Red, Golden Duckwing, Silver Duckwing, Red Pyle, White and Black are the most numerous. 2. Silver Duckwings have horn-colored beak, red wattles, willow legs, black breast, black body, silver hackle, black tail, and wings black and silvery, the wing-bow being silvery white.

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Our Fireside.

"KINDNESS IS THE WORD."

"What is the real good?"
I ask in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," said the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly thus I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
'Kindness' is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A COHUTTA ROMANCE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "From Clue to Climax," "Almost Persuaded," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "White Marie," "A Mute Confessor," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE corn-fields had turned from green to yellow. The stalks, stripped of their tops and blades, were bent by the weight of their ears.

There was a whispering of breezes in the sedge-fields, in the long rows of brown-bowed cotton-plants, among the fodder-stacks, and in the forest that stretched from the main traveled road up the mountain-side.

It was the season in which the Cohutta mountains appeared most brilliant; when the rhododendron and kalmia bloomed, and the gentian, the primrose, the yellow daisy, the woodbine and the golden-disked aster still lingered in sunny spots; when the leaves of the maple were as red as blood.

Now and then winds which gathered in the gorges would burst upon the road. They spent themselves in fitful whirlwinds, or drove the dry leaves and sand before them with such fury that horsemen had to bend to the necks of their horses, and wagons, going to market with fruit, chestnuts, ginseng or tale, stopped their teams until each blast was over.

There was a young horseman on this road who seemed too deeply absorbed in thought to heed the condition of the weather. He sat on his horse easily and erect, at times drawing the brim of his slouch hat over his eyes, and bending his head to the fiercest wind. His face was of the poetic and sensitive type; his eyes were brown, his hair was almost black, and thick, and long enough to touch his collar. His shoulders were broad, and his limbs muscular and well shaped. He wore tight-fitting, sharp-beeled top-boots, into which he had thrust his trousers. His face was clean-shaven, and but for his tanned skin and clothes, which were rural in style and quality, he might have passed for an actor or an artist.

A short distance before him, at the foot of the mountain, lay the village to which he was going. At the first house in the outskirts of the place he alighted. A woman, hearing his approach announced by the barking of a couple of dogs in the yard, came to the door. She spoke, but her voice could not be heard above the noise of the dogs, which were trying to climb over the rail fence to get at him.

There was something admirable, if slightly discourteous, in the fearless manner in which he leaned over the fence and with the butt of his whip struck the animals in their faces.

"You Tig! yon Pomp! Down thar! down, I say!" cried the woman, running forward and picking up sticks and stones and hurling them at the dogs.

"They've forgot me," he said to her, with a laugh, as the dogs retreated behind the house, and he reached over the ramshackle gate to shake hands.

"But I hain't," she replied, as she held to his hand. "I wuzn't lookin' fur yon quite so soon; I reckon you rid purty peert."

"Always do," he answered. "I started early, and lost half an hour at Long's shop, where I got my horse shod."

"Come in; that's the stable back thar, an' you know how much to feed yore animal. Luke's gone down to the store, but he'll be back before supper-time."

He led his horse into the yard, and to the well near the door. He pushed the bucket into the opening, and allowed the windlass to fly around of its own accord until the bucket thumped upon the water.

"Thirsty?" she asked. "I'll git the gourd."

He nodded. "And I want to water my horse; every stream is bridged for the last ten miles."

While she was in the house he wound up the bucket, swearing at the horse for continually touching an inquisitive nose to his moving elbow. She returned with a great gourd dipper. He rinsed it out, and filling it, he drank long and deeply. Then he refilled the gourd, and offered it to her.

"I ain't dry," she said.

"How's Luke?" he asked, emptying the bucket into the trough and watching the horse drink.

"As well as common; me an' him wuz both bound you should git the livery-stable, an' we are glad the trade wuz closed. It will seem like old times to have a body from Fannin over here. As soon as you writ the price you wuz willin' to give in a lumpin' trade, Luke set to scheming. He ain't no fool, if I do say it. Horton an' Webb had the'r eyes on the stable, an' Luke thinks they'd a raised his bid, but they 'lowed he wuz biddin' fur himself, an' knowed he couldn't raise the mouey. Miz Thorp wuz in here this mornin', an' she said Jasper Webb swore like rips when the administrator tol' 'im the trade wuz closed with Luke as yore agent. You orter do well with the investment; you got it cheap; you know how to keep up stock, an' the hack line will pay with the mail it carries an' the travel twixt heer an' Darley."

"I'm satisfied," he said, and he took the saddle and bridle from his horse, and turned him into the little log stable.

"Hain't you goin' to feed 'im?" she asked, hospitably, as he was closing the door. "Thar's some fodder overhead, an' the corn is in reach through the crack at the trough."



HE REACHED OVER THE RAMSHACKLE GATE TO SHAKE HANDS.

"Not yet," he returned; "I fed him some shelled corn at the shop. I'll give him a few ears at supper-time."

The slanting rays of the sun streamed from a saffron sky in the west, and blazed in the red, yellow and pink foliage of the mountain-side. They brought into clearer outline the brown peaks and beetling crags that rose bleak and bare above the wealth of color beyond the dark, evergreen stretches of pines and mountain cedars. The gorgeous tail of a peacock spread and gleamed under the cherry-trees in the back yard. A sleek calf was running back and forth in a little lot, and a brindled cow was bellowing mellowly, her head thrown up, as she came down the road, her heavy bag swinging under her.

At sight of the woman a flock of ducks, chickens and geese gathered around her, but she shooed the fowls away with her apron. "They want the'r supper," she said, as she led her guest back to the front yard. She went to the gate and looked down the road. "I see Luke at the foot-log," she added, coming back to him; "he'd come faster ef he knowed you wuz heer."

Luke Bradley was about fifty years of age. He had blue eyes, a long body, long arms and long legs. His hair was reddish brown and his face florid and freckled. He walked with a shambling step, stooped considerably and swung his arms. He seldom wore a coat, and on days as mild as this he had his shirt-sleeves rolled up. He pre-

sented a striking contrast to John Westerfelt, who, by the people of that remote section, might have been considered something of a swell.

"How are you, ol' hoss?" Bradley laughed, as he swung the sagging gate open, and grasped his friend's hand. "Glad to see you; I've done nothin' but fight tongue-battles fur you all day. Webb has been cussin' me black an' blue fur biddin' agin 'im fur a stranger, but thar's one consolation, we've got 'em down; we've got the stable."

Westerfelt laughed pleasantly as he followed his host into the sitting-room. "Much obliged to you, Luke; I'm glad I took your advice about the deal."

"Me'n Martha wuz both set on gittin' you heer," Luke said, as he placed a chair for Westerfelt in front of the fire. Mrs. Bradley sat down in a corner and spread out her ample homespun skirt, and began to run the hem of her check apron through her fat red fingers.

"Me'n Luke's been talkin' it over," she said, with some embarrassment; "we 'lowed you mought be willin' to putt up with us; we've got a spare room, an' you know how we live. You've lied unmercifully, ef you don't like my cookin'," she concluded, with a laugh.

"I never lie," he said, smiling. "It's been a year since I ate at your house, but I can taste your slice-potato pie yet, and your egg-bread and biscuits, ugh!"

She laughed. "You'll stay, then?"

"I'm afraid not. I've got some pieces of furniture—a bed and one thing or other—and

sheepishly. "Don't hold me accountable; she's arranged to give you a shindig to introduce you to the young folks."

Just then Mrs. Bradley came in.

"Sweep the hearth, Alf," she said, pointing to a live coal that had popped into the floor. "Didn't I tell you never to put on another chestnut log? Do you want to burn the roof over our heads? Give it to me!" She took the unwieldy bundle of broom-straw from him. "Go tell Miz Snow I'm much obleeged fur the cheers, an' ef I need any more I'll send fur um after awhile. Tell 'er ef she don't let Mary an' Ella come I'll never lay foot in her house ag'in."

"What's this for?" asked Westerfelt.

"You," she slapped him familiarly on the arm. "I'm goin' to give you a welcome. This settlement is full o' nice gals, an' you hain't the least idee how much excitement thar's been sense the report went out that you're gwine to settle heer. I'm the most popular woman in Cartwright. I've been blowin' yore horn; I've talked so much about Fannin, an' you in particular, that you must do your best an' look yore purtiest. Oh, yore clothes is all right." (He had looked down at his boots and trousers.) "They hain't a dressy set. I'm glad Luke's gone out. I want to talk to you serious."

She placed her chair near to his and sat down, holding the bundle of broom-straw between her knees.

"It hain't no business o' mine, John," she went on in an apologetic tone, "but I'm a true friend o' yor'u, an' you know I wish you well. I never yit knowed anybody with a kinder heart than you got, nur a more straightfor'ard an' honest man. I'll never forget as long as I live how you set up an' helped me nuss Luke through that long spell o' typhoid; but, John, you've got yore faults, an' it is time you was tryin' to fight agin um. I've watched you close ever sense you wuz a boy. You never meant to do harm, but you have done lots in yore life—a lots, John; an' I'm uo judge o' men ef it hain't told on you—you have changed in the last year."

She paused a moment. He crossed his legs, shrugged his shoulders, and looked at her uneasily as she went on:

"In reality, John, it's jest as wrong to win a woman's affections an' leave 'er as to steal money ur do any other mean thing. You never meant no deliberate harm, but you've gone too fur with the gals you took a faney to. You wuzn't mor'n a boy when you courted Jenny Lawrence. You went with 'er daily, an' everybody swore you wuz goin' to marry 'er, but you got tired, an' left 'er all at once. I don't say you promised to marry her, but she thought so; the pore gal's life wuz tied up in you. She married Joe Longley to get a home, but from that day tell the last time I seed 'er she wuz—well, she wuz fur frum bein' a happy woman."

She stopped again, but he was looking in the fire, and did not speak.

"Then next you went to see Jasper Wade's daughter," she went on. "She made a fool o' 'ersef running after you, an' kinder disgusted you. I reckon, but she never will marry anybody else."

She put her fat hand on his knee and lowered her voice. "I'm no sort o' judge o' men ef yore experience with Sally Dawson hain't tol' on you, John," she said. "I never seed sech a change in any mortal man. I feel so sorry fur you sometimes that I don't know what to do. You are absent-minded an' broodin' all the time. It would be agin the laws of nature ef you didn't suffer. You got started wrong in the beginnin', an' nobody set you right by straight talkin', an' you went on tell the last experience brought you to yore senses."

He moved uneasily and bent forward; he elapsed his hands between his knees, and gazed into the fire. Just then they heard Luke hallooing to some one down the road. "They are a-comin'," she cried, rising. "Ef you want to fix up a bit, go into yore room; it's at the end of the back entry."

CHAPTER III.

His room was a small one. It had a sloping ceiling and a little six-paned window. A small, oblong stove sat far enough back in the capacious fireplace to allow its single joint of pipe to stand upright in the chimney. There was a high-posted bed, a wash-stand, a mirror and a rush-bottomed chair.

He sat down, rested his elbows on his knees, and bent forward. He forgot that a party of young people was assembling in the next room; he didn't hear the noise of the moving chairs, the creaking floor and the hum of voices.

Presently he took from his coat-pocket a soiled brown envelop. He had carried it with him for two years. He remembered how he had received it. As he rode up to the post-office one morning in Fannin, he found a group of villagers talking in low tones. He alighted and drew near, but they ceased abruptly. He asked what they were talking about, and they told him that before dawn that day Sally Dawson had fallen from a foot-log in the creek near her father's house and been drowned.

He hardly knew what he said to them. He turned to the little delivery window and asked if there were any letters for him.

CHAPTER II.

Supper was served in a room next to the kitchen. After it was over, Westerfelt and his host went back to the sitting-room. Alf, a colored farm-hand, was heaping logs on the andirons in the wide fireplace, and a mass of fat pine burning under the logs made the room as bright as day.

Westerfelt looked around him in surprise. While they were at supper the carpet had been taken up, the floor swept clean and a great many chairs placed against the wall around the room.

"Martha's doin's," explained Bradley,

"One," said the postmaster, and he handed it out.

It was addressed in Sally Dawson's handwriting. He thrust it into his pocket, and went out and mounted his horse. There was no strength in his legs, and the wooden stirrups rattled loosely on his feet as his horse broke into a gallop.

"Goin' to Dawson's," observed one of the bystanders as they looked after him. "Poor boy; he's hard hit!"

"No, he hain't goin' thar," cried another. "Look, he's turned into the Spring road."

He was not going to Dawson's. He only wanted to find a place where he could read his letter unobserved. Half a mile from the village he turned his horse into a thick wood. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR JOHN:—I cannot stand it any longer; I would just die a slow, lingering death and be a worry to ma and pa. Some people say that such acts are crazy, but I am fully in my right mind. I am not ashamed to confess that I had my heart and soul set on being yore wife, and now that you don't want me, I wouldn't give a snap to live. I could not live, anyway; I am simply too weak and sick at heart. John, you will never know how much I loved you. You never did care for me or you could not have broke off with me. They will all think my death was accidental, and I don't want them to be told different. Nobody but you need ever know I did it. Don't tell a soul; it would trouble mother, for she thinks such things are a sin. They will think I slipped accidentally, because I cross the foot-log every morning about daybreak to help Aunt Molly milk her cows. I want you to marry and be happy. You are the most unhappy, restless man I ever saw. I don't blame you, John; I ought to have known that you never could love a pore simple girl like me. You ain't a bad man; you jest don't know your own mind. Many a man has treated a girl a thousand times worse than you have me. SALLY.

He put the letter into his pocket, and rode slowly on, not caring where his horse took him. He met people in wagons, on foot and on horseback. A few spoke to him, but he did not notice them.

The next day he went to the funeral in a country meeting-house. During the service many looked at him curiously, but no one reproachfully. Sam Dawson shook hands with him as he led his wife out of the church behind the coffin, but Mrs. Dawson, wiping her eyes in the depths of her black poke-bonnet, seemed not to notice him. The congregation followed the coffin to an open grave behind the meeting-house. It was customary for the friends of the dead to take turns at shoveling the earth into the grave. The work was about half finished when, out of courtesy, one of the young men handed his shovel to Westerfelt. He took it, and shoveled the earth like a machine, not raising his eyes from the closing grave. His brow was wet with perspiration, a blur was before him, and his arms and legs felt stiff, but he had not the courage to ask any one to take his place. When the grave was filled, he laid down the shovel and stepped backward. He found himself beside Mrs. Dawson. She pushed her bonnet back and stared at him with her stern blue eyes.

"They orter 'a' let you put on the fust and the last clod," she whispered, cautiously, and looked down at the grave again. He was glad that no one had overheard the remark. When he left the crowd, and rode out to his home on a farm in the country, he was pursued by a morbid, unconquerable fear. Mrs. Dawson was his enemy. She evidently suspected that the girl had taken her own life, and held him responsible for it.

Westerfelt was suddenly reminded of where he was by the sound of some one tuning a fiddle in the sitting-room. He put the letter into his pocket, and rose and brushed his hair before the glass. There was a clatter of heavy boots in the entry opposite his door; four or five young men had come out to wash their hands in the pans on the long shelf; they were passing jokes, laughing loudly, and playfully striking at one another. Two of them clenched arms and began to wrestle. Westerfelt heard them panting as they swayed back and forth until the struggle was ended by one of them showing the other violently against the wall. Westerfelt opened his door partly. A stout, muscular young giant was pinning a smaller man to the weather-boarding and making a pretense at choking him, when Mrs. Bradley suddenly appeared.

"Boys, boys, behave!" she cried. And as the wrestlers separated she continued, apologetically, "I clean forgot thar wuzn't a sign of a towel on the roller; I wonder what you intended to wipe on; here, take this one, an' hang it up when you're through." Then she turned to Westerfelt's door and pushed it open.

"Are you ready, young man?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, coming out.

Mrs. Bradley drew him into the sitting-room. The buzz of conversation ceased as she introduced him. They all rose, and bowed, and sat down again, but no one spoke. He tried to detain his hostess, but she would not stay.

"I've got to look after the rest," she said. "You must talk to some o' these gals. They didn't come here jest to look at you. Here, Jennie Wynn, turn yore face round an' let Frank talk to Lou." She whisked off into another room, and Westerfelt found himself facing a blushing maiden, with a round face and dark hair and eyes.

"Excuse my back," she said over her shoulder to Frank Hansard.

"It hain't as purty as yore face, ef you have got on a new dress," he replied, laughing.

"Hush, Frank; hain't you got no manners." She meant that he was showing discourtesy by continuing to talk to her when she had just been introduced to a stranger.

"You ought not to be hard on him," said Westerfelt; "he must have meant what he said."

"You are jest like all the rest, I reckon," she said. "Men think girls don't care for nothin' but flattery."

Just then Uncle Mack, the old negro fiddler, moved into the chimney-corner, and raked his violin with his bow. Jennie Wynn knew that he was about to ask the couples to take their places for the first dance. She did not want Westerfelt to feel obliged to ask her to be his partner, so she glanced across the room at a pretty little girl with short curly hair, slender body and small foot, and added, significantly, "Sarah Wambush is our brag dancer."

He understood her meaning.

"Git yo' pahntners fur de quadrille!" cried the fiddler in a sing-song voice quite in harmony with his music. Westerfelt did not want to dance. He had ridden hard that day, and was tired and miserable; but he saw no way of escape. The party had been given in his honor, and he must show appreciation of it.

"Will you dance it with me?" he asked his companion. "I am not a good dancer, and I am stiff from riding to-day."

"Old Mack will soon take that out of you," she laughed, as she nodded her acceptance. She put her hand to his. "Quick!" she cried; "let's git that place near the door—

it's head, and we can be opposite Sarah and Nelse Baker." He followed her across the room. He felt as if he were playing a game with a child. The room was not large enough for two sets, so only one of four couples was formed. Old Mack noticed that three couples were left sitting, and cried out autocratically:

"Double on the sides!" The couples sprang eagerly forward and took places, leaving one couple alone in a corner. The girl's appearance attracted Westerfelt's attention. She had rich brown hair, deep gray eyes, a small, well-shaped mouth and a rather sad but pretty face. There was something very graceful and attractive in the general contour of her body; her small waist, her broad shoulders and rounding chest, her well-formed head and the artistic arrangement of her abundant hair. There was something, too, in the tasteful simplicity of her gray tailor-made gown that reminded Westerfelt of the dress of young ladies he had seen in the larger and more fashionable towns in the state.

Her companion was the most conspicuous person in the room. He was above medium height and had a splendid physique—broad shoulders, muscular limbs, dark eyes, short brown beard and long curling hair. He wore a navy-blue sack coat, large-checked trousers tucked in the tops of his boots, a gray woolen shirt and a broad leather belt. He was the only man in the room who had not taken off his hat. It was very broad, the brim was pinned up on one side by a little brass ornament, and he wore it on the back of his head.

Westerfelt caught the eye of his partner, and asked:

"Who's the fellow with the hat on?"

"Don't you know him?" she asked in surprise. "That's Toot Wambush—Sarah's brother."

"Why don't he take his hat off?"

"For want o' better sense," she replied.

"The young lady, who is she?" asked Westerfelt.

"Harriet Floyd; her mother keeps the hotel. They are Tennessee folks. They haven't been heer long."

"Sweethearts?"

"I don't know; he seems to be her very shadow. I reckon she admires that sort of a man. She's a peculiar girl."

"How?"

"I don't know, but she is." Jennie shrugged her shoulders. "She don't git on with us. In a crowd o' girls she never has much to say; it always seemed to me she was afeared somebody would find out some'u about 'er. She never mentions Tennessee. But she's a great favorite with the boys. They'd be a string of 'em round 'er now, but they don't want to make Toot mad."

"Right han' ter yo' pahntners," called out Uncle Mack, rapping on the back of his fiddle with his bow. "Salute yo' pahntners! Balance all!" and the dance began. "Swing comers! Fust fo' forwards on back ag'in!"

"Faster, Unc' Mack!" cried Sarah Wambush, as she swung past the old negro; "that ain't the right time!"

"Wait till he gits limbered up," said Frank Hansard. "He hain't draved a bow in two weeks, an' has been plowin' a two-hoss turn-over."

Louder and louder grew the music and the clatter of shoes and boots. The air was filled with dust; old Mack's fiddle could hardly be heard above his shouts and the laughter of the dancers. Luke and Mrs. Bradley stood in the open door leading to the kitchen, both smiling. Mrs. Bradley seemed pleased with the ease with which Westerfelt seemed to be adapting himself to the company.

"Git the straws, Luke!" urged Frank Hansard, as the "grand chain" brought him near Bradley. "Give it to us lively."

"I can't heat straws," said Luke.

Hearing this, old Mack uttered a contradictory guffaw, and shook his gray wool in amusement.

"Go on, Luke," said his wife, as she pushed him toward the fiddler; "you kin, you know you kin."

Luke edged around between the dancers and the fire and took two sour-wood sticks from Mack's coat-pocket. The old negro laughed, and sang out all the louder as he held his head to one side, and Luke began to thrum the strings in time to the music.

"Whoo-ee!" shouted Frank, and the dance waxed faster and more noisy until the exhausted fiddler brought it to an end by crying out, "Seat yo' pahntners!"

Jennie took a chair in a row of girls against the wall, and Mrs. Bradley came to Westerfelt.

"You must stir round," she said; "I want you to git acquainted. Come over here, an' talk to Sarah Wambush." He followed her across the room. Sarah was seated next to Harriet Floyd. As he sat down near Sarah, he fancied that Harriet, whose profile was toward him, gave him a glance out of the corner of her eye, but it was only for an instant. She turned her head and continued talking to Toot Wambush. There was something he liked in the ease of her position as she sat, balling her handkerchief in a hand half hidden in the pocket of her jacket. He thought her easily the prettiest girl in the room, and he vaguely resented the fact that she received marked attention from a man of Wambush's character.

He wanted to knock the fellow's hat off, and tell him that a new man had come into the settlement who would not stand such nonsense in the presence of ladies.

(To be continued.)

GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.

The Patterson, N. J., "News" says: "Why in the name of Noah Webster and Lindley Murray should a pork chop be called a cotelette de pore on a restaurant bill of fare, that, too, in a restaurant kept by as good an Irishman as ever danced a jig? Why, again, should a little mixed up, frizzled up bit of infinitesimal chicken pie served with half a teaspoonful of string-beans be called quenelles de volaille a la regence flagolets? If a fellow wants a regence of flagolets, let him get them, by all means, but let us have our chicken pie and string-beans in English. Then, again, when you want some fried eel, why not say fried eel? Why be guilty of the idiocy of saying you want accolade d'anguilles?"

"What can be more silly and unpatriotic than to call a cup of chicken broth essence de volaille en tasse? Out upon the whole idiotic fashion! Let us print our bills of fare in English. English is good enough for us. Let us call pea soup pea soup, and not puree de pois. And when those foreign fellows presume on the toadyism of the American people so far as to call even a common bit of roast turkey, our own Yankee turkey, a dindon a la broche, it is time to stop forever this French bill of fare business. We draw the line on dindon a la broche for roast turkey, we do, indeed."

HOW TO HANG PICTURES.

An artist being asked for a simple rule for hanging pictures, gave the following directions: "The height, size and decoration of the room should be taken into account, but it is best, where only one row of pictures is hung, to have the central point in each on a level with the eye of the ordinary person. For instance, in a vignette portrait the central point is the chin. You can make no mistake about the point in any picture, for the eye involuntarily rests upon it at the first glance. That reminds me to speak of a frequent error on the part of framers who lack artistic knowledge. This central point should be at the exact intersection of two diagonal lines drawn from the corners of the frame, not the mat. Many pictures appear to those who know this rule as if they were slipping out of their frames."

CHURNING DONE IN TWO MINUTES.

I have tried the Lightning Churn you recently described in your paper, and it is certainly a wonder. I can churn in less than two minutes, and the butter is elegant, and you get considerable more butter than when you use a common churn. I took the agency for the churn here, and every butter-maker that sees it buys one. I have sold three dozen, and they give the best of satisfaction. I know I can sell 100 in this township, as they churn so quickly, make so much more butter than common churns and are so cheap. Some one in every township can make \$200 or \$300 selling these churns. By writing to W. H. Baird & Co., 140 South Highland Avenue, Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa., you can get circulars and full information, so you can make big money right at home. I have made \$80 in the past two weeks, and I never sold anything before in my life.

A FARMER.

DAVID'S FITS AND STARTS.

"It's jest like pullin' eye-teeth to git David to 'gree to anything. He wouldn't 'gree willin', I don't s'pose, to save the whole kentry; but I hain't goin' to give him a minute's peace till he does, so there! I'll jest ha'n't the daylight right out of 'im," said Aunt Louisy with spirit, coming in from the low door-step, where she had stood to fire the last shot of hot argument at the back breadth of Uncle David's faded coat, as that highly indignant personage shouldered the hoe, and marched, with offended, jerky footsteps (they could hardly be termed a stride; Uncle David was too old for that) in the direction of the south lot.

"I never see sich a contrary man sence the world begun. He never j'ines in with nobody till the argument is 'bout ten years old; but he's 'bout the sottest man when he is sot of eurbody I ever see. He'll stick an' hang like a dog to a root."

Aunt Louisy unpinned the corner of her large-checked dish-apron, that had done double service of a sunbonnet as well, from about her ears, and smoothed out the wrinkles with impatient fingers.

"I've allus give up before, an' David's stubbornness hes usually come out ou top; but I hain't goin' to give up this time, not if it takes a hundred years. He'll find out thet he hain't the only one thet gits sot."

"Now, there's that gate," dropping into the little sewing-chair by the window, and following with her light blue eyes the rows of purple asters that bloomed on either side of the well-beaten path, leading to where a dilapidated gate swayed rhythmically on one hinge. "I pestered David jest two plump weeks 'bout fixin' thet; but do you s'pose thet he ever es much es let ou thet he heard? He knew thet it needed fixin' es well es I did; but he was too contrary to do it 'cause I'd told 'im to, an' too blame shiffless to if I hadn't. I swan to man! he does try my patience, David does."

"As fur it's ever gittin' fixed, prob'ly after the hens an' ducks has traipsed 'round, an' eat all oven my posy-beds thet's fit t' eat—ther hain't a blessed pausy u'r a petun'y left this minute—an' after I've chased neighbors' haugs till I'm worn clean into fiddle-strings, prob'ly then David'll see fit to mosy 'long 'ith the hammer an' some nails, an' spend the biggest sheer uv a hull forenoon a-drivin' 'em, an' I'll war'n't ye it'll be some day when the pertaters is a-freezin' in the ground to be dug, 'r sunthiu' 'ruther. It's jest like David."

"An' ther's thet patch o' buckwheat over yunder on the hill. If I'd talked till I was bald-headed, I don't s'pose he'd a-put it in a mite earlier. I didn't do nothin' but talk buckwheat to thet man till I sh'd thought he'd been ravin' distracted; but he'd git a-hold o' some ole paper, fur pertuction like, an' git his nose stuck into it cleau up to the hilt, an' not a blessed word could I git out uv 'im, more'n a grunt. He wouldn't pay no more 'tention than to a wosquiter a-buzzin', not a bit; an' if he did, he'd only git mad, an' bounce out o' the bouse in a terrible yank, an' put on a face till you'd thought he's a real up an' nape martyr, 'r sunthiu' 'ruther."

"Wall, he put in thet buckwheat 'long in the summer sometime, I guess 'twus pretty nigh the Fourth o' July, an' 'tain't more'n nicely up this minute, 'tain't set fur blossom yit, an' 'twon't be, nuther, when frost comes. That's the way David manages. It don't seem to me thet thet man's got more business faculty than an ole settin' hen hes, so there!"

"David hes his blowin' spells, though, an' land alive! ther hain't a man thet can blow louder n'r faster than him, while he is blowin'. You'd think he was goin' to do wouders, an' turn things topsy-turvy all in a minute, if you'd hear 'im once. An' the plans an' calculations thet man'll make. It use to make me feel real hopeful jest to hear 'im; but dear me, suz! I've quit puttin' stock in all sich long since; an' I allus says, says I, 'It's jest one o' David's blowin' spells, an' it'll blow over like a cloud durin' drought.'"

"When David is a-havin' one o' his splurges, he pitches in fur about twenty-four hours, an' does 'nough work fur ten men; an' I allus shiver in my shoes when I see 'im a-doin' it, fur I kin jest calculate on a good spell o' rheumatiz, an' I kin most allus count on its fetchin' 'long a 'tack o' the kidney disease, 'r the dumb ager, 'r suu'thin' 'ruther."

"So David hes to lay in onto the settin'-room lounge an' take about two weeks a recruitin' up, while the pertater-bugs gnaw the pertaters till they hain't nothin' more'n bare stalks, an' the corn gits stunted an' snivelly fur want o' cultivatin', an' the weeds in the garden is 'nough sight bigger'n the garden-sass. By the time David gits rested up, so 't he's able to be 'round ag'in, all his blowin' spell has 'bout oozed out, an' fizzled itself into nothin', an' he's the same ole David, 'thout no more gumption than he ever hed. An' I've got to keep a-naggin' at 'im from mornin' to night to git a blessed thing out uv 'im. I never could git used to David's fits an' starts."

"I s'pose he's mad as a March hare now, an' I don't care if he is, so there!" said Aunt Louisy, tersely, sitting down to the

machine, and beginning to stitch vigorously on Uncle David's new light calico shirts. "If he's mad, he can jest git pleased ag'in, thet's all."

The machine grated and squeaked dismally, but Aunt Louisy did not bother to oil it. It was just in harmony with the rasping of her own irritated nerves.

"I jest hain't goin' to dilly-dally 'round no longer, so there! He hain't hed a pictur took sence he was merried, an' I hain't got a blessed one uv 'im, 'cept the one took when he first put on knee-breeches, thet his ma give me, an' I say it's a sin an' a burnin' shame."

"An' hain't our boy John, thet's way out in Californy, an' we don't know as we'll ever see him ag'in, nuther, hain't he writ much es forty times, an' almost begged fur his pa's pictur? An' hes David ever paid any 'tention to 'im, 'r me, either? I swan to man! It riles me right up when I think how aggravin' thet man is."

"I hain't goin' to be treated so no more, so now! An' David'll hev his pictur took, too, if I hev to hold onto 'im ever' minute while they're a-takin' it."

"He's went an' got 'im some decent clothes this summer, fur a wonder, after my ha'n'tin' at 'im fur the last five years. A body'ud think we wus es poor es poverty to see the way David goes a-lookin'. The very last hull suit thet man hes hed wuz the one he got when our boy John wus merried, an' he's wore 'em ever sence. I'm bound David'll hev his picturs while he's got the duds to look half way white. An' 'twould be jest like thet man's pokish ways to sizzle-sozzle 'round till they're all wore to rags 'fore he even goes near to sot."

"It don't make no dif'rence to 'im thet I bought his shirts on pu'pose with the aiggs thet I'd been a-savin' this last long while to buy me some o' thet dress stuff thet's so cheap over at Barneses' store. It don't make no dif'rence t' 'im how much a body does fur 'im, the more they do, the more they kin; but this time I'll never give up, an' David needn't t' think it."

"I sh'd thought 'twould 'a' been sufficient fur me to have gone over to Mason's an' bargained apples to pay fur 'em. It didn't take but ten bushel, an' apples hain't fetchin' but fifteen cents nowhere."

The much-abused machine stuck, and tried to express its displeasure in the shrillest of shrieks. Finally it stopped altogether.

"Now you go to actin' up," said Aunt Louisy, with disgust. She gave the wheel a little jerk, and the needle snapped and flew into her lap.

Aunt Louisy threw the light calico shirt upon the bed in the corner, and began taking the pins from her wad of pale-brown hair.

"I'll do it, so there! I'll jest git the start o' David fur once. 'Twon't be more'n his just come-up-ence, enyhow. I guess, after I've took the apples over to Mason's, an' bargained the picturs, he can't do more'n to sot."

"I'll take thet very teu bushel he's got loaded into the light wagon fur Elder Wilses, an' he can't help hisself, nuther."

She combed her scanty locks back smoothly, and rolled them into the accustomed little tight knot, resembling a hickory-nut, at the back of her neck; then she went over to the bureau, and took her best black gown from the top drawer, also her bonnet with a top feather and strings. She paused at the back window, as she was tying the latter in a stiff bow under her chin, and looked out toward the south lot, but she saw nothing that resembled David's stooped shoulders, laboring over the long potato-rows.

"He's like es not a-settin' under a tree some'ers, 'ith 'is wits a wool getherin'," she said, sharply. "'Tain't 'sif I asked any odds uv him, enyhow. I kin hitch up 'thout the help o' no mau."

"I don't see why David don't never clean out his barn-yard. It's a pretty place fur a woman to be traipsin' 'round 'ith her best shoes on," she ejaculated, with disgust, trying to pick her way through the rubbish, with both hands bolding high her prim black skirts. "I don't see why David can't uever do nothin' like other folks."

Aunt Louisy clambered up to the high spring seat, and settled her folds comfortably about her, tucking the checkered red and black wool shawl over her lap to keep off the dust, then with a spirited "git up," started the faithful farm-horses down the lane, and out into the dusty road.

"'Tain't none o' his business, enyhow," she kept saying, as she rode along. "They're as much mine es they be his'n. I might ask 'im till I wus plum out o' breath, an' thet's all the good 'twould do. I've got to do some-thin' besides talk 'r I'll never git 'em on the face uv the airth. Why, here thet man's daddled 'round till he's old an' gray, an', yes, he's act'ally gittin' bald this blessed minute, an' hain't never hed his pictur took. I think it's time somebody done sumthin' d'rect."

The high express-wagon jingled merrily along the hard road, drawn by the big clumsy horses that continued their jerky, waddling trot, under the inspiration of energetic cluckings from the little woman perched alone on the seat above, and repeated tuggings at the heavy lines.

Aunt Louisy hitched her horses in front of the artist's gallery, and hastily brushing a few specks of dust from her black sleeves,

and tucking back a few stray grayish locks, she ascended the long flight of stairs.

As she turned the door-knob, and stood hesitatingly upon the threshold, she heard the sound of a familiar gruff voice, and looking in, saw David standing with his hands in the pockets of his every-day breeches, and his ragged straw hat tilted carelessly over his scant locks, that were curly yet in spite of the trespassing grayness; David, in his blue gingham shirt, that Aunt Louisy distinctly remembered having a huge patch over the left elbow, and which never did fit, anyway, around the neck; David, with the toes of his coarse cowhide boots bespattered with milk, and the end of one suspender hanging down below his vest in front.

Aunt Louisy lifted her hands in astonishment and horror. "David!" she gasped, "hev you sot?"

David turned, and seeing Aunt Louisy, straightened himself up for a battle. "Yas, I hev; I've sot. Now I hope you're satisfied." But seeing the distressed look on her face, added, "Why, what's the matter, Louisy?" "Nothin', but—I hope thet gallus didn't show. Why didn't ye fix up some, Dave?" with a look of mild reproach. "I hed your light shirts most done. Why didn't you say you wus a-comin'?"

"'Cause," said Uncle David, stolidly, "'cause—wall, I guess they'll look natchel, though," glancing down apprehensively. "But I guess they didn't take thet, fur I hed what they called a bust pictur. But enyhow, folks thet look at my pictur, an' don't like the looks o' thet gallus, don't need to look at it. I wanted 'em to be natchel, an' nobody ever see Dave Hicks yit thet he didn't hev a gallus busted, so there! I don't s'pose John'ud mind if both galluses wus busted. They'd order be good picturs; they cost two dollars, clean cash."

"But, David, I'd bargained to pay 'em apples. I told you time an' ag'in, an'—an'—I fetched 'em 'long, seein' I wus a-comin' down. Hev ye paid fur 'em a'ready?"

There was a twinkle in Uncle David's eyes as he said, "Wall, Louisy, it's the bad you took sech pains to git the start uv the ole man, an' then druv in a minute too late; but I guess, ma, seein' you fetched 'em, you'd better walk up an' hev your'n took, too. I guess John might 'bout's well hev two es one. An' 'tain't no bother 'tall to set. I hedn't hardly sot at all when he said he'd got it all did. I hed an idee 'twould take 'bout a month. Don't be at all bashful, Louisy," he said, reassuringly, as he assisted her into the studio. "Jest walk right up an' set. 'Tain't nothin'."

"Wall, now, David, if they hain't gone an' furgot to put in your wart," said Aunt Louisy as she sat admiring the pictures two weeks later. "I'd 'bout es soon thought o' their leavin' off your nose altogether es thet wart. I noticed sunthin' wus lackin' the very fust minute I sot eyes on it. An' your hair don't look gray a mite, David. Who'd 'a' thought you'd 'a' took such a spruce-lookin' pictur, an' you fifty year an' past, an' mighty nigh bald into the bargain."

"I wisht I'd 'a' thought an' combed my hair up a little mite looser. It looks real plastered. I rum! if you don't look younger'n me this minute, fur all your ole clothes. But I'd jest like to know if John'll see which one o' your feeters it is thet's missin'."

MAUDE MORRISON HUEY.

CORRECTED DEFINITION.

A—"Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man."

B—"Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother man divide with you."—Birmingham Post.

NEW CURE FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, ETC.—FREE TO ALL READERS.

All readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well-known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies have failed. Many ladies also testify to its curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. So fir the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. All Sufferers are advised to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

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THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

"The sun is about ninety-three millions of miles distant from the earth," writes Allen W. Quimby in June "Ladies' Home Journal." "It varies through the year because the earth's orbit is elliptical, and the sun is at one focus of the ellipse. The earth is more than three millions of miles nearer the sun in December than in June, at which time the latitudes south of the equator receive his direct rays and experience the great heat of the summer."

"Let us try to comprehend the figures stated. The other day two racers of the sea proudly lowered the record of transatlantic passage. Could they turn their prows to the sun, and drive their great engines day and night in the crossing of the ether main, it would be five hundred years before they could reach harbor."

"Most persons have noticed the appreciable interval of time between the stroke of an ax at a distance and the resultant sound; could we hear the sound of a solar explosion we would know that the explosion had occurred fourteen years before. Perhaps the most striking illustration is that which imagines a little child to have an arm long enough to reach the sun. The child might thrust its fingers into the seething fires, but it would grow up to maturity, and calmly descend into the valley of extreme old age, blissfully unconscious of any pain from the burning; in fact, it would require another such a lifetime to bring the news to the brain."

EVOLUTION.

Perhaps the most recent, as well as plausible, utterances concerning the theory of evolution are those delivered by Professor LeConte at the summer school at Eden, Me. He declared, in contradistinction to the usual view of exclusive organic evolution, that there are really four different kinds or grades of evolution, namely, physical, chem-

ical, organic and human, each determined by different forces, carried forward by a different process to different ends. Thus, cosmic evolution was determined mainly by gravitation, and though the details are not known, the best formulation of physical evolution, says the professor, is the nebular hypothesis. In the early stages of cosmic evolution, matter existed only in elementary forms, chemical affinity was held in abeyance by primal heat, and with cooling, chemical affinities brought complexity, until protoplasm, the most complex of all, was achieved, and chemical evolution could go no further; then came organic evolution on the ground achieved by chemical evolution, and the course of evolution was taken up on a higher plane. The function of organic evolution, however, is not abolished, but underlies the higher conditions, the whole process being not higher and higher, but more and more complex, the higher dominating the whole process.—New York Sun.

DISCOVERED.

The following instance of plagiarism detected, cited by the Syracuse "Post," seems to point the moral that if one wishes to pass off for his own the work of another author he should choose some one less widely known than Charles Lamb:

"And did you write this essay all by yourself?" inquired the great editor, gazing hard at the literary aspirant who had called to ascertain the fate of a manuscript submitted by him.

"Yes, it is my own writing," was the reply; "for it is my handwriting," he thought to himself.

"Well, then, Charles Lamb," remarked the editor, ironically, "I am much pleased to meet you."

RHEUMATISM CURED

By a simple remedy. For a free trial package address John A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.

Our Household.

THE WAY OF THE RAIN.

I heard an old farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide, new country, far away,
The rainfall follows the plow.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free,
And the tillage is begun,

"The earth grows mellow, and more and
more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before
When its face was hard and dry.

"And so wherever the plowshares run
The clouds run overhead;
And the soil that works and lets in the sun,
With water is always fed."

I wonder if that old farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message that heavenly true
Within it was hidden and heard?

It fell on my ear by chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plow.

WHY NOT GROW MUSHROOMS?

WHY the culture of mushrooms is not more extensively followed by people seeking money-making pursuits is difficult to understand. While it is generally supposed that they are grown with considerable difficulty, if a little attention is given the work, with intelligence and the exercise of judgment, its cultivation will be found easy.

The *Agaricus campestris* is the species of mushroom most commonly cultivated, and is readily sold for from one to two dollars a pound in our large markets. In its wild state it is known as the meadow-mushroom. The stem is short, solid and white; the flesh firm and white; the gills loose and pink when young, but changing to a dark hue when older.

Clean and carefully prepared manure, with sufficient sod and earth, will grow the most perfect plants. The mushroom is known to botanists as a very inferior order of organization, and is composed largely of the material from which it derives its existence. Scientific investigation has revealed the fact that poisonous vapors are readily absorbed by the fungi when grown in beds made of bad matter.

To cultivate mushrooms, the spawn may

be placed in small beds, boxes, baskets or pots, and kept in the dark. If a cellar is not available, a room may be used, when the boxes must be covered with green moss, to keep them moist. An excellent authority on the subject gives the following directions for raising mushrooms:

"A piece of spawn the size of a hen's egg should be placed in the center of each pot or box if small, and two pieces if large, the manure should be dropped in over the spawn and pressed down firmly. The box should then be filled with good loam and smoothed over. A warm, even temperature is the important factor in cultivating mushrooms. The cellar or room should be kept at about eighty degrees; and if the boxes or pots can be placed in a warm bed, the results will be more satisfactory. After a few days the spawn will soon cover the earth with little white threads, which should be rubbed off. As soon as the young mushrooms make their appearance, the boxes may be placed in an airy room, and occasionally uncovered, but must be kept at a temperature of sixty degrees. Water will be needed occasionally from the time of planting, and must be applied with judgment and regularity. Experience in this industry, as in all else, will soon teach the beginner how to avoid mistakes, and become a successful grower of this delicious esculent."

ELIZA R. PARKER.

AN ADDITION TO THE FESTIVE BOARD.

While the housewife can accomplish wonders in the line of puddings, cakes, pies and other dainty desserts, she cannot always concoct a beverage which will pleasantly quench the masculine thirst, and at the same time be strictly beneficial to the system. The following will be found to fill a long-desired want:

Home-made root-beer is not a new institution, by any means; in fact, it dates back many years originally, but is now being introduced again into many homes, to the delectation of the family, one and all. There are several brands of root-beer preparations now on the market, showing the popularity which home-made root-beer is attaining.

The ingredients required are the contents of a bottle of root-beer preparation, or extract, as it is also called, four pounds of granulated sugar, five gallons of lukewarm water and one half pint of fresh yeast or one half cake of fresh compressed yeast. In cool weather, double the quantity of yeast will be required. The sugar must first be thoroughly dissolved in the water, when the root-beer extract and the yeast should be added. (Of course, if the compressed yeast in cakes is used, it must first be dissolved in a little cold water, as it will mix more readily with the beer.) It must now be stirred until thoroughly mixed, then bottled at once.

Strong bottles or jugs may be used, but the corks must be tied in securely, as there will be more or less pressure, caused by fermentation. The ordinary beer-bottle, with its patent stopper, is by far the best for bottling root-beer, but it cannot always be obtained. After the beer is bottled, it

If you have not enough bottles for the entire five gallons which a bottle of root-beer extract will make, take one half or one fourth of all the ingredients mentioned, and mix as for the whole.

There are several excellent reasons why this beer makes a very desirable home drink—it costs very little, comparatively, requires little work and time, can be enjoyed by the entire family from the youngest to the oldest, and, as stated before, is strictly beneficial to the system, the extract containing medicinal roots, leaves, berries, etc., which tend to keep the stomach in a healthful condition.

Very explicit directions and suggestions go with each bottle of extract, but it is likely that the individual housewife will change them somewhat to suit her own individual taste. EMMA LOUISE HAUCK.

VARIETY IN TOAST-MAKING.

With the coming of the crisp, frosty mornings the mind of the housekeeper naturally turns to toast-making for breakfast or tea, for it makes such a cozy, comforting dish when Jack Frost is showing his white banner. Here are a few recipes to furnish an acceptable variety:

EGG ON TOAST.—This, if properly prepared, is as attractive to the eye as to the palate. Poach as many eggs as there are slices of toast; on each slice of bread lay a sprig or two of parsley, and with a broad-bladed knife, or, better still, a cake-turner, deftly place an egg on the center of each so it will cover the stem of the parsley, and serve on small plates.

HAM TOAST.—Remove the fat from pieces of cold boiled ham, and chop fine. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan, add the minced meat and a half cupful of sweet milk, season with pepper and salt, and when it comes to a boil, remove from the fire and stir in quickly three well-beaten eggs; pour all over thin slices of toast, and serve hot.

CREAMED BEEF TOAST.—Chop bits of cold beef, veal or mutton. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, and let it brown a trifle; then add a heaping tablespoonful of flour, smooth it in the butter, and add a cupful of sweet milk; put in the cold meat, season with salt, pepper and celery salt, let simmer five or ten minutes, and pour over slices of toast.

ONIONS ON TOAST.—Pare, quarter and parboil fair-sized onions, cover with fresh boiling water, and stew until tender and the water has nearly boiled away; add a cupful of sweet milk, and when it boils, a generous lump of butter and a tablespoonful of flour smoothed in a little cold milk; cook two or three minutes longer; arrange two or three quarters of onion on each slice of toast, add enough of the dressing to moisten, and serve at once on small plates.

CELERY AND TOAST.—Slice the root of the celery, and cut the outer unblanched or tough stalks into pieces about an inch long; stew until tender, in as little water as possible, season with pepper and celery salt; when done, make a dressing as just described for the onions, and serve in the same way.

CANNED PEAS.—These may be prepared with a dressing similar to celery, and are very nice served with toast.

TOMATOES WITH TOAST.—Take a pint of canned tomatoes, season, and add a bit of chopped onion if liked; when it boils, add a bit of soda as large as a pea, and skim; add a cupful of rich milk or cream in which a tablespoonful of flour has been smoothed, cook two or three minutes longer, and serve hot over toast.

APPLE TOAST.—This is perhaps the most delicious of all. Pare and slice five or six apples. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter into a frying-pan, and when hot, put in the apples, and stir until a delicate brown; then add sugar to taste and a little hot water—perhaps half a cupful—cover, and cook until the water is evaporated, but do not allow them to sear. Butter slices of stale bread on both sides, and fry on the cake-griddle until a delicate brown, cover each one thickly with apples, and serve at once. Crisp fried potatoes and boiled eggs make a nice accompaniment for this.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

PLEURISY PAINS. Asthmatic and all Throat affections, are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectoant. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES AND APRONS.

The models we illustrate for a little child are simple and neat in their suggestion, and any one furnished with a good-fitting waist pattern can accomplish the rest, as it all depends upon the arrangement of the outside material. Upon the simple yoke-dress is a design worked in cross-stitch. The white collar can be separate from the dress, so that it may be laundered frequently, thereby always ap-



pearing clean. The little apron is a simple slip with a large pointed collar trimmed with insertion and embroidery.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole.
A single stitch in an endless web;
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is
lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads are
crossed;
And each life that fails of the true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.
—Susan Coolidge.

COMPASSION FOR THE ERRING.

Imagine the thoughts of the poor despised jail-bird when the good old-fashioned mince or pumpkin pies are brought in on Thanksgiving morning—when he has a tangible and substantial reminder that Christian compassion for the erring and fallen has not died out of all hearts. The following item, clipped from the Lewiston, Maine, "Journal" of November 23, 1894, illustrates my meaning:

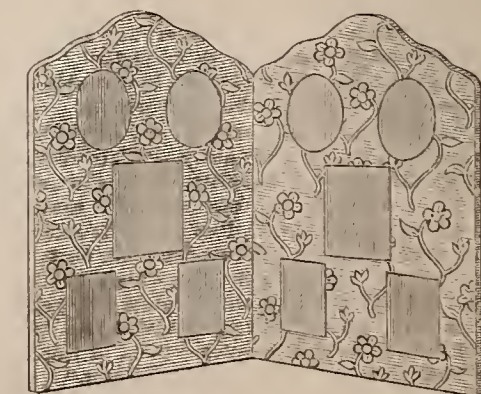
"Over one hundred years ago Mrs. Hannah North, of Augusta, sent a lot of mince pies to the inmates of the Augusta jail, one Thanksgiving day. The next year she repeated the kindness, and each following year as long as she lived. Then her daughter, Mrs. Hannah Bridge, took up the work, and in turn was succeeded by her daughter, Mrs. Hannah Williams, now over eighty years of age, who, on Thursday, sent thirty-seven pies to the prisoners."

No wonder the paper calls it a happy inheritance. There are many more imposing styles of Christian action, but think of the solid pleasure conferred in one hundred years of nice, newly made New England pies! And the thought that must have come into dull minds, "Some one pities and loves me, low as I am."

H. M. PLUNKETT.

LINEN PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

This should first be laid out on paper, to see where the openings will come.



Transfer them to linen, and leave the places for the pictures marked until the embroidery is finished. Pepper the linen with designs of small flowers which can be worked in various colors. When finished, give it to a good picture-framer to mount for you.



be placed in small beds, boxes, baskets or pots, and kept in the dark. If a cellar is not available, a room may be used, when the boxes must be covered with green moss, to keep them moist. An excellent authority on the subject gives the following directions for raising mushrooms:

"A piece of spawn the size of a hen's egg should be placed in the center of each pot or box if small, and two pieces if large, the manure should be dropped in over the spawn and pressed down firmly. The box should then be filled with good

must be put in a warm place for several hours, in order that it may become effervescent. If first placed where it is cold, the yeast, as in bread, will not perform its work. After standing several hours in a warm place, put it where the temperature is cool and even.

While it can be used the day after being bottled, it is much better when a week old; in fact, age is a decided improvement. Shortly before using, place on ice or in a very cold place, as the beer will be much more delicious and sparkling.

OAK-LEAF AND ACORN LACE.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Th o means put thread over to make a stitch; n, narrow; p, purl or seam; k, knit; knit two stitches in one, purl one, begin at the first row again.

Cast on 31 stitches, and knit across plain.

First row—Th o, n, k 7, o, k 3, p 1, n, k 3, o and narrow twice, k 3, o, n, k 2.

Second row—K 4, p 11, k 1, p 8, o and narrow twice, o, k 1, p 1.

Third row—Th o, n, k 8, o, k 2 in next stitch, o, k 2, n, p 1, n, k 2, o and n twice, k 7.

Fourth row—K 4, p 10, k 1, p 11, o and n twice, o, k 1, p 1.

Fifth row—Th o, n, k 9, o, k 2 in each of next 3 stitches, o, k 2, n, p 1, n, k 3, o, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 2.

Sixth row—K 4, p 10, k 1, p 16, o and n twice, o, k 1, p 1.

Seventh row—Th o, n, k 9, n, o, k 6, o, k 2, n, p 1, n, k 3, o and n twice, k 1, o, n, k 2.

Eighth row—K 4, p 9, k 1, p 14, p 2 together, o, p 1, o and n twice, o, k 1, p 1.

Ninth row—Th o, n, k 10, n, o, k 6, o, k 2, n, p 1, n, k 2, o, n, o, k 7.

Tenth row—K 4, p 9, k 1, p 4, k 2 in next 6 stitches, p 3, p 2 together, o, p 3, o and n twice, o, k 1, p 1.

Eleventh row—Th o, n, k 11, n, o, p 12, o, k 2, n, p 1, n, k 1, o, n, o, k 4, o, n, k 2.

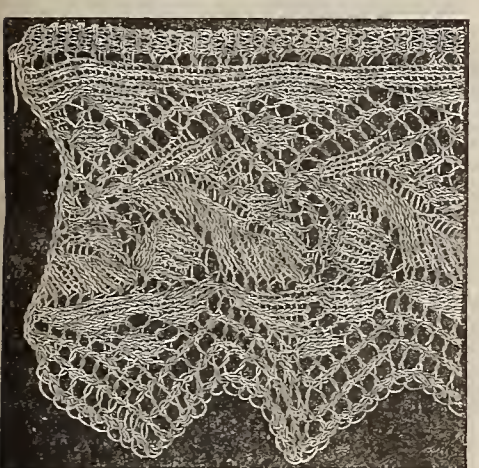
Twelfth row—K 4, p 9, k 1, p 4, n six times, p 2, p 2 together, o, p 5, o and n twice, o, k 1, p 1.

Thirteenth row—Th o, n, k 12, n, o, p 6, o, k 2, n, p 1, k 2, o, n, o, k 9.

Fourteenth row—K 4, p 10, k 1, p 4, n three times, p 4, o, p 2 together, p 1, p 2 together, o and n three times, p 1.

Fifteenth row—Th o, n, k 12, o, p 3 together, o, k 2, n, p 1, k 2, o, n, o, k 6, o, n, k 2.

Sixteenth row—K 4, p 11, k 1, p 12, o, p 3 together, o and n three times, p 1.



Seventeenth row—Th o, n, k 11, o, k 3, o, n, o, k 1, n, p 1, k 2, o, n, o, k 11.

Eighteenth row—K 4, p 13, k 1, p 14, p 2 together, o and n twice, p 1.

Nineteenth row—Th o, n, k 10, o, k 5, o and n twice, p 1, n, o, n, o, k 1, o, n, k 5, o, n, k 2.

Twentieth row—K 4, p 12, k 1, p 13, p 2 together, o and n three times, p 1.

Twenty-first row—Th o, n, k 9, o, k 7, o, n, o, k 3 together, o, n, o, k 3, o, n, k 8.

Twenty-second row—K 9, p 26, p 2 together, o, n three times, p 1.

Twenty-third row—Th o, n, k 8, o, k 4, p 1, k 4, o, slip 1, k 1, bind, slip 1, n, bind, pass the first slipped stitch over the last one, o, k 5, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 2.

Twenty-fourth row—K 4, p 17, k 1, p 8, o and n three times, p 1.

Twenty-fifth row—Th o, n, k 8, o, k 3, n, p 1, n, k 3, o and n twice, k 1, n, o, n, k 7.

Twenty-sixth row—K 4, p 15, k 1, p 6, p 2 together, o and n three times, p 1.

Twenty-seventh row—Th o, n, k 7, o, k 3, n, p 1, n, k 3, o, n, o, k 3 together, o, k 5, o, n, k 2.

Twenty-eighth row—K 4, p 14, k 1, p 5, p 2 together, o and n three times, p 1.

Twenty-ninth row—Th o, n, k 6, o, k 3, n, p 1, n, k 3, o and n twice, k 9.

Thirtieth row—K 4, p 12, k 1, p 7, o and n three times, p 1.

JANETT MCWHARTER.

AN ANGORA-CAT FARM.

A cat-farm! Why, who ever heard of such a thing? But if you were to visit this farm where sole attention is given to the raising of these beautiful cats, you would soon change your opinion, and be loath to go away without one. About fifteen cats are on one farm, all of one color, or set of colors. They are as carefully kept from mixing as fine chickens. An out-kitchen or room is attached, with a small hole for admitting them, in which are boxes, baskets and barrels containing

lay or pieces of blankets, for the winters there are rather severe. Their sleeping-room is always kept very neat, and their habits are trained from the time they are small kittens. They readily drink milk and eat oatmeal and new bread, but very little meat, and that always well cooked, as it destroys the luster and softness of their hair, which is their chief beauty. In size they are about three times as large as an ordinary house-cat, having a heavier body, medium short legs, a large, bushy tail, and, to top all, one of the brightest faces in a clear, finely shaped



head set off by a frill or ruff of curly hair about the neck not unlike the theater-collar. They have a degree of intelligence that is remarkable, and can be taught many tricks. The breeders do not handle them much, and they are as thoroughbred as thoroughbred horses or cattle.

They head the list to-day as a favorite pet animal for all those who can afford the price. When first imported, they were only within the reach of the very rich, but now they have become lower in price. A walk down the avenue of one of our large cities any morning shows the maids out with their mistress' pet Angoras for an airing. The finest one in America is a beautiful white one valued at five hundred dollars. They come in ten or twelve different colors, but the solid colors are the most expensive. The Angora cat is now considered a necessary adjunct of my lady's household, compelling the pug-dog to take a back seat. They are shipped at ten weeks old, and at that age vary in price from twenty-five dollars up.

The cat has never been appreciated, and may well be likened unto the slaves of the old South in the way they have been tormented and abused. Their emancipation day should come, when they should at least be treated equally as well as any other domestic animal. BELLE KING.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG MOTHERS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

I see young mothers so ambitious to excel in housekeeping that they are blighting their lives by bringing on nervous prostration, and by undertaking daily a weary round of household duties.

A clean, sweet home is a charming spot, but remember that an overtired, nervous, worn-out housekeeper cannot make a happy home for anybody. It is the people inhabiting a home who make a paradise of it. It may be an immaculate, well-kept house, but it is not a restful abiding-place for a family unless the mother's smile helps to cheer it. It is the dearest recollection in the world to have had hours of her dear company. No amount of wealth or grandeur can make up for the loss of mother's and father's companionship at home when a child. The very happiest homes are those where crossness from overwork and fatigue is absent. You owe it to yourself to stop and consider.

Each of us has his worries, and has need to consider that wise old saying, "Sleep over your troubles." We are apt to degenerate into selfish, unsympathizing friends and neighbors. We need to be more in touch with those around us. "Just us, and our son John, and his son John," is the religion of some people. Oh the pity of it! The best woman I ever knew had had the most trouble—had lost a good husband, her children, parents, brothers and sisters. She made me a visit, and then I learned why it was that everybody wanted her to visit them, and was loath to give her up. Her sole thought was to make me happy—never a word

about her sorrows. "Don't worry over little things, dear," she would say, gently. "You have so much to make you happy." She saw directly what I disliked about housekeeping, and straightway went to work to teach me to like it. My servant was taken sick while she was with me, and in those first days of housekeeping I had not learned to quit worrying.

"You dread washing dishes," my friend said, "and say it is such a drudgery. Don't think of it in that way. Let me help you."

"Oh, I shall never like it!" I exclaimed, impulsively.

She made me several mops to save my hands; hemmed me half a dozen linen tea-towels, some especially for glassware; made me a present of a cedar tub in which to wash my dishes, and of a boxful of washing-powder. She said she would wash the dishes while I wiped them. I told her that her pretty little hands looked too dainty to do such work, but she said, "There is where you are mistaken. Prepare to do your work daintily by having everything conducive to it, then it loses its disagreeable features." And she was right, for after she finished them, I exclaimed, "Oh, what beauties!" The tumblers looked like cut glass, although they were just the ordinary ones. From that time until now I have never disliked washing dishes.

"Of all things pertaining to housekeeping," said my friend, "this should be the most fastidious. Three times a day to eat out of dishes not looking first-class is a trial to fastidious persons, and a table can never look elegant unless the glass, silver and china are well kept."

She taught me many lessons of patience and the necessity of resting. "Don't use your strength sweeping, as you do every day; get a strong, able-bodied man or woman to come in twice a week and sweep your rooms, then just pick up the straws, threads and such. Save your dear back that aches so much." Although I found this an excellent arrangement, and she gave me other such good advice, I often prostrated myself trying to have my house in perfect order.

We have need of such dear, cheery visitors in our homes. They stay our hands in time, and sometimes save our lives. My neighbor over the way is now at a sanatorium because she would not listen to advice from those who loved her. "Do not run your machine to-day," they said, "but take a day's outing." She would reply, "Oh, no; I cannot spare the time." But now the time must be spared, and she must endure the suffering, and separation from her little family, besides the expense. She has been absent from the family circle a year, and how the husband and children miss her and need her!

I wish I had a fairy wand to lull you to rest when your limbs ache, and your brain is tired thinking over the problem of the duties that arise day in and day out. But I have only my feeble pen to warn you. Take a day's outing, or a few days away from home, and you will return feeling years younger, and so refreshed in



mind and body, every member of your family will feel the sunshine of your presence. It will benefit the whole household. Unless you try this, you will not have an idea of its recuperative powers. Just one day spent in the country when the orchards are in bloom, dining with an old friend, talking over your young days, will be worth everything to you. Let that pantry shelf go to-day, let the dust accumulate in the spare room and parlor, and let husband and children eat a cold luncheon one day. SARA H. HENTON.

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12 Yards Torchon LACE Given Away. All one piece FREE to all sending 10c. for paper 3 mos. Fireside Gem, Waterville, Maine.

Our Household.

OCTOBER.

BY CARRIE O'NEAL.

October wreathed the world with mist,
With plumes of purple amethyst.
While on the hill, in field and wood,
The golden autumn emblems stood.
The maples, too, he softly pressed:
They crimson blushed as he caressed.
And drifted down the woodland aisles,
Lured by the witchery of his smiles.
His ruddy locks with nuts were twined,
And roughened by the autumn wind:
With youth's abandon gay he laughed
The while the purple wine he quaffed.
At last, with pensive air, and sad,
To flowers and leaves good-by he bade;
So gracefully he did surrender,
We looked, and lo! we saw November.

HOME TOPICS.

BAKED APPLES.—There is no more delicious or healthful dessert than baked apples, either sweet or sour, and served either plain or with cream and sugar. If you want a little change from plain baked apples, pare and core them, taking the core from the blossom-end of the apple, leaving the stem-end whole. Make a syrup of a pint of water and a teaspoonful of sugar, set the apples in this syrup, as many as the pan will hold, put half a teaspoonful of sugar and a bit of butter into each apple, and sprinkle a little cinnamon over the top; set them in the oven, and bake until done, basting the apples often with the syrup in the pan.

COLDS.—The season of colds has come again. A little mother said to me only a day or two ago: "I have only just stopped watching the children for fear of cholera infantum and other hot-weather diseases, and now I must be on guard against colds and croup."

One reason why a cold is frequently so troublesome and hard to get rid of is because we neglect the use of proper remedies, and think "it will wear off." If the children have colds, mother generally is prompt with her treatment, but she does not see how she can spare the time to go to bed for a day or two when she has "only a cold," and the result is often a week or two of dragging around, and perhaps she is finally compelled to submit to a much longer confinement in bed and a doctor's bill, if not some more serious result.

When one is conscious of having taken cold, the first thing to be done is to take measures to equalize the temperature of the body, and thus subdue any tendency to congestion. A hot foot bath and hot drinks will aid in this. Drink a hot lemonade, and cover up warm in bed, and in nine cases out of ten the symptoms of cold will disappear in a few hours. Forty-eight hours of rest, warmth and a very light diet, drinking all the hot lemonade



or even hot water that is possible, would ward off many an illness of weeks', perhaps months', duration.

SAVING STEPS.—"Two steps to go up and down between the dining-room and kitchen will wear out any ordinary woman in a few years," said an eminent New York physician. While a good many houses have no steps between the dining-room and kitchen, yet almost all have the

cellar stairs, leading to store and milk-rooms, which must be traveled over many times a day, and nearly always with the hands full; butter, milk, vegetables and fruit must all be brought from the cellar. This is one reason why an outdoor cellar opening from the kitchen is preferable to a cellar under the house.

While visiting a friend, I could but notice the ease with which she did her work. The house was built on the top of a hill, with the back of the house on the slope. In this way the front of the house was two stories high, while the back was three stories. Across the back of the house was a two-story veranda, upon which the kitchen and a hall leading to the dining-room opened. In this hall were broad, easy stairs leading to the second floor, on which were sitting-room, parlor, library and my friend's bedroom. The other sleeping-rooms were on the upper floor. The front of the house was entered through a hall from a veranda only three steps from the ground.

The cellar was under the front part of the house, and entered from the kitchen without any steps. The well and cistern were on the lower back veranda, and here the washing, ironing and much of the other kitchen work was done in the summer. The upper back veranda was used for drying clothes in cold or stormy weather, and for airing bedding, etc. Six feet of the east end of this porch, which faced the south, was inclosed with glass, making a nice little conservatory, which opened out of the library. It seemed to me this was one of the best constructed houses for making work easy that I ever saw.

MAIDA McL.

HOUSE JACKET.

This jacket is made on a loose-fitting dress-lining, and the outside put on much as the top part of a Mother-Hubbard. The sleeves can be of any comfortable style, and the trimming simple buttonhole embroidery upon the material, with ribbons of the same color as the embroidery-silk.

A CAKE FESTIVAL.

A very successful and enjoyable way to raise funds for a church or society is to have a cake festival. The one of which I am about to tell was the direct result of a long controversy as to just the proper manner of raising money for an organ fund without encroaching upon the livelihood of some member of their little community. Finally a plan was perfected; they would give a festival, at which the only articles offered for sale, except coffee and cream, would be cake in all varieties, and the recipes for making them. Cake would be served in slices, with either coffee and cream or tea, at small tables, where the purchasers might sit and enjoy them at their leisure.

At other tables cake would be for sale by the slice, pound or whole, or by the dozen if small; the whole cake to be wrapped up in attractive white paper, the smaller quantities to be put into fancy paper boxes or bags, and small squares of pale-tinted paper would be provided for holding one or more slices which young purchasers might particularly wish to test at once.

Instead of soliciting for contributions of cakes, a sufficient sum was taken from the funds on hand to purchase all needed material for a large supply, and pay two good bakers to assist as long as needed, each member of the society agreeing to give a certain amount of time and work. Some had in their possession valued old family recipes which had been handed down; others had well-tested later-day recipes of renown.

The younger members were to do the copying of the recipes, and these were to be for sale singly, or collectively in small booklets, at prices ranging from five to twenty-five cents. The booklets had a simple decoration and the date of the festival on the cover. The single recipes were gotten up in various odd and attractive ways. For example, the recipe for cookies was on a card cut the size and shape of a cookie, and painted with water-colors on one side to represent one of these flat cakes. Other cards were cut into shapes of slices of cakes, and painted in imitation of fruit, chocolate, coconut, pound cake, etc. The other part of their work was to attend to the thorough distribution of small bills advertising the festival, and soliciting orders for cake.

It was a grand success, due in a large

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measure to the superior quality of the cake, and the reasonable prices charged for it. The following recipes are the ones by which many of the delicious cakes which proved so satisfactory were made:

DELICATE CAKE.—

- 1 cupful of butter,
- 2½ cupfuls of granulated sugar,
- 1 cupful of sweet milk,
- 4 cupfuls of flour,
- 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder,
- 6 eggs, broken in one by one.

Beat the dough thoroughly after putting in each egg. This was baked in loaves, small cakes and layer, and put together with different things.

WHITE CAKE.—

- 2-3 of a cupful of butter,
- 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar,
- 1 cupful of sweet milk,
- 3 cupfuls of sifted flour,
- 3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder,
- 5 eggs, whites of.

Flavor with vanilla.

This was baked in loaves, small cakes and layer cakes.

LEMON TEA-CAKE.—

- 1 egg,
- 1 cupful of sugar,
- ½ cupful of butter,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of milk,
- 3 lemons, juice and grated rind,
- 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder,
- Flour enough to roll out.

Cut with a cake-cutter.

COOKIES.—

- 2 cupfuls of sugar,
- 1 cupful of butter or lard,
- 3 eggs,
- 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a spoonful of water,
- Flavor with nutmeg.

Stir in sifted flour until the dough can be rolled with a rolling-pin—the softer the dough the better—stamp out in small cakes, sprinkle sugar lightly over the top

when in the pan before baking, and bake in a quick oven.

FRUIT-CAKE.—Wash one pound of butter in some rose-water, beat to a cream, then add three fourths of a pound of sugar. Beat ten eggs, yolks and whites separately, add them to the sugar and butter, then add one and one half pounds of nicely cleaned and dried currants, one fourth of a pound of blanched and pounded almonds and one fourth of a pound of finely cut citron; mix all, add half a pint of orange-water, and beat all very thoroughly for at least an hour.

CRULLERS.—Take one cupful of sugar, a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg rubbed well in the flour, two eggs beaten into the sugar and butter, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and flavor.

POUND-CAKE.—

- 1 pound of butter,
- 1 pound of sugar,
- 1 pound of flour,
- 10 eggs,
- 2 tablespoonfuls of rose-water.

Beat sugar and butter together as light as possible, then add gradually the rose-water and about one fourth of the flour. Whisk the eggs until very thick, stir in the butter and sugar gradually, then the remainder of the flour, a small quantity at a time, beat all well together. Line the pan with white paper slightly greased with butter, put in the batter, smooth the top, and bake in a moderate oven about two and one half hours.

GINGERSNAPS.—

- 1½ cupfuls of New Orleans molasses,
- 2-3 of a cupful of butter,
- 1 teaspoonful of soda,
- ½ cupful of water,
- 2 tablespoonfuls of ginger.

Mix soft, roll very thin, and bake very quickly. Put into a pan so they will not stick together.

M. E. SMITH.

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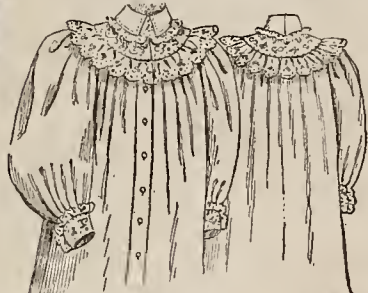
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Our Sunday Afternoon.

THE STARS.

I lay at my ease in my little boat,
Fast moored to the shore of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed
In the breeze
At God's own sky beyond.

And I thought of the want and the sin in the
world.

And the pain and the grief they bring,
And I marveled at God for spreading abroad
Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
And the sky grew dim and gray
And faded from sight: and I grumbled at
Night
For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just the speck of a
face

Peeped forth from its window bars;
And I laughed to see it smile at me:
I had not thought of the stars!

There are millions of loving thoughts and
deeds

All ripe for awakening.
That never would start from the world's cold
heart

But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night is somber and cold,
And the day was warm and fine;
And yet if the day never faded away
The stars would never shine!

—Robert Beverly Hale, in Harper's Weekly.

SUNDAY BICYCLING.

BOB BURDETTE has the following to say about Sunday bicycling: "Certainly, brother, you will ride your bicycle to the park on Sunday. How else will you get to the park? Did anybody ever go to the park before there were bicycles? And how can a poor man, bound to the life of a slave with drudgery and toil, who has only one bicycle that has cost him one hundred dollars, afford a nickel car-fare or spare a half day to go to the park? What is the Sabbath for, anyhow? When the Sabbath was instituted, the only man on earth was in the only park on earth, and had no such use for a bicycle. And when God told Moses to 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' where was Moses? He was in the wilderness, where there were no parks, and he had no bicycle, either. But now just see how you are fixed. Parks and boulevards only a mile or two away. Sunday morning rushing in on you every week. Money all gone—spent your last cent to pay first instalment on your bicycle. Can't lay off a half day because the other instalments are coming due. What is a man to do? Certainly you will ride your bicycle to the park on Sunday. And when you get to heaven—if you ever should—what glorious descriptions you can give the angels of the sacred scenes and the outer costumes you have witnessed at the parks on Sunday; or, in the other place, which is more likely, what a comfort it will be to reflect that, at all events, you saw the parks! You see, there will be no parks there—not a park. Certainly the Sabbath was made for man. So, also, was the buzz-saw. But it is not every man who knows how to use a buzz-saw. The man who uses it wrong generally wishes there had been none made for him. In some respects the Sabbath may prove like the buzz-saw. It is to be feared, from the way some people misuse the Sabbath, that they will wish it had never been made."

BE KINDLY.

If only men would give to the living some of that which they bestow so lavishly upon them when they are dead, what a different world this would be! Even a little of that which is sculptured on the cold marble would, if breathed from the warm lips, have made many a one happy for life. One of the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is that they can send their love by a bird to their dead ones. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to sing. They then load it with kisses and caresses, and set it at liberty over the grave of the maiden who had died, believing that it will not fold its wings or close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit-land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost; and it is not uncommon for twenty or thirty birds to be loosed over the same grave. Many and many a husband and wife, many a brother and sister, would give all they have if

only they could send to their dead ones an expression of love, which might have been so easily made in life. And how many sons and daughters would now send messages unsaying many things which should never have been said, and saying many things which were, alas! left unsaid. Let the song-birds of soft looks, of soft words, fly now. Now we know that they can reach, and we shall have this great advantage—the song-birds will fly back to us again.—Churchman.

CANADA'S FOREST WEALTH.

The forests of Canada, says an exchange devoted to the lumber interests, have supplied, more or less, the wants of Europe for centuries. From the earliest days of its occupation by the French the forest wealth of the country washed by the St. Lawrence, engaged the attention of the government of France, who saw therein vast resources available for their naval yards. They drew from these forests large numbers of masts and spars, and issued stringent regulations for the preservation of the standing oak. When the country was first ceded to Great Britain but little attention was paid at first to its vast timber supply, owing to the fact that almost the whole of the Baltic trade was carried on in British bottoms, and that the timber of northern Europe provided an unfailing and convenient return freight for the shipping thus engaged. When, however, the troubles of the Napoleonic era commenced, and especially when the continental blockade was enforced, the timber supplies of the Baltic becoming uncertain and insufficient, attention was directed to the North American colonies, with the result of increasing the quantity of timber which reached Great Britain from 2,600 tons in the year 1800 to 125,300 tons in 1810, and to 308,000 tons in 1820. In 1895 the amount exported to the United Kingdom showed a total of 1,310,685 tons.

OBEDIENCE IN THE HOME.

The first and fundamental thing that the home has to do for the child in the way of education is to help to make of him a little moral vertebrate. There needs to be developed an osseous shaft running up and down him that shall form the axis around which his growing personality shall gather itself in compactness and fixity. That will make the boy mean something, and make him mean more and more until the end of time, and clear on into eternity. It is the only thing that will make him worth calling a personal integer. To learn to obey is the hardest, even as it is the most valuable, lesson a child can ever acquire. It is not only valuable for what it is in itself, it is also valuable for what it serves as the basis of. One of the first things told us of Jesus has to do with this same matter. It is related to us that he was subject to his parents, and the narrative immediately goes on to remark that he grew in wisdom and favor with God and men. The close juxtaposition of the two seems calculated to teach that obedience was the seed-kernel out of which his intelligence and holiness waxed.—C. H. Parkhurst.

BELIEVE ALSO IN ME.

There is no journey of life but has its cloudy days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way, or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunder-claps and bursts of outlooked-for sorrows are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics.

When we suddenly come out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the cup becomes luminous with glory. The fourteenth chapter of John never falls with such music on our ears as when we catch its sweet strains amid the pauses of a terrific storm: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. I will not leave you comfortless."—T. L. Cuyler.

SEVEN QUESTIONS.

If you meet with an atheist, do not let him entangle you in the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises, you must learn to make the rabbi's answer, "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions:

1. What did matter come from; can a dead thing create itself?
2. Where did motion come from?
3. Where life came from, save the finger-tip of Omnipotence?
4. Whence came the exquisite order and design in nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the divine comedy of Dante, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?
5. Whence came consciousness?
6. Who gave you free will?
7. Whence came conscience?

He who says there is no God, in the face of these questions, talks simply stupendous nonsense. This, then, is one of the foundations—one of the things which cannot be shaken and will remain. From this belief in God follows the belief in God's providence, the belief that "we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture."—Archdeacon Farrar.

THE PROMISES.

Does your spirit faint? The divine promises are a dropping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the water of life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of day? They are as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road and to bear you on with gladness of heart. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision, and the thirstiest wilderness will become an Elim, with palm-trees and wells of water.—Andrew Geikie.

THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY.

Jesus of Nazareth is something more than the Christ of history—a blessed memory; or the Christ of the prophecy—a sublime hope; he is the Christ of to-day, and of every day, a living reality in our lives, a very present help in time of need. Faith lays hold upon him as one who is ever with us in the church, in the household and in the world. He is the close companion of our daily lives. We walk the hard hill-roads of life with burning hearts because he bears us company. We pass through valleys of death shade with fearless step, led by his invisible hand. In the glory of his presence toil and pain are transfigured. There is no break in our trustful intimacy. No shadow of possible change mars our joyful fellowship.—James M. Campbell.

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headache, pains in nearly all parts of my body. My physician said it was only indigestion, but his medicine did not help me any. I began the use of the Pinkham Remedies, particularly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now those troubles are cured.

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Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Harvesting Navy-beans.—T. A. C., Mt. Carmel, Ky. Navy-beans, like all other field-beans, must be pulled when ripe, or as soon as the first frost strikes them, and left in the field, roots up, until well cured and dry. They may then be stored in a dry loft, or better, spread right on a solid floor and threshed with the flail, unless a bean-thresher is available to make quicker work of this job.

Timothy-seed.—J. L. J., Madison Lake, Minn., writes: "If timothy is cut the last part of June, will seed form in the second crop?"

REPLY:—Under unusually favorable conditions the second crop of timothy, if the first is cut very early, might form seed, but the plan is not practical, since the required conditions of moisture and temperature during midsummer seldom prevail.

Fattening Shoats.—J. R. G., Brownsville, Tenn., writes: "Upon what, how often and how much should half-grown shoats be fed to prepare them for killing this winter?"

REPLY:—Let them run on good pasture, and three times a day feed what corn they will eat up clean. If in addition you can give them, morning and evening, mill-feed slop, all the better. If they are in thrifty condition now, six or eight weeks of corn-feeding will put them in fine condition for killing.

Salty Soil.—H. W. G., Cherokee City, Ark., writes: "I have a small piece of ground where a smoke-house stood for many years, and nothing will grow on it. As I want to make a garden of the spot, please let me know what will remove the salt and bring the land back to its former fertility."

REPLY:—The quickest way to prepare this small plot for gardening is to remove about one foot of the surface soil, scattering it around over the garden, and fill in with fresh soil. The soil under the old smoke-house probably contains nitrates as well as salt, and is of value as a fertilizer for the garden.

Treatment for Bean-weevil.—W. B. L., Gratiot, Ohio, writes: "Having been successful in killing the weevils in my beans with bisulphid of carbon, according to your advice, I write to ask whether the treatment will hurt the beans for eating during the winter. If the carbon kills the weevils, it is most likely a strong poison, and we would be afraid to eat the beans."

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—No need of being afraid. Bisulphid of carbon is a poison, yet it is so very volatile that it soon evaporates completely, without leaving so much as a trace in taste or smell. The treatment is entirely safe in every respect. The beans will be good for eating as well as for seed.

Plow for Sticky Soil.—G. H., Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "We have some peat soil and have not yet found a plow that will scour in it; have tried two chilled plows and a steel plow. Who has plows for a peaty soil?"

REPLY:—Select a steel plow that has a mold-board with a long, easy turn. A steel plow with an abrupt, or old-ground, mold-board will not scour in some soils. Get a sod-ground steel plow. If your dealer in agricultural implements does not have them, send to some of the western plow manufacturers. Deere & Co., Moline, Ill., make special plows for sticky soil.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

So-called Sweeney.—J. V. S., Pella, Iowa. Exempt your young mare from all kinds of hard work, feed her regularly and well with good and nutritious food, and allow her all the voluntary exercise she is willing to take, and by next spring she will be all right, provided you avoid all kinds of quackery, particularly any roweling and other useless and injurious operations.

A Swelled Leg.—W. E. B., Gainesville, Fla. If the swelling of your horse's leg is of an edematous (finger-marks receiving) character, your veterinarian's diagnosis probably is correct. If so, look for small sores on the lower part of the leg, particularly on the posterior surface of the pastern, and bring them to healing as soon as possible. This you can do by making, three times a day, liberal applications of a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts, to every sore you can find. The swelling itself is best reduced by judiciously applied bandages, to be renewed two or three times a day.

Periodical Indigestion.—M. J., Teegarden, Ohio. Your cow, it seems, suffers from periodical indigestion. A permanent cure, of course, would require a removal of the cause, but as the latter cannot be ascertained except by a thorough and careful examination and investigation, the only advice I can give you is to feed that cow as regularly as you possibly can, and to give her only such food as is perfectly sound and easy of digestion. If you do this, the attacks are apt to be less frequent, and possibly may

not reoccur. As long as the cause is not known, any radical treatment is out of the question, and all that can be done by way of treatment is to fight dangerous symptoms when an attack is on.

Lumps.—O. A. W., Manchester, Mich. You say your heifer has two lumps in her neck, close to the jaw, the one the size of a goose egg and the other twice the size. Some people call every enlargement, no matter whether a swelling or a tumor, an exostosis or a hernia, a warble or even an abscess, a "lump." How, then, can you expect me to know what you mean without giving any description whatever beyond a statement of the approximate size. If the "lumps" are situated on both sides of the larynx, one on each side, they may possibly be the enlarged thyroid glands, and constitute what is usually called goiter, and if they are on the head, they may possibly be actinomycotic tumors. There are still more possibilities.

Flat Warts.—D. S. P., Cumington, Mass. If the warts of your horse are situated on tender skin, flat or sessile, and in circumference not larger than a quarter of a dollar, the best way to remove them, probably, will be by painting them over with a concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate in strong alcohol. This is best done with a short camel's-hair pencil, and must be done every few minutes until the whole wart is covered with a thin and uniform layer of the corrosive sublimate, deposited on the surface of the wart by the evaporation of the alcohol. Of course, care must be taken to have the pencil not too full, and to bring the corrosive sublimate in contact with nothing else but the surface of the wart. Since your horse has half a dozen of these warts, it will be a good plan to paint first No. 1, then No. 2, and so on until each one has received one coat, and then begin again with No. 1, and paint them again and again in the same order as before, until a sufficient layer of corrosive sublimate has been deposited on all of them. If in a few days the warts begin to shrink, no more treatment will be necessary; if not, the treatment must be repeated in a week or two.

Epileptic Fits.—H. C. J., Star Lake, Minn., writes: "Please tell me what to do for a cow that has fits. She seems perfectly well only for that. All at once, while eating, she throws up her head and begins to stagger backward, and falls over. She jerks all over, and sometimes froths at the mouth. After laying a few minutes she gets up, and acts as though she were blind for a bit. Then she seems as well as ever. She does not have these fits very often. She chews anything; likes clothing, if she can get at it. That is all there is about her that is not all right, so far as I know."

REPLY:—What you describe appear to be epileptic fits, but whether your cow suffers from genuine epilepsy, defined as a functional neurosis of the brain (causes unknown and incurable), or whether the fits are due to so-called spurious epilepsy (various morbid conditions produced by various causes), I cannot decide. Sometimes such a spurious epilepsy is caused by severe digestive disorders, the presence of certain intestinal worms (particularly in dogs), etc. If such is the case, the removal of the causes constitutes the remedy. Since your cow shows a vitiated appetite, it may be worth while to put her on a well-regulated diet, and to feed her regularly with nothing but sound and nutritious food easy of digestion. If this has not the desired effect, it will, at any rate, improve her condition, and may fit her for beef in a few months. As a medicine, bromide of potassium, to be given in one-ounce doses, together with some aromatic vegetable powder, has been recommended, but I doubt whether it will do much good. All that can be done while an attack is on is to protect the animal as much as possible against injuring herself.

Result of Dehorning.—G. W. M., Apopka, Fla., writes: "I have a valuable cow that I dehorned on account of viciousness. The wounds were a long time healing over. In about two months one seemed to be giving her much pain, and I caught her to open the horn, and it had broken out. The pus is like the white of an egg, and continues to run. I am afraid to heal it up. It is said there is no such disease as hollow-horn, but the pith, or the porous bone, was as hollow from the very point back half the length as the horn itself."

REPLY:—In the first place, the bony processes for the horns in all grown, or nearly grown, cattle are always hollow, because in cattle the frontal sinus (cavity of the forehead) extends into the horns. Consequently, if the horns, and with them the bony processes inside of them, around which the horns form a horny cover, the same as the skin covers other parts of the body, are sawed off, or removed by other means, the frontal sinuses (cavities) are opened. These sinuses are lined with a mucous membrane, and if the sinus is opened and any foreign body, for instance, some dirt, and with it some bacteria, or some other foreign substance, finds an entrance through the opening, the mucous membrane will become irritated, be inflamed, and, according to circumstances, become suppurating. The small connection between the frontal sinus and the nasal cavity will soon be closed, but the suppuration will proceed until the whole sinus is filled up with pus, and then finally the pus will somewhere find an opening, usually through the not yet perfectly healed wound made by the dehorning. As the suppuration is produced and kept up by bacteria, it will not cease, and no healing will take place until the whole sinus has not only been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, but the opening into the sinus through the process for the horn has also been antiseptically closed. If the latter had been done in the beginning, nothing might have happened. Where dehorning is to be done, it should not be entrusted to anybody not perfectly familiar with the anatomy of the parts, and not knowing enough to close the opening into the frontal sinus with antiseptic dressing. To bring the now thoroughly diseased frontal sinus to healing, the first thing necessary will be to rinse it out with pure warm water (of blood temperature) until all the pus has been washed out and until the water flows off clear through the process for the horn and through the nose. This done, antiseptic injections must be made; for instance, with a two-per-cent solution of carbolic acid in warm (blood-warm) water. After the antiseptic injection has been made, the opening in the process for the horn must be closed by an antiseptic dressing. This injection must be repeated at least once a day until all suppuration ceases, and until the old wound is healing. In the above I have unrapped out the necessary treatment; if, however, you ask my advice what to do, and will follow it, I have to advise you to employ a veterinarian to superintend the treatment.

CULTIVATION OF RAMIE IN FLORIDA.

The Young Men's Business League of Tallahassee has been doing a great deal of good foundation work in the interest of the development of that section of Florida. This organization is composed of some of the public-spirited citizens of the capital of the state, and who are reckoned as among the brightest business men of Florida.

The League is endeavoring to do for Tallahassee what similar organizations in the different communities of the Northwest have done for their respective localities. It is a step in the right direction. Organization is the foundation stone of all successful business enterprises.

The Business League of Tallahassee, made up as it is of energetic, pushing, enterprising men who have the interest of that section of the country at heart, will undoubtedly prove the means of turning the attention of capitalists toward Middle Florida.

At a recent meeting of the League it was reported that a new machine had been perfected for the purpose of decorating ramie, and that this machine would handle the green stalks in the field to great advantage.

It may not be generally known that the Tallahassee hill country is peculiarly well adapted for the cultivation of ramie, and if it be true that the new machine will accomplish the work indicated, it will prove the means of opening up a large and promising industry in that region of country.

NO CYCLONES IN MIDDLE FLORIDA.

The recent terrible storm which has visited Florida and the states bordering on the Atlantic Ocean has destroyed a great deal of property in the sections of country through which it passed.

Fortunately, the Tallahassee hill country and the whole region lying between Georgia and the Gulf of Mexico, and which is the seat of the operations of the Clark Syndicate Companies, was entirely outside of the sweep of the recent cyclone.

Whether this exemption is attributable to the hilly or undulating character of the country, or whether its fortunate escape from disaster is attributable to some other cause, is a matter which, perhaps, cannot be readily determined; but be this as it may, the fact remains that the Tallahassee country entirely escaped the terrible calamities which have visited other sections of the South during the past month, and therefore the opportunities for settlement in that region are as favorable as at any time during the past ten years.

The Florida "Times-Union" in a recent issue stated that the Clark Syndicate Companies were doing a wonderful work for the Tallahassee hill country.

Settlers are daily reaching that delightful section under the auspices of these companies, and as it is generally conceded that the soil is fertile, and the general advantages as good, if not better, than in any other section of the South, there is every reason to believe that what is known as the Tallahassee hill country will be rapidly developed by the operations of the Clark Syndicate Companies during the ensuing year.

The railroad facilities are exceedingly good. The means of ready transportation to the markets of the North are as favorable as can be found anywhere in the South, and the fact that the climate is one of the most healthful in the whole Southern country makes a combination of advantages such as few other sections possess.

The testimony with reference to the above is full and ample, and our readers who have been accustomed to read what the Clark Syndicate people have been doing during the past two years will agree with us that the region of country in which these companies are operating affords unusual advantages to all those who are seeking new homes in the South.

The Clark Syndicate Companies have been carrying on negotiations for some months past with reference to the establishment of a sugar-cane plant on the line of their road between Tallahassee and Carrabelle. These negotiations look to the erection of a sugar-mill of a capacity of about 200 tons of sugar-cane per day. This would consume the product of 750 acres of the best sugar-cane land.

Such a plant would employ about eighty hands, and if this industry could be successfully introduced in the Tallahassee

country, it would open up an entirely new industry, and one that would conduce largely to the benefit as well as to the profit of the people in that section.

THE COMMISSIONER OF THE BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION

In a recent report says: "The rich agricultural county of Leon is located in the beautiful hill country of Middle Florida. The land of this county, with one or two adjoining counties, is better suited to practical farming, dairying and fruit-growing than any other section. Men of practical knowledge in agricultural pursuits will immediately recognize in the surroundings the conditions incidental to success, comfort and profit. There are to be found in Leon County as pleasant surroundings as exist anywhere in the world. The climate, winter and summer, is delightful. The healthfulness of the county is proverbial. What we deem salient features among the attractions of this section to intelligent settlers of all classes are excellent lands, picturesque and beautiful locations, hard, smooth roadways, no mud in winter, no blistering sand nor glare in summer, excellent transportation facilities, good schools, many churches, good patronage, etc., etc."

Western farmers who are looking for a new home in the South should remember that, according to the official reports of the Department of Agriculture, the value per acre of farm products raised in Florida is \$12. Only two states in the Union, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, make a better showing.

A KANSAS FARMER IN FLORIDA.

EDITOR FARM AND FIRESIDE:—I wish to say that for nearly one month I have been thoroughly investigating the farming lands and resources of the hill country of Western Florida, and after a critical examination with the certain probability of being still more rapidly settled up with enterprising Northern farmers, have purchased a farm near Tallahassee, and Providence permitting, shall be there with my family in less than two months' time.

Would say that any Northern farmer can, by investing one thousand dollars in the Tallahassee region, accomplish better and more satisfactory results in the way of making a living, and money besides, than from five thousand dollars invested in a farm anywhere in the most favorable regions of the North. I do not speak from guesswork, for I have farmed in two of the best states of the North, and have talked with scores of farmers and residents here, seen the crops growing or being harvested, noting the good prices readily obtained. Especial stress can be laid on the tobacco industry; crops were fine, with remunerative cash prices.

Here they produce in abundance all the grains we do at the North, and many semi-tropical crops of grains, fruits and vegetables not possible to grow in a Northern climate.

Would also add that some Northern people are prejudiced against real-estate agents, but I take pleasure in stating that I have found the managers of the Clark Syndicate Company to be strictly reliable and trustworthy in every respect, and recommend them as square dealers. J. E. COOPER.

Muscotah, Atchison County, Kansas, October 5, 1896.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA

The Southern railroads have made no provisions for reduced round-trip excursions from Chicago and Cincinnati to Tallahassee, Fla., on and after November 1st. On and after this date we will, however, pay the railroad fare one way of each and every purchaser of 40 acres or more, crediting this amount on the first payment for land. In this way every purchaser can visit the Tallahassee section, see the country for himself, make his own selection, have a delightful and pleasant trip, and all at comparatively little cost to him.

One-way trips will take place from Chicago and Cincinnati on the first Tuesday of each month, the fare to Tallahassee being \$18.10 from Chicago and \$12.65 from Cincinnati. We leave Chicago by the "Monon" route, and from Cincinnati over the "Queen and Crescent."

If you cannot join our excursion at either Chicago or Cincinnati, go to your nearest ticket agent and get rates from him. Then if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot on your arrival. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our railroad and steamship lines during your visit in Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip over the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, or over the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston or New York, at low excursion rates, which include meals and berth on board the steamer.

For special rates by water from these Eastern points address either of the steamship companies at New York, Philadelphia or Boston, or write direct to this company. Address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES, 1013 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Our Miscellany.

SLEEP.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream, as in a fairy bark,
Drift on and through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—the little thought we pay
To the sweet-bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is the lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin, swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake, ill fate can do no ill:
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that makes it bleed.
For this brief space the loud world's voice
Is still:
No faintest echo of it brings us pain—
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?
—T. B. Aldrich.

"An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."—Spanish Proverb.

MANY women have excelled as executants in music; no woman has ever been a great or even a mediocre composer.

Do GOOD as often as you have opportunity, and it will not be your fault if you are not kept busy.—Burlington Hawkeye.

FOND PARENT—"I wish, Bobby, that I could be a little boy again."

Bobby—"I wish you could—littler than me."—Tit Bits.

"Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother.

"Yes, mama, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."—Indianapolis Journal.

"An!" remarked Mr. Quilp, "but women haven't the play of intellect that men enjoy."

"No, of course not," snapped Mrs. Quilp. "Woman's intellect works."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ARTEMISIA, queen of the Caria, immortalized herself by the honors she paid to her dead husband, Mausoleus. She erected for him the finest tomb in the world, hence the word mausoleum.

"You're a wicked, lazy tramp," shouted the red-faced woman.

"Madam," rejoined the tourist, calmly, "I decline to be drawn into any controversy. You will take notice that I do not claim to be a June bride."

A CERTAIN brand of whisky is called "Horn of Plenty." On this a temperance writer remarks that they have chosen the name wisely, for out of the thing designated shall come

Plenty of poverty, plenty of pain,
Plenty of sorrow, plenty of shame,
Plenty of broken hearts, hopes doomed and sealed,
Plenty of graves in the potter's field.

By the Bertillon system of identification the length and width of the head are taken, also the length and width of the left middle and little fingers, the length of the left foot, of the left forearm, of the right ear, the height of the figure, the measurement of the outstretched arms and of the trunk when seated. It is said that no instance of all these measurements coinciding in any two persons has ever been known.

Do you, by any chance, know the old-fashioned but very effective way of toughening glass or china? It consists in placing the articles to be toughened into a large kettle of copper (of course, folding cloths, etc., around the things to keep them from knocking together) in enough cold water to cover them entirely, bring this water to a boil, let it boil for some time, then lift the pau off the fire, and do not touch its contents until the water is perfectly cold.

ALL about the valleys of New Mexico, usually upon high, flat-topped mesas, or table-lands, are the ruins of houses of the ancient semi-civilized Indian population that lived here and tilled the soil before the coming of the Spaniards four centuries ago. The numbers of this old population can be only vaguely inferred by the numerous cobblestone foundations of their houses, still well defined above the surface of the ground, and by the debris of the fallen walls which constitute hillocks, grass-grown and intermixed with occasional old stone utensils and countless fragments of pottery. This pottery, when turned up by the spade, is found to be handsome and varied in color, and as fresh of tint as it could have been when the village was destroyed or abandoned and every tradition of its existence lost in prehistoric past.

AN ILLINOISAN'S OPINION OF FLORIDA.

CHICAGO, ILL., September 14, 1896.

TO THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.—I have heard a great deal said about Florida by Northern people; that its soil is poor and sandy; that it would not produce any crops without using a large amount of fertilizer on the ground; that in the summer it is so warm that Northern people can do very little labor out in the field.

In July I went to Florida, as that time of the year is usually the warmest part of the season, that I might see for myself how the land and climate were. After I got there, I

found the weather quite comfortable; the nights were cool. I was down there about two weeks, and during that time did not find the weather as warm as it had been in Chicago. And as for the soil, I can say that in and about Tallahassee the soil is a rich chocolate loam with a clay subsoil, and will produce good crops of almost every kind without the use of fertilizer; but, of course, the more you enrich the soil, the more it will produce. I saw as good corn growing there as I have seen in Illinois; I saw almost all kinds of crops growing there—corn, cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane and rice. The soil will produce all kinds of grain; it is a great place to raise vegetables of all varieties, also fruit. It is a beautiful rolling country around Tallahassee.

I was most favorably impressed with the country and the advantages for farming, which are far better than other parts of Florida, on account of the good soil. I think it a good opening for any one to invest means, or to secure a home, especially the man who has not much capital, as he can live so much cheaper there than in the North or West, as land is cheap, and he can raise almost everything he wants to live on. It costs him very little for fuel, whereas, in the North it costs the farmer about half of what he raises on his farm. Florida has apparently no winter; flowers are in bloom nearly the year round.

Shipping vegetables and fruits to Northern markets during the winter can be made very profitable. It is a good dairy and stock country, and when managed in the proper manner, can be made to pay handsomely, as there are only two months in the year in which it is necessary to feed the stock. It is a particularly good country for sheep, as they can get their living the whole year without being fed.

While I was there I went out into the country, where I saw as good improved farms as we have in Illinois.

I liked the appearance of life and prosperity in Tallahassee. There did not appear to be any vacant houses or stores to denote a stagnation in business, as I have seen at other places.

I was so well pleased with the country around Tallahassee that I concluded to buy some land, and did make a trade for three hundred and ninety acres of land, about three miles from the city of Tallahassee.

I had a pleasant stay at Lanark Inn on the Gulf of Mexico, and I appreciate the kindness of all the prominent men I met, and also the hospitable treatment I received while there.

L. T. LARNED.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL A BLESSING.

Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, after carrying on ragged schools in that city for a number of years, sent invitations to a dinner to boys who had found a blessing in the schools. Two hundred and fifty responded, one gentleman traveling five hundred miles to be present.

HARD TIMES CAN'T STARVE HIM.

Dear Editor: I read how Mr. Simm made \$67 a month selling Bath Cabinets. I am only 19 but can beat that. Received a complete outfit including all materials, formulas, secrets, instructions, etc. from C. Gray & Co. Plating Works, Columbus, O. for plating Gold, Silver, Nickel and White Metal. They taught me free. Made \$37 first week, \$141 in a month, plating jewelry, tableware, bicycles, etc. Customers delighted and bring all work I can do. In hard times people get old were plated instead of buying new. Brother is doing as well as I. Others can make money as I am by writing them.

F. B. J.

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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office, and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price \$2.75 and express charges and it is yours. It is magnificently engraved and equal in appearance to genuine Solid Gold watch. A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch, write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gent's or ladies' size.
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Silver-plated Teaspoons
Given FREE for 3 yearly subscribers to this paper at the single subscription price; or for 5 yearly subscribers at the clubbing price, 35 cents each, without premium.

These silver-plated teaspoons are especially manufactured for us. We do not make any profit on them, but simply offer them to get subscribers. This is why we are able to furnish such handsome initial teaspoons as premiums. They are the latest style in shape and design, and are full size; in fact, they are perfect beauties. We have received many letters from ladies praising them, and almost every time they say they are so much finer than they expected.

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I received the six silver initial teaspoons. They are very handsome. I think I cannot do without your paper.
MISS SALLIE A. LEE.

OLNEY, ILLINOIS, January 3, 1896.
I received the set of teaspoons, and find them all they are recommended to be. I am highly pleased with them.
MATTIE BANGHART.

BULLION, MISSOURI, April 6, 1896.
I have received the teaspoons, and am well suited with them.
MRS. MAUD B. ALLEN.

EAST WOODSTOCK, CONN., March 27, 1896.
I received your spoons to-day, and am very much pleased with them, and think your paper excellent.
R. A. PAINE.

STELLA, TENNESSEE, March 22, 1896.
I received the set of teaspoons in due time. They are much nicer than I expected.
MRS. MATTIE L. BOYD.

COLDWATER, MICHIGAN, March 28, 1896.
Received spoons all right, and am well pleased with them.
MRS. E. A. BROWN.

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, January 3, 1896.
I received the spoons, and am well pleased with them.
MISS ANNIE SCHARDT.

This Paper One Year and this Set of Six Silver-plated Teaspoons, 60 Cents.
Address **FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.**
Postage paid by us.

Smiles.

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

THE OLD—

In and out of her golden hair
The sunbeams softly steal,
And her voice floats out on the summer air
As she sings to the hum of her wheel.

Little feet lightly the pedals press,
A white hand moves to and fro
As she sits in her quaint, old-fashioned dress
At the wheel of long ago.

AND THE NEW.

The wind has ruffled her careless hair,
She is dust from her head to her heel,
But she gaily whistled a rollicking air
As she springs to her seat on her wheel.

Stout little boots the pedals press;
In an instant she's off and away,
The muscular maid in her bicycle dress
On the wheel of the present day.

FRACTIONS.

BRIGHT children in school are in great danger sometimes of passing over the border line of mathematics into the forbidden domain of common sense. A teacher once said to her class in mental arithmetic:

"Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask. Suppose I have a piece of beefsteak, and cut it into two pieces. What would those pieces be called?"

"Halves!" shouted the class.

"Right. And if I cut each half into two pieces?"

"Quarters!"

"That is correct. And if the quarters were each cut into half?"

"Eighths!"

"Yes. And if those were chopped in two?"

The answers had been growing fewer and fewer, but one boy meditated a moment, and answered:

"Sixteenths!"

"Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut into half, what would they be?"

There was silence in the class, but presently a little boy at the foot put up his hand.

"Do you know, Johnny? Well, you may tell me."

"Hash!" answered Johnny, confidently—and truly.

TALKING TO THEM.

There is a fish dealer in New York who has a large number of rich customers. Once or twice a week his store can be found full of ladies who are doing their own marketing. The dealer is all smiles to his customers on such days, and very anxious to keep their good will and trade. For some time an Irishman had been coming in the place, and after going from stand to stand, and peering long and closely at the fish, he usually wound up by purchasing some cheap specimen of the finny tribe, and departing. This was annoying to the dealer when his place was full of customers, and so one morning when the Irishman entered and began going from one stand to another, as usual, he called out:

"Look here, my good man, what are you always smelling my fish for?"

The question was heard by every one, and they all listened for the answer.

"Faith, oi'm not smellin' thim; it's talkin' to thim of am."

"Talking, did you say?"

"Yis; sure, oi'm askin' thim the news from the sea."

"Well, said the dealer, impatiently, 'what did they say?'"

"Sure, they didn't know, yer honor; they tell me they hadn't been there fer over a month."—Harper's Round Table.

OVERDID IT.

Householder—"So you've tramped all the way from California without a cent of money or any letters of introduction?"

Blought Threw—"That's the case exactly, sir."

Householder—"Well, a chap who can do that ought to be able to get along without any help from me."

And he closed the door.—Detroit News.

A DISTINCTION.

"Do you remember," asked the young lawyer and promoter, "that you once said I would never be rich? I rather think I am on the road to riches at last."

"I never said you would not be rich," answered the elderly cynic. "I only said you would never have any money of your own, and I still say so."

FIXED IT.

"Do you quarrel with your neighbor still about his dog coming over into your garden?"

"No; that's all over now."

"Buried the hatchet?"

"No; buried the dog."



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Dollars in Eggs...

Keep your Chickens warm—they will grow twice as fast. Keep your Hens warm—they will lay more eggs. Cover your Poultry Houses inside and outside, at small cost, with the Water-proof, Frost-proof, Vermin-proof, Wind-proof, Money-Saving

NEPONSET Red Rope
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WONDERFUL FIGURE.

Some men are hard to please, especially in their dustered and ill-natured moods. The "Scottish American" has a story of such a man, an Edinburgh banker.

One day, when nothing had gone to suit him, he broke out suddenly to one of the clerks in a tone like a thunder-clap:

"Look here, Jones, this won't do! These figures are a perfect disgrace. An office-boy could do better. If he couldn't I'd discharge him. Look at that five, will you? It looks just like a three. Nobody would take it for anything else. Look at it, I say."

"I—er—I beg pardon, sir," began the trembling clerk, "I beg pardon; but—er—well, you see, sir, it is a three."

"A three!" roared the manager; "a three! Why, you idiot, it looks just like a five!"

And the subject dropped.

THAT SETTLED IT.

"It's all right, Mary," he said, patiently. "Go into politics and run for office if you want to. But remember one thing, the cartoonists'll be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" she inquired, apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like ten-cent calico, and say that your sealskin coat is imitation."

"William," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll just stay right here and make home happy."—Washington Evening Star.

REAL EXCITEMENT.

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad."

"I have, indeed."

"Buffalo-hunting?"

"Yes."

"And bear-hunting?"

"Of course."

"Well, you must come around and let my wife take you house-hunting and bargain-hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."—Philadelphia Times.

A BAD CASE.

"I hear that Robins is fairly mad over cycling."

"That's so. He is so enthusiastic on the subject that he has gone and married a hump-back woman."—Judy.

CORRECT.

"Johnny, Willie says you threw him down and jumped on him with both feet."

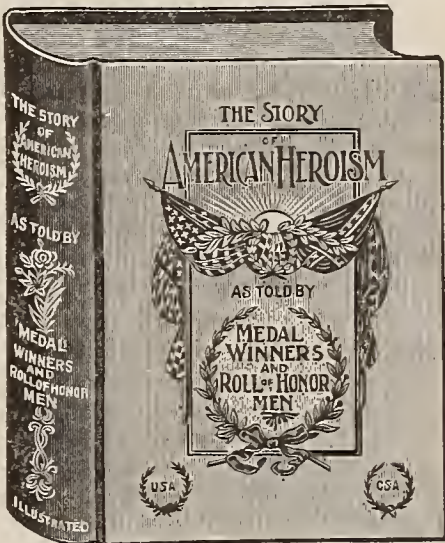
"Well, ma, I was just playin'."

"What sort of play do you call that?"

"Foot-ball."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



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I WANT A MAN In every city or township to look after my business, on salary or commission; steady work and liberal pay the year round. One man cleared \$140.45 last week. Places for a few ladies. Don't delay or bother to send stamps, but write at once to J. W. JONES, Springfield, Ohio.

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Selections.

HOW TO BE RICH.

When a feller's deep in love
He's worth a million all in gold.
So why not woo a pretty dove
An' make 'er yours to have an' hold?
An' allers be her solid beau
As any faithful feller ort,
For jest the day you let 'er go
You'll be a million dollars short.

OPALS ARE POPULAR AGAIN.

It is said that opals are rushing into popularity with lovers of precious stones, now that superstition is doing them the justice to declare that they bring good fortune instead of bad luck. Alethe Lowber Craig, writing on the subject of "Engagement Ring," gives the following concerning opals:

Those from Honduras change color very perceptibly with the temperature of the body as well as of the air. Therefore, when the wearer is depressed with apprehension or illness, the opal fades, and is said to bring reverses, while, really, it merely registers them. But opals from the best mines—the mines of Hungary and of Australia—are of a different formation, and more constant in their beauty. By many virtuosos they are regarded as the most interesting of gems. An old jewel merchant of India, who is a faithful lover of the opal, recently exhibited to me the Australian pet which he always carries, inclosed in a unique little box of carved wood in his inner waistcoat pocket. When he disclosed the gleaming stone, he looked at it and spoke of it like a true adorer. "It is the child of the moonbeam and the sunbeam," he said, with eastern imagery. "I will never part with it, for since I have possessed it happiness has come to me again and again." It was not of exceptional beauty, but, as to his cultivated eye all opals are expressive as human countenances, and vary as much in interest, it was dear to him because it bore the loving look of a personal friend.

The Hungarian opals are the most fashionable. They are paler than others—resembling their moonbeam mother—with a light shade of green predominating among the splashes of color. The Australian stone, on the contrary, seems to hold captive in its depths rosy little blushes; and the Mexican opal, though less rare and valuable than the others, is richly florid in color, showing very little of the cool Hungarian green, but much glowing red and deep yellow. While all colored stones are enhanced in beauty by the adjacency of diamonds, the opal is never in full radiance without their setting.

IN A WATCH-FACTORY.

"A watch-factory is a wonderfully interesting place to visit," says the dealer in timepieces to a New York "Times" reporter. "Many of the machines seem almost human. They turn out the most delicate work, and yet they can be managed by a girl of fourteen. You could almost say that you put in the raw material at one end and the finished watch came out at the other—that is, the works."

"A watch-case and the movements are two different things. A wholesale dealer never keeps them together. The cases are in one set of compartments, the works in another. The retail dealer buys a lot of each and combines them to suit himself or his customers. The manufacturer of the works sends blocks, or actually a set of works, minus wheels, to the case manufacturers, and they make their cases to fit. That was the reason the Swiss watches went out of the market. They were not made in regular size—each case had to be made to fit an individual set of works, and it was too expensive. It is not always easy to fit a watch several years old with new works, for the standards change every few years. Since I have been down town—sixteen years—there has been a great change in the size of watches. They have been gradually growing smaller. Why, at one time we put six ounces of silver into a man's watch."

"But you can't expect the very small watches to keep such good time. A woman's watch pinned to her dress will never keep good time, anyway. It swings around too much. A watch should be wound regularly, and always left hanging when not worn."

CANDY-EATING.

In this day, when the laws of health are understood, as they were not fifty years ago, people inveigh in voice and print against the evils of candy-eating; and children, hearing the protest, feel their little hearts sink within them. It is natural for the babies to love sugar-plums, and it is the abuse, not the use, of sweets that is reprehensible. One man with a superb digestion and a normal appetite says he has always made it his custom to eat several pieces of candy after his noonday meal, and that he has never felt any evil effects from the practice. A little sweet following a meal will not harm a healthy child, but the mother must judge as to the quality and quantity. She may keep on hand a box of simple peppermints or plain chocolates, and after dinner give to the little one as many as she deems prudent. The stomach often craves, and usually digests readily, sweets after a hearty meal. The pernicious habit of allowing children to purchase candy galore and eat it ad libitum is what ruins stomachs, perverts the appetite and destroys the teeth. Until the child is old enough to discriminate and exercise self-control, the mother must choose for him. But in exercising this right she must try not to carry it to an unreasonable extent, and deny her little one that which used judiciously will not harm him, and which forms one of the chief treats of childhood. The words "candy" and "ice-cream" convey to the childish mind depths of bliss such as a grown woman can scarcely conceive of. Let not us who have passed that happy stage when the sight of a bonbon caused a thrill of delight deny too rigorously to our little ones the simple sweets of life.—Harper's Bazar.

A PERFECT SPECIMEN.

Giving the height of the Venetian Venus, five feet five inches, as the accepted perfect stature for a woman, the New York "Weekly" goes on to explain how a woman may know she is a perfect specimen of her sex by applying other rules laid down by authorities. For coloring and shape the Arabic code holds good:

Black—Hair, eyebrows, lashes and pupils.

White—Skin, teeth and globe of the eye.

Red—Tongue, lips and cheeks.

Round—Head, neck, arms, ankles and waist.

Long—Back, fingers, arms and limbs.

Large—Forehead, eyes and lips.

Narrow—Eyebrows, nose and feet.

Small—Ears, bust and hands.

For a woman of five feet five 138 pounds is the proper weight, and if she be well formed she can stand another ten pounds without greatly showing it. When her arms are extended she should measure from tip of middle finger to tip of middle finger just five feet five, exactly her own height. The length of her hand should be just a tenth of that and her foot just a seventh.

The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as the distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and there should be the same distance between the chin and the armpits. A woman of this height should measure twenty-four inches about the waist and thirty-four inches about the bust if measured from under the arms, and forty-three if over them. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six. The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and one half inches, the thigh twenty-five and the ankle eight.

LOSING FRIENDS.

One of the things that most people wake up to when they are approaching middle age is that they have lost a good many friends through their own carelessness. You receive an invitation to the wedding of one whom you knew well eight or ten years ago. He has quite passed out of your life; though, if you were living near each other so that you would meet occasionally, he is the kind of man in whose society you would find real pleasure. When the invitation comes, you express your pleasure that Dick or John is to be married, and hope that he may be happy. And that is the end of it. You do not send a present, or what is better—and often costs more—a friendly note conveying your congratulations and good wishes. The

occasion passes without any sign from you, and you have lost an opportunity of identifying yourself with your friend's happiness. He will not associate you with that epoch of his life, and very likely will resent your silence. It is the same when you neglect to take note of a friend's afflictions. It is a real effort to write a letter of sympathy. But such a note may mean a vast deal to one in trouble, and by it you can bind a heart to your own with a hook of steel. The people who complain that they have so few friends have themselves to blame for it. They have lost them through their indifference or thoughtlessness. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."—The Watchman.

AT THE TABLE.

Nervousness, annoyance, anxiety on the part of the host or hostess during the serving of dinner are the deadly foes of enjoyment. If you feel these, therefore, avoid showing them as you would avoid doing any other act sure to bring discomfort to those you are entertaining. Nothing conduces more to the enjoyment of guests than the fact that the host is sharing the enjoyment. What if some servant blunders or some dish is spoiled! It is aggravating, of course, but in most cases it will afford amusement if the host regards the blunder good-naturedly. Of course, no lady or gentleman will lose temper under such circumstances. Such an exhibition would be unspeakably vulgar; but there ought not to be even a display of irritation or a pursuing of the subject beyond a passing and good-natured remark.—What to Eat.

AS BURDETTE PUTS IT.

Bob Burdette gives this simple recipe: "My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get money enough to

buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot. Now pour down the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry-patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that garden of 500 square feet. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow a pasture-land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—300 square feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 an acre.

TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME.

Some one has said, "I have been surrounded by troubles all my life long, but there is a curious thing about them—nine tenths of them never happened!"

I once heard of a lady who wrote down in order the particular fears and anxieties which were harassing her, inclosed the paper and sealed it, hoping by this kind of mechanical contrivance to be enabled in some sort to dismiss the subject from her mind. The paper was put away and forgotten. Several months later it came to light, when she found that not one of the fears therein set down had been realized, and the difficulties had all been smoothed away before she came to the time for their solution.

MAKES A BEAUTIFUL HOME PLANT.

People who enjoy a bit of green in the house when fields and flower gardens are wrapped in the desolation of winter will find a sweet potato, planted in moist, loose earth or a jar of water, with the seed-end projecting upward, will make a beautiful growth of vine in a very short time. It resembles the English ivy, and rivals the glossy leaves of the wandering Jew for house decoration.—Northwest Magazine.

A FAMILY OF SEVEN DOLLS WORTH

50 Cents for 10 Cents

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This is the only set of dolls ever made with a GRANDPA and GRANDMA doll. They are all lithographed on cardboard in many bright and pretty colors. They give children more fun for the money than anything else.

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All of them being many times larger than the accompanying pictures.



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Finer than Dolls Selling for 50 Cents a Set

Think of the make-believe weddings, parties, visits, and all the delightful combinations that can be arranged. For, remember, this set contains an ENTIRE FAMILY OF SEVEN SEPARATE DOLLS.

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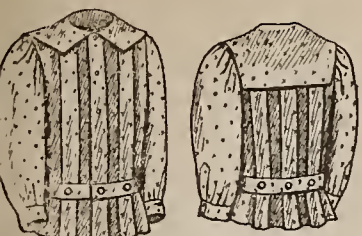
Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received.

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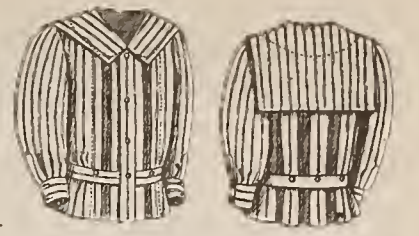
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Price of each pattern, 10 cents.

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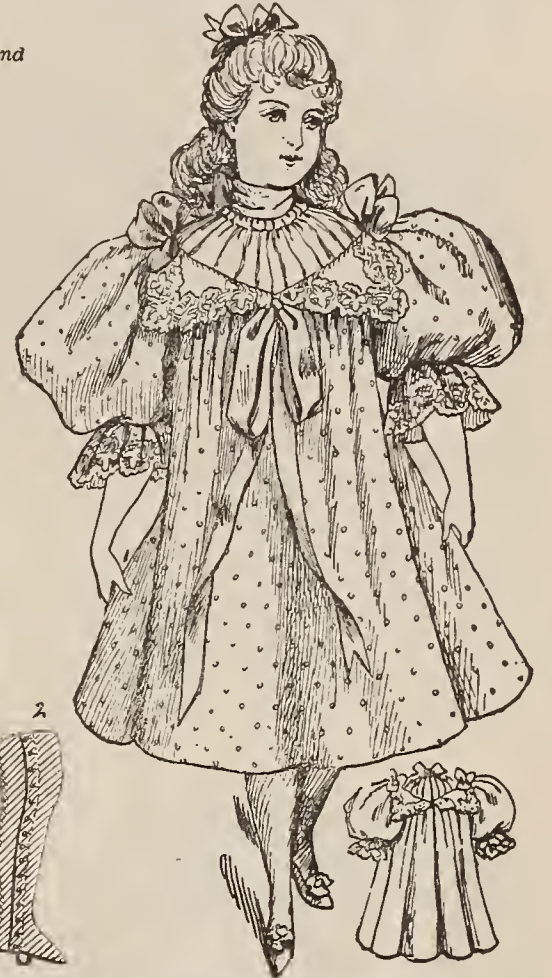
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No. 6573.—STOUT LADIES' BASQUE. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.



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No. 6293.—LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S BICYCLE LEGGINGS. 10c. No. 6860.—CHILD'S DRESS. 10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.



No. 6882.—LADIES' THEATER WAIST. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



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No. 6863.—LADIES' POINTED BASQUE. 10 cents. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 6711.—BOYS' FAUNTLEROY BLOUSE. 10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.



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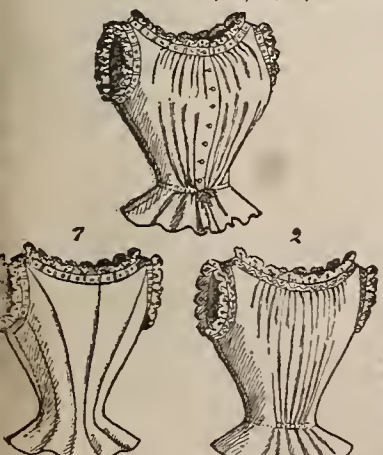
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steel gates, steel posts and rail, also Field and Hog Fence Wire, single and double farm gates. For further information, write to the

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Humor.

A GOOD PLAYER.

Simkins—"That Dunder girl is getting to be a very clever pianist."

Pufferton—"Yes. What is the clever performance this time?"

Simkins—"She played a storm at the seaside last night with so much effectiveness as to bring out the life-saving corps."

IS IT?

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a feller has candy and eats all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"

WHY HE ASKED.

"I say," said the regular customer, as he stopped at the restaurant cashier's box to pay for the dinner he had had, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?"

"What's the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another row.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked."

SCIENCE.

It was after the battle of Chattanooga, and the surgeons were making incisions in the leg of a soldier who had been wounded by a ball. Out of patience at last, the victim exclaimed, "Why are you carving me up so?"

"To find the ball," answered a surgeon.

"Why didn't you ask for it?" cried the soldier, indignantly. "Here it is, in my pocket."—Youth's Companion.

THE LAST STRAW.

Thornton—"Why, my baby walks everywhere. Has yours cut his teeth yet?"

Udike—"No."

Thornton—"Mine has, long time ago. Can your baby talk?"

Udike—"No."

Thornton—"Great Scott! that's strange. Mine says everything."

Udike (desperately)—"Say, what does your baby think of the financial question?"

HOW HE DID IT.

"I beg your pardon, lady," said Traveling Tommy, as he stopped at the back door, "but if you will just smile I'll take your picture with this here camera. I am traveling on foot, making a collection of photos of our beautiful American women. Thanks, I have it." Then the woman offered him a generous hand-out, which he accepted with the grace of a true knight of the road. "You see," he explained to Willie Allthewhile, it didn't take no work at all to paint that cigar-box black and cut a round hole in the end, but it fetches 'em every time. They think it's a photograph-taker, and their picture goes in the collection. Make one and cultivate your manners, and you can live like a prince."—Philadelphia Call.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Cougo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Cline, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

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small increase. The average dividend had fallen from 1.44 to .43 per cent in the South Atlantic, .29 to .18 of one per cent in the Gulf and Mississippi states, 1.42 to .13 in the Southwest, and 2.57 to 1.11 in the Northwest. The average rate of interest on railway bonds had also fallen in the twelve years. It had reached 4.23 per cent in the Northwest, and was well under 4 per cent in the three sections of the South."

THE death of Judge Crisp removes one of the ablest political leaders in the South. He had been nominated for the United States Senate, and would have been elected by the Georgia legislature at its present session. In Congress he took front rank as a parliamentarian, and displayed great skill in party leadership. After one of the most notable contests in the history of the House, he became the caucus candidate of his party for the speakership, defeating Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, on the thirtieth ballot.

His rulings as speaker were upheld, though some were severely criticized by his political opponents. Although a pronounced advocate of the free coinage of silver, it was largely due to his firmness that the silver purchase-repeal bill was passed by the House, his ruling defeating Mr. Bland's filibustering movement. The following is a brief sketch of his life:

Charles Frederick Crisp, of Americus, Georgia, was born on January 29, 1845, in Sheffield, England, where his parents had gone on a visit; was brought by them to this country the year of his birth; received a common-school education in Savannah and Macon, Georgia; entered the Confederate army in May, 1861; was a lieutenant in Company K, Tenth Virginia infantry, and served with that regiment until May 12, 1864, when he became a prisoner of war. Upon his release from Fort Delaware, in June, 1865, he joined his parents at Ellaville, Schley county, Georgia; read law in Americus, being admitted to the bar there in 1866; began the practice of law in Ellaville, Georgia; in 1872 he was appointed solicitor-general of the southwestern judicial circuit, and was

Democratic convention which assembled in Atlanta in April, 1883, to nominate a candidate for governor; was elected to the forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, fifty-first and fifty-second Congresses, and re-elected to the fifty-third Congress as a Democrat, receiving 11,574 votes against 4,982 votes for Wimberly, People's; was elected speaker of the House for the fifty-second Congress, and re-elected speaker for the fifty-third.

COMMENTING on the outlook for wheat prices, "Bradstreet's" says:

"There need be no fear that the price of wheat is likely to react to and remain at the lower levels which prevailed for so many months prior to recent advance of about twenty-two cents per bushel.

"That there will be enough wheat to go around goes without saying, and it is entirely possible that the alleged shortage in Russia has been magnified and the prospect for a decreased yield in Argentina overdrawn. In fact, the London 'Miller' estimates the total requirements of wheat-importing countries at 22,000,000 bushels less than total export supplies of wheat in exporting countries—a pretty narrow margin, though on the right side.

"But when the most has been told with respect to the outlook for ample supplies of wheat, the fact remains that after four or five years of excessive output the yield fell away in 1895, and has declined again in 1896, this time more sharply; that supplies in importing countries have been allowed to run down, and, most important of all, that importing countries have been first to discover the outlook for reduced supplies and for higher prices themselves. The late 'boom' did not start in the United States, but in England. The London 'Economist' concludes that wheat is likely to be higher rather than lower, and that there is a real deficit in the world's wheat crop. For the first time, perhaps, since 1879 America now appears to hold the key to the situation, for every bushel of wheat in the United States available for export will be wanted abroad."

A BULLETIN of the American Fruit Growers' Union, under date of October 29, 1896, states that over one million barrels of apples have already been exported to Europe, and the shipping season has only just commenced. The bulletin notes that the foreign demand for American apples is growing, and says:

"So far this year apple shipments are more than six times as great as the same time last year. We are pleased to note a sharp advance in prices abroad, as they were very low during the last two weeks; one foreign house making the remark upon the sale of the twenty-sixth that 'The English people have discovered that they are buying apples at frightfully low prices, so up they go.' We think ourselves that we have seen our lowest prices both abroad and at home. We believe a great many people are making a mistake in trying to force their sales. Do not be in a hurry; the buyer is as anxious to buy as you are to sell, and if you are firm in your demands, they will meet your prices. We can report a firmer feeling and good demand South and West, although locally [Chicago], owing to the warm weather of the last week, sales to the consumer have been small. The speculative market is, however, active, and, we believe, ripe for an advance."



CHARLES F. CRISP.

reappointed in 1873 for a term of four years; located in Americus in 1873; in June, 1877, was appointed judge of the superior court of the same circuit; in 1878 was elected by the general assembly to the same office; in 1880 was re-elected judge for a term of four years; resigned that office in September, 1882, to accept the Democratic nomination for Congress; was permanent president of the

SECRETARY John Trimble, of the National Grange, reports that one hundred and sixty-nine new granges were organized during the past grange year, which closed September 30th. Ninety-two new granges were organized during the preceding grange year, and the total number of granges organized since the foundation of the order of the Patrons of Husbandry is twenty-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-nine.

WITH THE VANGUARD

ON the subject of railroad charges and profits the "Journal of Commerce" says:

"If any persons have reason to complain of the general management of the railroad business, including construction, it is the investors more than the farmers or their political spokesmen. The investors might as well have their property confiscated outright in many instances as to have the earnings of their properties reduced by legislation cutting down rates, and most of them might welcome state ownership if it were to be accomplished by purchase. Between 1877 and 1893 the mileage of railways increased in this country from 74,112 to 173,433, or about 133 per cent. There is no doubt in this rush to construct roads the business was greatly overdone, and that many roads were built which cannot earn a profit on the money invested in them. But most of them have benefited every one except the men who put money into them. In the twelve years from 1883 to 1894 the railway mileage of the South Atlantic states nearly doubled, that of the Gulf and Mississippi states increased 40 per cent, and that of the southwestern states 60 per cent; in the northwestern states the increase was nearly 120 per cent. This railway construction has been the making of these newer sections of country. It has made settlement and agriculture. In this period of twelve years the average receipts of the roads per ton per mile in certain sections declined as follows: In the South Atlantic, from 1.81 cents to .79 of a cent, or 56 per cent; in the Gulf and Mississippi states, from 1.66 cents to .90 of a cent, or 45 per cent decrease; in the Southwest, from 1.88 to 1.15 cents, or 40 per cent; and in the Northwest, from 1.79 to 1.03 cents, or 42½ per cent. In no one of these four sections were the average dividends paid in 1883 anything like a fair return on the capital. Indeed, on an average for each section a fair return for capital was obtained nowhere; even in New England, where the rate was highest, it was only 4.32 per cent, and in the middle states it was but 3.65 per cent; nowhere else was it nearly so high as in these two eastern sections. In 1894 the average dividend, affected, of course, a good deal by the general business depression which began the previous year, was decidedly lower in every section of the country except in New England, where there was a

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NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

Moisture of the Soil.

"The Moisture of the Soil, and Its Conservation," is the title of a bulletin written by Professor L. A. Clinton, and just issued by the Cornell University agricultural experiment station. Just at this time we may see no particular necessity of "conserving moisture." The ground is quite moist, even wet, and it will not dry out again until some time next year, perhaps not until July. Yet the splendid growth which all our fall crops, such as cabbages, turnips, late-sown oats and peas (for fodder), and also the winter grains, have made this fall, with its frequent and abundant rains, shows the great value of continuous and sufficient moisture for plant development. The aggregate yearly rainfall in my own vicinity would be fully enough for the most luxurious plant growth if we had it always just when needed. But usually we have a surplus at one time and a deficiency at another, and the latter usually just when our crops are most in need of moisture. In the production of any of our summer crops we cannot take too much pains to have the supply that is so abundant at times, and usually so in early spring, hold out as long as the crops are growing. How can we do it?

Conservation of Moisture.

Professor Clinton tells us that moisture can be preserved by tillage. We plow to save moisture. "The first step in the conservation of moisture," he says, "must be the preparation of the soil so that the rain will sink down, and not be carried off by surface drainage. Owing to shallow plowing and shallow cultivation, the water is unable to settle into the hard soil with sufficient rapidity, and is carried along the surface, producing those gullies which are so destructive to farm lands (by surface washing). The improvements in the plow have done much toward remedying these defects, but there is still a large amount of ignorance as to the proper use of this implement. As an implement to be used in the preparation of the soil for the reception of moisture, it stands pre-eminent. Good plowing does not consist

—as ordinarily supposed—in merely inverting a portion of the earth, but in pulverizing and fining it, and burying the soil or refuse that may be on the surface. The amount of water which a soil is capable of holding depends directly upon the fineness of its particles. Then that plow which will break and pulverize the soil most thoroughly is the best one adapted to fit the soil for holding moisture."

Fall Plowing.

The bulletin also advises us to prevent the loss of the large amount of water (occurring during the winter and spring months, owing to surface drainage of melted snows and heavy rainfalls) by plowing the land in the fall. In hard and compact subsoil the use of the subsoil-plow may prove most beneficial. Should the ground break up in clods, then it may be allowed to remain during the winter without harrowing to more thoroughly subject it to the beneficial action of the elements. But should the soil be in good mechanical condition, then some plants should be growing on it during the winter. Growing plants serve to bind the soil to take up plant-food which may be soluble and liable to loss by drainage. If these plants are plowed under in the spring, organic matter is added to the soil. In corn-fields, wheat or rye may be drilled in without plowing, and it will obtain sufficient growth to act most beneficially upon the soil during the winter, and it may be plowed under in the spring, having served its purpose as a soil-protector. . . . It should be said, however, that hard land which is bare or devoid of humus is very apt to become puddled or cemented during the winter if plowed in the fall. In such cases, all that is gained by fall plowing is more than lost by this running together of the soil. On land that has been fall-plowed work can begin in the spring several days earlier than on unplowed land. It should be the practice to stir the surface soil just as early in the spring as conditions will permit, that a soil mulch may be formed which will serve to prevent the escape of the water from below. On clay land it is of special importance that work be commenced early, and yet on account of its peculiar nature it is the slowest in drying out, and the last to be plowed.

Harrowing to Save Moisture.

That one of the chief aims of cultivation is the formation of a soil mulch which prevents the rapid evaporation of moisture from the surface has been stated time and again. The modern favorite tool with which to make this soil mulch is the harrow. "The spring-tooth harrow," says Professor Clinton, "is in reality a cultivator, and its action is similar to that of the cultivator. When used as an instrument to conserve moisture, the teeth should penetrate to the depth of about three inches; and to produce the best effect, the ridges left by it should be leveled off by a smoother, which can now be purchased as an attachment to the harrow. The tillage of orchards by the harrow is now practised extensively, and nothing short of irrigation will so nearly meet the demands of trees for moisture, particularly upon the heavier soils.

"The cutaway or disk harrows may be either beneficial or of absolute injury. If the disks are so set that they cover but a portion of the surface with the mulch, they leave a ridge exposed to the action of the wind and sun, and the rate of evaporation is greatly increased. The disks should be set at such an angle that the whole surface shall be stirred or covered.

"The mellowing the soil, the lighter should be the work done by the harrow. On most heavy orchard soils it will be found necessary to use the heavy tools, like the spring-tooth and disk harrows, in the spring; but if the land is properly handled, it should be in such condition as to allow the use of a spike-tooth or smoothing harrow during summer. This light summer harrowing should be sufficient to keep down the weeds, and it preserves the soil mulch in most excellent condition.

The action of cultivators is essentially the same as that of the spring-tooth harrow. A many-small-toothed implement is to be preferred to a few large teeth where the object is to conserve moisture. If a

large-toothed implement is used to destroy grass and weeds, then it should be followed by a smoother to reduce the ridges and to prevent loss of moisture. Ridge culture is only allowable when the object is to relieve the soil of moisture on bottom lands where the water comes very near the surface, or for some special crops where a high degree of warmth is required early in the season.

The Use of the Roller.

Surely the use of the roller requires a good deal of judgment. On light, loose, sandy or gravelly soils, where every effort must be made to solidify and pack the particles closely together (to quote again from the bulletin), "the roller must be used repeatedly. The difficulty of such soils is that the spaces between the grains are so large that the water is permitted to pass through freely, and is lost by percolation. . . . The roller lessens the size of these pores in solidifying the soil, and the capillary force is then strong enough to draw the water to the surface (see Fig. 1). If, now, the soil is left in this condition, it has been put in the best possible form for parting

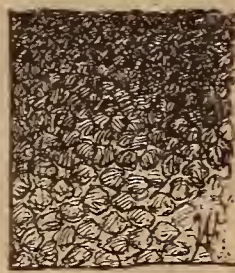


FIG. 1.

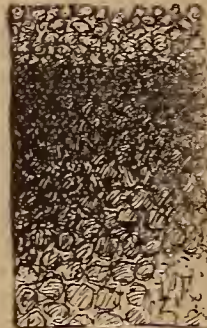


FIG. 2.

with its moisture, and it will take advantage of the opportunity unless prevented by establishing a surface mulch. In seeding lands in a dry time, the soil should be rolled, in order to bring sufficient moisture to the seeds to insure germination. Where circumstances will permit, the roller should be followed by a smoothing-harrow, that the surface mulch may be restored and the moisture stopped before reaching the atmosphere (Fig. 2). On clay lands the roller must be used with much caution. If used immediately after grain is sown and a heavy rain following, there would be danger of the soil becoming so compact on the surface that the tender shoots would be unable to get through, and the most direct connection would be established between the soil moisture and the air. A good method of treatment for clay is to roll before the seed is sown, then harrow, and make a good seed-bed, and then drill in the grain. After the plants are well up the roller may be used again, which will bring the water to the surface, where the growing plants can make use of it before it passes off by evaporation."

T. GREINER.

SALIENT FARM NOTES.

Had considerable trouble with my celery this season. The plants were set six inches apart, in rows eight inches apart, and the bed was inclosed with boards. The soil was very rich, and the plants grew well until about six inches high, when dry weather made it necessary to irrigate. The bed was irrigated just sufficient to keep the soil moist, but the plants began to rot, and I was obliged to remove the boards to allow the air to pass through. This stopped the rotting quickly. They were then replaced, and a few of the plants about half blanched. I set drain-tile over some of them, and these blanched nicely; but most of the others were tough and stringy. To finish the blanching, I dug the whole lot up, set them in a trench, and covered them over with boards. They are now blanching finely, and will be nice and tender.

Next year I shall plant my celery in rows two feet apart, setting the plants four inches apart in the rows. The soil will be well enriched with manure early in the spring, and thoroughly pulverized to a depth of at least twenty inches. Then the plants will be set in a furrow four inches deep. This will make it easy to irrigate them if it should become necessary. The soil will not be drawn toward them until they are nearly ready to blanch, then only enough to hold the plants up in good shape. When I wish

to blanch I will earth up about six inches, then set twelve-inch boards on edge, on each side of the row, pressing them close to the plants, and fastening the upper edges one inch apart by means of small pieces of wood notched to fit it. By this means I can blanch the celery as needed. Of all the methods I have yet tried the above is by far the best. The celery is blanched tender, and is good to eat. I don't like tough, stringy celery, if it is white. I want it crisp and tender.

The abundance of rain we have had this season caused my strawberry-plants to grow so fast, and form so many runners, that they literally cover the ground. The plants are too numerous and too close together to yield a good crop next year. As experience has taught me that it is ruinous to dig out plants in the spring, I am cutting them out this fall. I have a long-handled shovel ground sharp as a knife, and I am thrusting it across the matted rows, cutting out all plants the width of the shovel, and leaving rows three to four inches wide. After the rows are thinned out I shall cover the soil of the entire patch with about an inch of finely pulverized, well-rotted manure, and when the ground freezes, apply a thin covering of straw.

It is the best plan to thin out the plants as they grow, instead of waiting until they are grown before thinning; but when white grubs are so abundant as they are now, I think it best to be sure you have a good stand of plants before cutting any out. Last fall the grubs worked in my patch until the ground froze hard, and I raked over a third of the rootless plants off last spring when removing the straw mulch from over the rows. They are not quite so numerous this fall, but still there are more than enough.

As winter approaches, and we occasionally get a little whiff of coolness from the northwest as a reminder, I am led to wonder why many farmers will continue to live on a bleak hill-top, exposed to all the bitter blasts of winter, when evergreens are so cheap, and so easily grown. I have lived with farmers whose yards were blizzard-swept winter after winter, and whose stables were as cold as snowbanks. When a blizzard was on, one could scarcely step outside of the house without having nose or ears frozen, and milking was a finger-freezing job, even inside of stables.

I have lived with other farmers whose yards and buildings were protected from the north and west winds by evergreens and orchard, and when a blizzard raged one would scarcely notice it. The snow lay just where it fell, instead of being piled up in great hard drifts on the south and east sides of the buildings, and sifting through every crack and chink in the stables down on the shivering animals therein. The cows and horses would go out of the stables to the watering-tank and take a good draught, then kick and caper around awhile before returning. While in an exposed yard it would be difficult to drive them out of the stables or to keep them out long enough to take a few hurried swallows.

An up-to-date farmer once told me that he was satisfied that a good wind-break of evergreens on the north and west sides of his yards and buildings would be worth not less than one hundred dollars a year to him. He was then on a new farm, and the trees for his wind-break were only four feet high, but he was doing all he could with tillage and manure to hurry them upward. The farm he had formerly lived on was protected by a belt of timber, and he knew the value of such protection. He declared that it took twenty-five per cent more fuel to keep his house warm, and fully that much more feed to keep his stock in good condition on the exposed place than on the one he had left.

It might be a good idea to think these things over some night when a blizzard is howling, and do a little planning for next spring. Remember that evergreens were never so cheap as now, and that no special skill is required in setting them out. When they reach a height of six or eight feet you will begin to bless the day you set them out, and continue to bless it more and more fervently as the years go by.

FRED GRUNDY.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

ORGANIZATION.—So much has been spoken and written about the advantages of organization among farmers that one can hardly hope to say anything that will strike home to those who appear indifferent to the pleasure and the gains that organization may bring them. But the busy season of the year has passed, or soon will be, and all farmer readers of this paper should make for themselves opportunities of meeting with others whose interests as producers are identical, and discussing all questions of interest and profit to themselves as farmers. Some organizations in the past have made political questions too prominent, and members have been offended. This was a serious mistake. Questions of business and social interest need our consideration, and there is no need of trenching on partisan political ground. We want to learn how to increase incomes, and how to make them go farther in procuring the necessities of life, and we want to aid in securing more efficient management of neighborhood and county affairs. This is within the province of farmers' organizations.

WATCHING OUR INTERESTS.—There is no objection to consideration of proposed legislation by state or nation, but chiefly that which concerns us as business men, and not as members of a political party. There is no reason why manufacturers should be permitted to sell shoddy goods for pure woolsens, thus defrauding the consumer and displacing millions of pounds of our wool every year. They should have the right to make shoddy goods, but we farmers should use our organizations to say to our national legislators that these men must brand their goods just what they are. If all of us were in the Grange or organized farmers' clubs or other practical societies, and should demand that all manufactured cloths should be sold for what they are, the demand would be granted, no one would be wronged, consumers would fare better, and wool would rise in price within twenty-four hours after the law was passed. This is plain business, and no other set of producers but farmers would endure this wrong. Why not use the means at hand, and put an end to it?

ADULTERATION OF FOOD.—Thanks to one organization, we have some supervision over the adulteration of food and drugs. Manufacturers may use harmless adulterants, but the package must bear a statement of the fact. All of us get the benefit of the aggressive action of this organization; but the work is not completed, nor will it be so long as there are dishonest men to evade the law. The dairy and food commissioner is dependent in great measure upon public sentiment. He cannot secure convictions unless it is on his side. He cannot do effective work in the face of hostility on the part of dealers and absolute indifference on the part of the masses, who are protected by the law. He cannot secure any needed amendments to the law. The farmers should stand at his back in an effective way—that is, in organizations that can act. We need greater protection from impure drugs. The mischief they do is fearful to contemplate. The question of branding shoddy and adulterated food and drugs are only two of many that concern us as farmers, and in organizations we should counsel together, and the influence of every farmer's name should be given in securing what is right and just.

EXCESSIVE BONDING.—Many counties are running wild in the matter of going into debt for improvements. Times are hard, and taxes come hard; so the politicians who want flush times in county treasuries are quick to advocate bonding of the county. The popular object just now is the improvement of our highways. This appeals to all progressive men, and we do not want to stay too far behind the times. Bad highways are a tax upon production—that is very true. But the building of costly highways is a business proposition just like the underdrainage of farm land, for instance. It is well to cut down all unnecessary expenses to secure either of these improvements. It even is wise,

oftentimes, to incur some indebtedness to hasten the work; but a conservative farmer is slow to go heavily in debt for farm improvements when times are hard, and this should be equally true of people in a public capacity. It is safer to scrimp hard and pay as one goes. Some counties are burdening themselves for a generation, and the majority of the taxpayers are opposed to it, but they are practically helpless, because unorganized. They should be in a position to counsel together, and determine the extent to which they wish to incur indebtedness. Farmers' clubs or granges are needed.

REDUCTION OF SALARIES.—The ineffectiveness of unorganized public sentiment among farmers is well exemplified in the matter of reduction of public salaries. There has been plenty of agitation, but that is about all of it. A few county officials have more influence with a legislator than a county full of farmers, simply because these few men mean business. They hang together, and their influence will be felt against any law-maker who favors a reduction of war-time salaries. Do not blame the legislator; self-preservation is the first law of nature. If he had organized public sentiment back of him, he would do as the people demand. Few care to deny that many salaries in public life are higher than the times justify, but they will not be reduced so long as farmers talk at random, and take no aim. Twenty live farmers' clubs or granges in each county could speak with such force that no legislature could refuse to listen. Why does not each farmer do his duty in this respect?

EXCHANGE OF IDEAS.—The substantial organization, however, gives the most of its time to exchange of ideas about farming and matters of purely local interest. In every neighborhood there are some men who make the production of some one thing a sort of specialty. They have put their best study upon it, and their advice is worth having. One man's experience may be helpful to another—help him to make money or prevent loss. The social side of organization is needed in every neighborhood. It is my experience that most men are better than outside appearances indicate. In social meetings the better side is displayed, and a mutual liking is begotten that improves the temper of a neighborhood. Men may be better citizens, better farmers and better neighbors if they join societies for the promotion of their interests. Where no organization exists, one should not wait upon another to make the needed move. A few good farmers can join and form a club at any time. Then, if a majority desire, this can be converted into a branch of some great organization, like the Grange.

DAVID.

A BACHELOR'S SALMAGUNDI.

Five leading products of the soil I have mentioned as my favorites of each of their respective classes: namely, the Seminole watermelon, Dungan's White Prolific field-corn, kafir-corn, Sand Lake potatoes and Winnigstadt cabbage. Perhaps it is well to add to the above list the following: Japanese buckwheat, cream-colored cowpeas with black eyes, Johnson-grass and Mountain Seedling gooseberry. Sacaline is yet promising. Dwarf Juneberry has come to stay. The fig-tree makes a fine ornamental pot-plant, and a useful one for the fruit it will produce. In concluding the list that will do to "tie to," let me ring it into the ears of my readers that the artichoke will demonstrate its value if given the chance. It is not only valuable food for hogs, but other stock is extremely fond of the fodder it makes. If the tops are turned under, they add lots of humus to the soil. They have a robust constitution, and will grow under conditions where most plants would fail.

Having before us the successes, let us also add the failures: Alfalfa, sand-vetch, lathyrus, rape (as a winter plant), crimson clover, Black Rice corn, the vineless sweet potato, Silver Mine oats and Winter Turf oats (as a winter oat). The following fruits are worthless: Prunus Simoni, Rocky Mountain Dwarf cherry, Downing mulberry, Crandall currant, Industry, Lancashire Red and Watson seedling gooseberries, Abundance and Floral Park plums, wineberry, and Champion of the World rose. I have tested several new

kinds of wheat, including Jones' Winter Fife, but none of them are equal to the old home kind. My experiment in pruning sweet-potato vines again shows no good resulting therefrom.

I have warned people against going into debt, and plead for our quails to be spared. I have condemned the use of tobacco as defiling to the human system, and shown the essential characteristics of a gentleman. Last, but not least, "slight" (I mean skill) may be brought to bear on all our work if we but put on our "studying-cap." With this summing up of many lessons, I submit the same for the readers' candid consideration, and turn my attention to the line of thought yet to come.

If any of my lady readers are bothered by coal-oil making its appearance on the outside of the lamp, let them try turning the wick down low when the light is extinguished—so low as to be below the top of the channel inclosing the wick. If the wick is left above the top—as it is when burning, for example—when the flame is blown out, the oil flows up through the wick and down onto the exterior of the lamp.

I often wonder if hntslers like Mr. Fred Grundy had such soil as we have in southern Illinois, could they make as brilliant success as they do? I have been observing the methods of some farmers who have come from the North down here to live, and if their plans are a fair example of the rich-land farmer of the North, the northerner will surely fail of success in "Egypt." Two points I will mention as examples: They plant their potatoes in a ridge, the same as sweet potatoes are planted, and when plowing corn, they run away off in the middles when giving the first cultivation. Also, when hoeing corn, they scrape all the loose dirt from about the corn and leave it in the naked, hard ground. The planting of the potatoes in ridges is all right for a wet season, but in a dry one all wrong. Cultivating far off from the young corn-plants during the first time, and getting closer as the corn grows, is never right; better reverse the order—cultivate close while little, and get farther away as the corn grows. In hoeing, some fine, loose dirt should be heft on the hard ground around each plant.

We are often told that a farmer can make his living on his land, also lay by a surplus for the "rainy day," and at the same time maintain or improve the fertility of his soil from his farm's own resources. I am willing to admit that by careful management the "running-down" process may be retarded. So can the wear of his implements be also retarded by proper care, but by no means is this saying they can constantly be made better from their own resources. The farmer can prolong his life by the right observance of hygiene, but this is by no means saying he can continually grow stronger thereby and live forever. But they tell us that pasture-land constantly improves right under the teeth of the stock. Nevertheless, I am fearful that such is not the case. The reasons for my doubts will be given in my next article, if the editor permits.

JEFFERSON D. CHEELY.

APPLE-TREES FOR FENCE-POSTS.

One of the greatest problems of the farmers to-day is how to make the best and cheapest fence. Many devices have been recommended, but the most econom-



ical fence, to my mind, is one made of barbed wire stretched to small strips—say 2x4 inches—bolted to apple-trees for posts, as shown in the illustration.

The trees are trimmed up pretty high, and the 2x4-inch strips should be all cut into equal lengths, the height you desire your fence, and a hole bored near each end, leaving the spaces between them all of equal distances apart. Then make bolts about nine inches in length, sharp-

ened at one end, and with two holes drilled in the other, two inches apart, as shown in illustration. They can be made very cheaply. They are driven into the tree about three inches deep, at their proper distance apart; put a key in the second hole, then slip on your 2x4-inch strip, then put in the other key to hold it on, and the post is complete.



The wire is then stapled onto the posts; and by taking pains to have all the trees the same distance apart, the fence, with the 2x4-inch posts, can be removed by taking out the keys that hold them on, to any portion of the farm where trees are prepared for them.

This makes a very substantial and durable fence, lasting from twenty-five to thirty years. The trees need not cost anything more than a little time and attention, as they can be obtained by planting the seed from the nicest apples; and the fruit will more than repay for the cost of the fence in a few years.

Such a fence should be along every public highway, as it would give the road and fields an attractive and homelike appearance.

S. C. V.

LIME AND CLOVER.

The "New England Farmer" has a dissertation upon lime and clover, from the pen of one of the staff of the Rhode Island experiment station. This writer claims truly that lime is as important as potash and phosphoric acid in "bringing in clover," and that the last two are entirely insufficient to encourage the growth of clover on some Rhode Island soils; but where lime is added clover grows as vigorously as formerly. Some farmers said clover winter-killed in late years, others averred that the soil had become "clover sick," without offering any explanation as to the cause of clover sickness. It is well demonstrated, however, that in our granitic, and perhaps some other soils where clover once flourished, but will not now, the supply of lime in the soil has been exhausted, and what it needs to make it produce clover again is to apply lime. Any one who has clover-sick soil can easily test the matter. Gypsum, or land-plaster, was once celebrated in central New York for its beneficial action upon clover, but in late years it is of so little value that farmers have almost entirely ceased its use; but just as large crops of clover are grown as ever. The fact is, plaster is nearly all carbonate of lime, and so much of it has been used that a large surplus remains in the soil, and, of course, an addition to it is of no benefit to crops. Wood ashes are excellent to apply to clover, but where there is lack of lime in the soil, the thirty-five per cent of it in the ashes does more good than the remainder of the commodity.

DR. GALEN WILSON.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Dr. Lintner, entomologist of New York, has only censure for the English sparrow. I am sure that it has some redeeming qualities. I read that a flock of sparrows had actually conquered the army-worm in one locality. It is well established that the young sparrows are brought up mostly on a diet of insects.

T. GR.

Nerve Strength

Nerve strength is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla because this great medicine makes rich, pure and nourishing blood. Nerves depend upon the blood for support. With poor, thin blood they are weak and the person is nervous. Cures of nervousness by Hood's Sarsaparilla are because rich and pure blood is given by this medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail, because it does what other medicines cannot do. The cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are accomplished in nature's own way. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

FALL LETTUCE.—Autumn may not be just the right season for lettuce, and yet I notice that most members of my family, and other people, too, consider a mess of crisp lettuce from the greenhouse just as much of a luxury as it seemed to be last winter, and far more than the lettuce from open ground was last summer. Lettuce is the vegetable of all vegetables that I enjoy most out of its right season. Plants were started in July and August, and one of the benches in the greenhouse planted a few weeks later. The crop required no artificial heat and very little care, except copious watering while the weather was fair and yet warm. We have now been feasting on the tenderest little heads (and on large ones, too) for some weeks, and shall have it for some weeks longer. By that time, of course, other benches in the greenhouse will be occupied with young plants, giving us a continuous supply right along. Greenhouse lettuce can be produced very cheaply during October and November, and I think it will find lovers enough who are willing to pay a fair price for it so that the crop will pay well.

MICE AND RATS.—Small as they are, mice can give us a good deal of trouble and annoyance. Usually they enter traps easily, but sometimes we find some specimens that are exceedingly cautious, and refuse to be caught by our usual devices. In the greenhouse, for instance, mice can become a real pest, and there they seem to be harder to catch than in most other places. A couple of ordinary house-mice have given me considerable trouble in the greenhouse lately, but finally I caught one in one of the "Delusion" traps, and the other I dispatched with the Flobert gun. The best thing we can do to get rid of mice is to change traps, and change baits (cheese, cake, nuts, pumpkin-seeds) quite frequently. Persistence in this will get the mouse at last. The same is the case with rats. Some old specimens will defy us for a long time. But we keep the traps set and well baited until our game becomes familiar with them and loses fear, and soon they will be ours. Chestnuts make a very superior bait for both mice and rats. If we have to deal with real suspicious old specimens, we have to exercise a little ingenuity in disguising all suspicious parts (especially iron and wire) of the trap with paper or muslin, etc., and then we may succeed quite well in getting even the wildest rat into the trap.

IN THE GREENHOUSE.—If you ever build a greenhouse with double board walls and sawdust filling or dead-air spaces, be sure to make everything snug and tight. If mice or rats can get inside these walls, they will give you no end of trouble. This is especially the case where the benches are so arranged that we cannot have free access to the sides. I would prefer having my benches movable, so that they can be taken out once a year or as often as desirable. I have just had to take out one of the benches in my greenhouse in order to repair the wall, and refill the space with coarse sawdust. A rat had found entrance last winter, and gnawed holes, and dug out a good deal of the filling. Now everything is made tight again, and rats and mice will have to stay out. I never like to poison any of these animals in the greenhouse or in any of our buildings, not even the barn. I fear the stench of the dead and decaying even more than the teeth of the living. For this same reason I have never tried the injection into any openings made by rats and mice of bisulphid of carbon, which otherwise might work as well in the greenhouse for these rodents as for gophers, etc., in open ground.

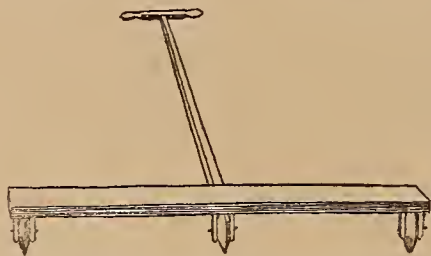
THE MARKET PROBLEM AGAIN.—This country is large, and its different sections have widely different conditions. Products may spoil in one locality for want of consumers, and be scarce and held at a high price in another place. We have an instance of this kind just now in the market. While we have a surplus of apples of choicest quality, and feed quantities of them that in other seasons we would barrel and sell for a good price, I note

that there are many places where even now apples are in good demand at big prices. There are no apples worth mentioning at the South. I don't think that the southern markets have yet been worked as much as would be profitable to northern growers. In short, the distribution is faulty, insufficient. We may have plenty of railroads, yet the cost of transportation still forbids the shipment to many localities where we might find ready consumers and willing buyers. It is so with other farm products. Potatoes here are worth forty to fifty cents a bushel. One of my correspondents from some western section writes me that the potato crop is even larger than that of last year, and selling now at ten cents a bushel. Then again, I have a large number of reports, of which the following, from John Lombard, Amherst, Wisconsin, is an especially "shining" example:

"I live in the center of a large territory devoted to potato culture. The farmers here raise nothing else to sell. The crop is well nigh a failure. The best pieces give no more than half a crop, and every farmer has acres that are not worth digging. The cold snap caught a good many acres. These are badly frozen, and there will not be any to dig."

In all probability potatoes will be high-priced enough in that locality, and in many other places. The situation does not warrant a price as low as ten cents a bushel anywhere where there is any chance to get them out and ship them. It seems sure that potatoes will be scarce enough this winter and next spring, and all that is needed is to find means of transporting them at reasonable cost from the places of abundant production to those of failure. The market problem is nothing more nor less than a transportation problem, and it will have to be solved.

GARDEN-MARKER.—I have a new idea as to the proper construction of a garden-marker. Thus far I have not had the ideal marker, one that can be pushed, and



will run and mark well. I think that a marker made as suggested by the illustration will be just the thing. It has tracer-wheels something on the principle of a dressmaker's tracer-wheel. The marker-disk (and there may be as many as you desire, say three or four, and at any desired distance apart) is a simple disk of wood or iron, with pointed rim. These will roll over the ground very easily, and make a good mark in loose ground. To make one of these markers will be a job for one of these stormy fall or winter days.

T. GREINER.

NEW AND NOXIOUS WEEDS.

The tumble-weed has now been added to the pests that threaten agriculture. It has been in northwestern Canada for five years, and is now heard from at nine points in the United States. It is said to travel in baled hay, in dirty grain-cars, and in unclean hay and grain seed. Probably the true course is for each state to act by itself, and form the habit of doing so in reference to all such evils. Prompt action can put an end to any invasion of weeds or insects; but the least delay, and not only is the expense enormously increased, but the certainty of success is quickly decreased. Massachusetts has learned this in dealing with the gipsy-moth.

FRUIT NECESSITY.

Fruits would then be considered a necessity with other food, not a luxury for occasional use.

The universal consumption of fruit means the employment of millions of women and children in a pleasant occupation; it means the most perfect combination of the useful and beautiful in the common walks of life, a stimulant to better health, higher thought and a deeper interest in rural pursuits.—Thayer's Bulletin.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

Apple-scab.—Mrs. T. D., Thorne, Canada. The disease to which you refer is known by the suggestive name of "scab." It is a fungous disease to which some varieties are more subject than others. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture, as so often recommended in these columns, will prevent it; but as this is unpleasant work, I suggest that you graft the tree next spring to some variety that does well in your section and is free from scab.

Cutting Scions in the Fall.—B. R., Edinburg, Ind. It is not absolutely necessary to cut scions in the fall in order to be successful in grafting, but if the scions are cut in the autumn, there is no chance of their being injured during winter, so success is generally more certain with them. In the extreme northern states this is more important than in the central and southern states. But plum scions are an exception to this rule, and I always prefer to cut them as they are wanted in the spring, since, if cut in autumn, the buds are liable to decay during winter.

To Keep Rabbits and Mice From Trees.—J. T., Frankford, Minn. A furrow turned against the seedlings on each side, or a mound of earth around small trees, will generally keep off the mice and moles, except in the case of deep snows, when they sometimes work on the crust of former snows; but if the snow is trodden down hard alongside the seedlings and trees soon after the snow falls, the mice will not work around them. Rabbits may be kept from eating trees by smearing the trunks and exposed branches with blood, or in the case of single trees, by wrapping them with cloth or fine wire screening.

Peach on Plum Stock.—D. H. S., Ionia, Mich., writes: "I placed peach-buds from an Early Crawford in Lombard plum sprouts. They are doing well. I have been told that this kind of budding would produce apricots. Is this a fact?"

REPLY:—No. It is a common practice to graft a bud of peach-trees on plums when they are to be grown on heavy soil, since the plum-root finds a heavy soil better suited to it than does the peach. It does not materially change the character of the fruit to do this. The apricot is looked upon as a distinct species from the peach. The nectarine has often been considered a cross between peach and plum or peach and apricot, but such a cross must be made with the male and female organs of the flowers, and could not be made by grafting or budding.

Dewberries.—W. S. K., Prairie City, Ill. In wild sections dewberries need no protection in winter, but in most of the northern states they are much benefited by a covering of hay or straw three or four inches thick. In very severe situations it might be well to cover with a little earth first. In pruning, all the old unproductive wood should be cut out and the long vines shortened about one third. I prefer to do this in the spring after the flower-buds show, so there will be no doubt about what is bearing wood. They can be successfully trained on a low trellis, but I prefer to put some mulch under the vines to keep the fruit clean and let them go at that, since it is less trouble, and I think I get as much fruit as when they are trained on a trellis; though in a home garden the trellis looks very nice.

Propagating the Peach.—J. W., Canon City, Col. The peach is propagated by budding on seedling peach-trees. Generally the seed is planted in the spring and the plant budded in August. In pruning the peach, from one third to one half of the new wood should be cut off each year. This should be done in the spring before growth starts. By this treatment the fruit-buds are thinned out and the tree takes on a compact form, and does not easily break down. Cherry and plum may have light pruning done early in the spring. They do not need much pruning, but a little looking over each year to take out interlocking branches and shorten branches that grow too strongly. Of course, in any case the trees must first be made to branch at the proper place when young. You had better acquaint yourself with the methods of the best fruit-growers in your section.

Chestnut Culture.—J. C. R., Cincinnati, Ohio. Native chestnut-trees come into bearing at from twelve to twenty years of age, and grafted trees of the most prolific sorts in from two to seven years after grafting, varying, of course, with the age of the stocks on which they are grafted, and other conditions. The yield from a large productive chestnut-tree might reasonably be assumed to be a bushel or more, but will vary greatly, and some trees will produce very few nuts. There are many species of the cuneolus that injure chestnuts; in portions of Tennessee these are so numerous as to ruin almost the entire crop of nuts, and in parts of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia these insects ruin about all the chinquapins, and greatly injure the chestnut. Perhaps the most popular varieties are the American seedling from the European chestnut, known as Paragon and Numbo.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

A New Botanical Discovery.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder, Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

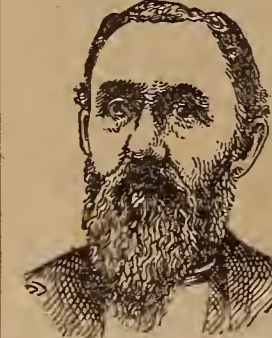
In the last issue readers were informed of the discovery of the Kava-Kava Shrub, a new botanical product, of wonderful power in curing certain diseases. The Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *Piper Methysticum*, grows on the banks of the Ganges river, East India, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the Peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. We have previously quoted Dr. Archibald Hodgson, the great authority on these diseases in which he describes the sufferings of both Hindoos and white missionaries and soldiers on these low, marshy swamps and jungles on the Ganges. He says:

"Intense tropical heat and moisture acting upon decaying vegetation render these low grounds on the Ganges most unhealthy districts. Jungle fevers and miasma assail the system. * * * The Blood becomes deranged and the Urine thick and dark-colored. * * * Life hangs in the balance. Then when all modern medical science fails, safety is found in the prompt use of Kava-Kava. A decoction of this wonderful botanical growth relieves the Kidneys, the Urine becomes clearer, the fever abates, and recovery sets in, etc."

Of all diseases that afflict mankind, Diseases of the kidneys are the most fatal and dangerous, and it is but natural that the discovery of the Kava-Kava Shrub—Nature's Positive Specific Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys—is welcomed as a gift to suffering humanity, and its medical compound, Alkavis, endorsed by the Hospitals and physicians of Europe.

Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., Editor of the "Religious World," writes of the wonderful curative effects of Alkavis in his own case as it cured him after years of suffering from kidney and bladder disease.

Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease



Mr. R. C. Wood, Lowell, Ind.

and Bladder disease of ten years standing, by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant misery, often compelled to rise ten times during the night on account of weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all his home physicians without the least benefit, and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. The testimony is undoubted and really wonderful. Many others give similar evidence.

Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis, and was promptly cured of Kidney disease, and restored to health. Mrs. Alice Evans of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Mary A. Layman, of Neel, West Va., twenty years a sufferer; Mrs. Sarah Yunk, Edinboro, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. Copeland, Elk River, Minn.; and many other ladies join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis, in various forms of Kidney and allied diseases, and other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood.



Mrs. James Young, Kent, O.

Many doctors also testify to the powers of Alkavis in curing almost hopeless cases. Among these none have greater weight than Dr. A. R. Knapp, of Leoti, Kansas, and Dr. Anderson, of Carthage, Mo., whose testimony is particularly valuable from the fact of their great experience in these diseases. Mr. A. S. Colburn, of Waltham, Mass., aged 78, and an intense sufferer for five years, was cured by Alkavis.

The following letter from the well-known minister, Rev. A. C. Darling, of North Constantia, Oswego County, New York, was written after, as he says himself, he had lost confidence in man and medicine, had no sleep or rest, and took Alkavis as a last resort.

North Constantia, Oswego Co., New York, May 20. CHURCH KIDNEY CURE COMPANY:

Gents:—I have been troubled with kidney and kindred diseases for sixteen years and tried all I could get without relief. Two and a half years ago I was taken with a severe attack of La Grippe, which turned to pneumonia. At that time my Liver, Kidneys, Heart and Urinary Organs all combined in what to me seemed their last attack. My confidence in man and medicine had gone. My hope had vanished and all that was left to me was a dreary life and certain death. At last I heard of Alkavis and as a last resort I commenced taking it. At this time I was using the vessel as often as sixteen times in one night, without sleep or rest. In a short time, to my astonishment, I could sleep all night as soundly as a baby, which I had not done in sixteen years before. What I know it has done for me, I firmly believe it will do for all who will give Alkavis a fair trial. I most gladly recommend Alkavis to all.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) A. C. DARLING.

Another most remarkable cure is that of Rev. Thomas Smith, of Cobden, Illinois, who passed nearly one hundred gravel stones under two weeks' use of this great remedy, Alkavis.

The Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York City, so far are the only importers of Alkavis, and they are so anxious to prove its great value that they will send a Large Case by mail free to Every Reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's disease, Rheumatism, Cystitis, Gravel, Female Complaints and Irregularities, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. All readers who are Sufferers should send their names and address to the company and receive the Large Case by mail free. To prove its wonderful curative power it is sent to you entirely free.

Our Farm.

FRUITS.

(Concluded.)

FANNY is a very nice large, showy apple, of fine quality. The under yellow is deep and rich, and the overspreading russety red is very red; also the trees bears well. But there are some drawbacks. It comes in the summer and early fall, drops badly, and is inclined to rot quickly unless special care is given. The tree is of slow growth, resembling "Mother" in this respect, and may be distinguished by the numerous kernels in its bark.

Kinnaird is bearing this year for the first—planted about ten years ago. So far I see little in it to distinguish it from its parent, the Winesap. It has been free from blight, rather slow-growing, but healthy. The head is pyramidal, with center limbs upright and lower ones drooping—perhaps not as many cross and in-growing as with Winesap. Fruit is about the same size and color, perhaps not quite so conical. The head is rather open, but it will hardly make so wide a tree as its parent.

I have the Stark as old trees. The tree is vigorous, forming a large, wide head, and needs about thirty-five feet in the orchard. There is some blight, but it is generally a healthy, thrifty tree that needs but little trimming. The fruit is quite as large as Ben Davis, and although not a regular bearer, it may be called "productive." The general color is green, with a dusky blush, and on account of its size and smoothness may be called rather attractive. It also keeps well, a month or two—or more—later than the Ben Davis. I also think it better in quality, but as the grain is rather coarse, it will grade only perhaps "good."

Shackleford has been overpraised. I see nothing in it to justify any one in planting even one tree. Although large and red, the quality is the same as Ben Davis, while it drops, matures and rots, even much earlier than that variety.

Early Colton don't bear. "That is what is the matter here." Mine, planted ten years ago, is a good large tree, and has borne a little fruit for several years, but a bushel or two will tell the whole story. I prefer the Early Harvest to it. The quality is good enough, but it is of only medium size and not very showy. Perhaps on other soils it may do better.

I do not plant peaches, and have only picked one on his list, the Elberta. It is a very large, fine, showy peach of fair quality, but the tree seems to lack in vigor. I have about half a dozen trees, but they are now all dead, while Bequett Free, which gives a still larger peach—bought at the same time, or eleven years ago—is growing and thriving as serenely as ever. But the Bequett Free has not the magnificent color of Elberta, and probably would not bring as much on the market.

Poole's (Pride) and Forest Rose are all the plums I have seen yet that he names. I consider the former about the most reliable (not considered) of any that I have. The tree is very vigorous, very small-leaved, is lacking in thorns, and altogether very peculiar in tree and fruit. "What's dat ar? Never seen nuffin like it. Specks I'll have to buy sum," said an old darky, as one of my wagons stopped in the street to make a sale; and really the fruit, though small, is very clean-looking and attractive. There is a watery color to the red and yellow not found in any other plum that I know of. Twenty-four feet apart is close enough for this variety. Forest Rose is a good kind, resembling Weaver in fruit, but with twice as vigorous a tree, and needs as much room as an apple. In season there is not much difference between the two varieties, although Poole's has a longer period of ripening, commencing to ripen earlier.

I have none of the plums mentioned, and the pears spoken of are not in bearing. Krull has shown some blight here.

Abbesse cherry has fruited here, but I have forgotten just how it looks. It has been planted six years, and has at least shown no very remarkable characteristic, either in bearing early or in quality of fruit. I recall that either it or Frauendorfer Weichsel were very bitter. The tree is at least thrifty.

Montmorency Ordinaire is, as its name implies, just an ordinary kind of a cherry,

not as good as Montmorency Extraordinaire, yet not a humbug.

Dyehouse is two or three days earlier than Early Richmond, and larger, but does not bear one fourth as much here. I have it in old trees, and consider it worthless. Taken all in all, I have not yet found any variety that would yield as much as the Early Richmond, except perhaps Amarelle Bouquet. Bessarabian and Griotte du Nord are later, and promise to bear well. These have a very long stem, with fruit of full medium size and an inclination to be bitter.

Have planted the buffalo-berry twice, but all have died. If I try again, will plant in partial shade, although I do not know that this is necessary.

High-bush cranberry has not fruited here. I bought it some years ago, and all died. Two years ago I brought it home with me from Minnesota, and put out half a dozen more plants, and tended them well. One of these is alive and seems healthy, but I cannot think that the conditions here are exactly favorable to its growth. In Minnesota it bears as full as does a blackhaw here, and it is eatable as a sauce or in pies, but is not as good as the ordinary cranberry, which it resembles.

Have not tried the apricots named.

Mariana plum does not sprout from the roots any more than the ordinary apple. My first two trees, planted twelve years ago, have never sprouted at all, but sometimes I notice a sprout from other trees where cut by the plow.

Quinces do not grow very readily here from cuts, and the pear is still more difficult. I have grown quinces with moderate success as Mr. Cheely suggests; but grafting in the stem to apple don't work, although the quince often grows vigorously the first year.

We can't raise quinces here. My Meech bore a few specimens, and gave up the ghost; Champion and Orange have done the same, and Rhea's went along with them. Portugal and Fuller are yet thrifty and free from blight and the effects of winter, but they do not seem to realize what I planted them for—seem to think they are ornamentals. Missouri Mammoth is too small to bear, and I have not tried the Van Deman.

A small per cent of the pears will live on apple-roots, but I think it cheaper to graft on whole pear-roots, and there will be enough loss even then. To give a pear variety its best possible chance, I practise raising Garber or Early Harvest to one or two year olds, and stem-graft in early spring. However, neither of the above varieties are very hardy, and if the mercury falls to minus thirty degrees, the wood will be damaged. Lincoln, when cheap enough, will be a hardier stock, and just as free from blight. Bessemlanka is hardiest of all, but, oh, my, how it blights!

BENJ. BUCKMAN.

THE ROOT CROP.

Every close student of the agricultural or stock papers must frequently have noticed the oft-repeated assertion that English mutton is the superior of that produced in this country. As the breeds, pasturage and dry feed of the two countries are practically the same, we must credit the universal practice of English shepherds to feed roots to their flocks with the difference. Be that as it may, it is the experience of the best American shepherds that the feeding of roots is absolutely necessary to producing the best results in sheep industry. Taking into consideration the digestible nutriment, the actual food content of the roots, we find them to be worth about as follows, per 100 pounds:

Turnips of all kinds, 11 cents; rutabagas, 15 cents; sugar-beets, 19 cents; carrots, 18 cents, and potatoes, 29 cents. This makes the food content range from \$2.30 to \$5.80 in value a ton. These values leave a handsome margin for profit in feeding, as the roots named above, with the exception of potatoes, may be grown, harvested and pitted or hoisted at from three to six cents a bushel, being governed somewhat by location and the price of land, labor, etc.

We have included in the above figures only such roots as are commonly grown on the farm, and such as may be grown in every section of the country. Aside from the actual food value of roots, there is another and most important advantage in their use; namely, succulence. It relieves the animal economy of that craving for green and fresh food after having been

put upon dry feed; it stimulates the appetite, increases the natural secretions, regulates the bowels to a nicety, and aids greatly in the consumption, digestion and assimilation of other feeds, and finally promotes the general health of the animal. The feeding of roots to animals is what the eating of fruit is to man. Any reputable physician will tell you that a fruitful year is a healthful one. The reason is obvious, the lesson is forcible. There is no animal grown upon the farm that may not be benefited by being fed a part ration of roots.

So eminent an authority as the late Dr. E. W. Stewart said: "Root crops are the main dependence of the dairyman for winter feeding, and are indispensable for complete success." Horses are partial to carrots, and greatly benefited by them; hogs eat and thrive upon most roots, but more especially potatoes and artichokes, and poultry will eat all roots when reduced to a proper condition of fineness.

Root-cutters, especially the kind cleaning the roots before cutting them, reduce the roots to a condition to be fed safely and profitably. One of these cutters should be used by every stock-raiser and dairyman.

DAIRY GOSSIP.

Some one has said that the best dairy-men are nearly always found to be women. The reason assigned was that a woman is pretty sure to be quiet and gentle in her manner, while so frequently men are prone to be rough and noisy. We are told that we must depend upon the motherly instincts of the cow to provide us with a good flow of milk, and if the cow is in any way badly treated that we cannot obtain her full flow of milk. That if she is pelted with clubs and stones or otherwise mistreated until her anger is aroused, her milk becomes more or less contaminated or poisoned, and is totally unfitted for use. Some laugh at this idea, and say it is all nonsense, yet most people are aware of the fact that undue excitement of the mind of the nursing mother will frequently be noticeable in the child.

This much is certain, at least, that if cows are mistreated continuously they are not likely to prove very profitable to the owner, and if mistreated on any occasion the succeeding mess of milk is pretty certain to be less in quantity. For this reason the man who cares for cows should be quiet and gentle in disposition; not disposed to the use of clubs or anxious to see the effects of concussion between the toe of his boot and the ribs of a cow; not given to the use of profane language, for usually such cannot work without talking more or less, even though three fourths of the words they speak are blasphemy. I have occasionally known men to start out and swear for several minutes before they seemed able to start out on the subject upon which they wished to talk. They always remind me of the old-fashioned threshing-machine, which was run half an hour in order to raise sufficient power to begin the work of threshing the grain. These swearing men are never good attendants for cows. I suppose it is because the morals of the cows are superior to those of the men.

If possible, the same person should have continuous charge of the cows. They are quick to get acquainted, and are soon familiar with the habits of the attendant. He should study the capacity of each individual cow in order to ascertain the amount of food that she is capable of converting into butter fat without undue loss. He should keep a record in which to note down the date when each cow is bred, when calves are dropped, sex of calves, etc. One need not be in doubt then about the time when each should receive close attention to prevent milk-fever and other difficulties. The period of gestation in the cow is variously stated. Some give it at nine months, some say ten months, neither of which is correct, except perhaps in isolated cases. Young cows may calve at nine months, but forty-one weeks, or nine months and two weeks, is the true period. If there are symptoms of milk-fever, they should not be permitted to go over this time.

In the spring of 1895 quite a number of cows were lost from milk-fever. There appeared to be something in the weather or some general cause which is not understood, just as the spring of 1890 brought great numbers of foals with enlarged navels. So general was this that it led to investigations as to the cause, but to no effect. "Colman's Rural World" stated that the cause was probably in the conditions of the seasons. The cows referred to as lost from milk-fever had in each case overrun the proper time. I had a valuable heifer which showed signs of

milk-fever. I was compelled to begin milking her at the end of thirty-eight weeks. At the end of forty-one weeks she was given a medical preparation, and within thirty minutes the calf was born, well and strong, and the milk being taken by the calf in nature's way, the fever soon began to subside, and the cow was saved. A number of similar cases attest the propriety of the method.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

A Great Country.

Another great wave of emigration is about to flow over the country. The northwest will receive the greatest benefit from it, and every state in that region is prepared for it. From the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, Boards of Immigration have been formed, full of energy and enthusiasm and glad to give the newcomer and enquirer all the assistance possible.

In Minnesota the renowned Red River Valley and the newly opened lands of the Red Lake Reservation attract the homeseeker.

In North Dakota there are rolling hills and rich prairie lands. In Montana, the great Yellowstone Valley, with its new irrigation enterprises, the noted Gallatin Valley and the Bitter Root Valley extend arms of welcome. In Idaho and Washington the Nez Perce Reservation lands recently ceded, and the Palouse, Potlatch and Yakima Valleys east of the Cascades are bound to be rapidly settled. West of the mountains are the fertile valleys of Puget Sound in Washington, and the Columbia and Willamette Valleys in Oregon.

Homes for millions of people are found here. Come and take possession; others are coming, you come too;—write to

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TOP SNAP, Extension Lib DOUBLES Breech \$9.00 Loader
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450,000 TREES
200 varieties. Also Grapes, Small Fruits, etc. Best rootstock, genuine, cheap. 2 sample currants mailed for 10c. Desc. price list free. LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, N. Y.

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Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

FRESH AIR IN THE POULTRY-HOUSE.

THE rule adopted of allowing a flock plenty of fresh air may result in no loss, and the "survival of the fittest" through several years of such practice, but fresh air in winter is cold air, and the heat lost by the hens must be provided from the food eaten. Shelter saves food, because it prevents loss of heat. Fresh air is essential, but why a flock of hens should be exposed in order to have a supply of it, when we protect our own bodies with shelter, food and stoves, with all the cracks of the house closed, is a problem.

Many poultry-houses are so open that fresh air comes in from the sides and above, and the hens must huddle together to conserve warmth. It is a fresh-air condition which some persons believe essential to success, but somehow or other these hens do not lay any eggs. It requires all the food eaten by the hens to keep alive, and it is costly, for not only will the hens refuse to lay, but they must eat more food than is necessary with shelter and protection from cold. In summer the poultry-house is a very uncomfortable place at night, when the flock is large. By reducing the number of fowls there is also a reduction of the animal heat, and each bird secures more fresh air. Every male, unprofitable hen or unpromising pullet should be sold immediately, thus cheapening the labor. More eggs will be the result, because the conditions affecting production will be then changed and the flock placed in a more favorable position for fulfilling expectations.

CHEAP LANDS AND POULTRY.

On all lands there is a growth of something, and among the different kinds of barn-yard fowls there are some that will find a portion of their food from the voluntary growth. The turkey is an active forager, and industriously works over a large area, consuming not only insects, but a great many grasses and seeds. Ducks and geese prefer to seek the young and tender herbage, not excepting weeds. If a piece of land is idle, and is unsuitable for large stock, it will pay to put it to use, and thus compel it to return at least the interest on its value. When poultry-houses are built sufficiently far apart to allow room for a flock of fifty hens, they will need little or no attention in summer, the feed given depending on the vegetable growth upon the land. If it is covered with green food, even if of weeds, the hens will not be slow in finding all they desire. If the growth is scanty, then a mess of meat and bone at night will be all the help they may need. Poultry should be used on poor and unprofitable land, especially in sections where there are always good markets and fair prices are obtained the whole year, and it is better to keep geese, ducks, turkeys and hens than to depend only on one kind. If good land is used, then the circumstances governing other matters on the farm must be considered; but the object is to call attention to the utilization of waste land, poultry offering better opportunities for affording a profit than even sheep, as the hens give returns every day in the year. The farmers must at some time realize the fact that poultry should not be a side business on the farm, but be taken up as one of the most important, and when they begin to do so they will learn how to manage better and how to make land pay that has never paid before.

BUYING EGGS TO SELL.

No one who buys eggs to sell can guarantee them to be perfectly fresh. He may sell to a customer, and truthfully, so far as he knows, guarantee the eggs in every respect; but when a person buys eggs from several farms or from others, there is a certainty that the inevitable nest-egg will find its way to the market with the good ones, and cause trouble. It is only with extra precaution that the stale eggs can be kept out of the lots, even when one has his own hens; but when the eggs come from several sources, it is only a matter of time for the customer to learn that he can place no dependence on

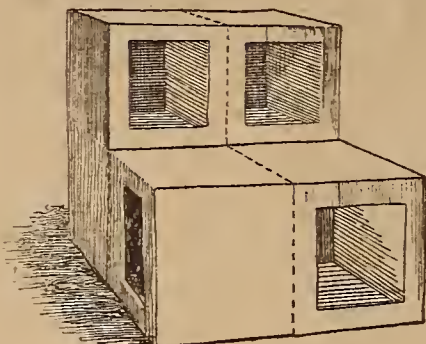
those who guarantee them. Now, every person who keeps fowls should be able to guarantee the eggs as being fresh, and should not buy to sell again if extra prices are received for the fresh eggs. Make it a point to supply a good class of customers, and never allow an egg to be marketed unless you are sure that it is fresh.

TREATMENT OF FROSTED COMBS.

When a bird becomes frosted on the comb (frozen comb), the best remedy is to keep it in some place where the wind cannot reach it. Fauciers protect such tall-comb breeds as Leghorns by placing choice specimens in a barrel at night, having a block of wood in a barrel for a roost. The first thing to do is to swab the injured comb with glycerin. The next day the comb should be anointed with an ointment composed of equal parts of ichthyol and lanoline, which should be repeated every day. Healing is a slow process, and only relief from pain can be afforded, as the comb may slough off entirely. It is an advantage to keep a fowl which has been frosted and healed, as it will be less liable to be injured the succeeding winter.

PORTABLE NESTS.

Where the flock is small, consisting of about a dozen fowls, four or five nests are sufficient, and there may be a saving of space by arranging the nests as in the illustration. A box two feet square and one foot deep will provide four nests, as shown by the dotted lines, and the entrances may be arranged in any manner preferred (front and rear). If more nests are required, one or more can be added by placing them on the box, as may be seen in the illustration. By this arrangement the nests can be moved or placed anywhere in the house, or carried outside to be cleaned (as it is not necessary to nail the top to the sides), and being very compact, there is quite a saving of space compared with the usual method of fastening continuous nests to the sides of the house, while by separating the nests from the roosts the nests will be cleaner, and the roosts more easily arranged for the con-



venience of the fowls. The entrances to two of the nests are not seen, they being at the rear or other side.

BREEDS FOR THE FARM.

It is conceded that the best hens are those which have ample room to forage, and that the breeds best adapted to farms, where the farmer is too busy to give his hens any attention, are the Minorcas, Leghorns and Hamburgs. They are just the active foragers for summer, and are able to pick up the larger share of their food. In fact, if the grass and insects are plentiful, they will need nothing at all from their owner. In the winter, however, they must be kept very warm, the Hamburgs being tender, and the combs of the Leghorns and Minorcas being liable to the effect of severe cold. Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Brahmas and Wyandottes are more contented where the area over which they can forage is restricted, and they can stand the long winter well; but if the farmer expects large numbers of eggs in summer, these breeds will not compare with the Leghorns or Minorcas. If the average number of eggs for each breed for a whole year can be computed, it will be found that there is not a difference of ten eggs a year in all the breeds. The location of the farms will also have an influence. When a farmer selects a breed, he should not look for the "best breed," as it can never be found, but for the best breed for the kind of farm he has. Adapt the breed to the farm, or rather, take the breed that is believed will do better on that particular farm than any other, and the results will be much better than to seek the "best

breed," as it may prove a failure because not the most suitable for the purpose.

UNIFORMITY OF EGGS.

It has been claimed that the Asiatic breeds, especially the Brahmas and Cochins, lay eggs that are dark in color. If one having a flock of Brahmas will compare the eggs, he will probably find that they will not be uniform. They will no doubt be darker than eggs from the non-sitting varieties, but the shades will show a difference of color. It is possible that occasionally the eggs from a small flock will be somewhat uniform in shade of color, but not so with large flocks. One or two breeders have for twenty years worked industriously to secure a strain of Plymouth Rocks which would lay brown eggs, yet they have not been completely successful in having the color uniform, even when the selections of birds were from sisters, although they have certainly done good work in that direction. If we examine eggs that are white, we will find that even among them there will be a distinct shade, and with the dark eggs some will be very brown, so much so as to show a marked contrast even with the eggs that are recognized as dark, and which are so classified. Then again the sizes of eggs from a large number of hens vary. A large hen may lay eggs that are below the average in size, while a smaller hen may produce eggs that are large. While the careful selection of the best hens of particular breeds may enable the poultryman to secure uniformity, yet one must not expect to perform a revolution in a single season; but there is no doubt by continuing the work the characteristics desired may be fixed in a few years.

VENTILATION.

Remember our admonition in regard to ventilation, which is that it is more difficult to keep the fresh out than to let it in, and any attempt to ventilate will simply allow the warmth to escape. A poultry-house ten by ten feet and eight feet high, occupied by a dozen fowls, will require no ventilation. Estimating a man as twenty-five times as large as a fowl, and twelve men having a space proportionately to size, they would occupy rooms two hundred and fifty by two hundred and fifty feet and two hundred feet high. In so large a room in cold weather a stove would have to be used, and no windows could be raised. How much more important it is to avoid cold air in a cold building that is not lathed and plastered.

WHY NOT GO

To California this winter via the Northern Pacific—Shasta Route? You can go with all the comfort imaginable. Vestibuled cars and a through dining car mean warm cars and regular meals. You ride through the finest scenery in the northwest, and make close connection with Shasta Route in Portland Union Station. The Shasta Route scenery in Oregon and California is the grandest on the Pacific coast. The Southern Pacific plainly state that their Shasta Route is the *creme de la creme* of California travel. Send six cents for tourist matter bearing on this route. Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

EXTENSIVE FARMING.

After prospecting through Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and other Southern states, Mr. J. J. Eastman, of Dodge County, Minnesota, visited the Tallahassee country last May, and was so well pleased with the climate, soil, location, surroundings, etc., that he purchased four hundred and seventeen acres of as fine farming lands as can be found in Middle Florida, and he and his family recently arrived to make this their permanent home.

Mr. Eastman will engage in farming and stock-raising on an extensive scale. He brought with him from his former home six thoroughbred horses, and all the latest improved implements necessary for his farm. Between now and time to plant his first crop Mr. Eastman will erect a comfortable residence and all necessary outbuildings on his place.

He spent ten years on the Pacific coast in search of an ideal location, but thinks nothing there can be compared to the Tallahassee country.

LOSSES OF CHICKS.

Lack of warmth is the cause of the heavy loss of chicks in the cold season. The down on chicks will not protect them from cold, and when they come out of the shells they are easily chilled. There is a change from 103 degrees (the temperature for hatching) to a much lower temperature, and every hen that is allowed to bring off a brood must be allotted a warm place. It must not be expected that the hen can keep the chicks warm without assistance. In some cases the hens are poor, and cannot more than retain sufficient heat for their own comfort. If a chick becomes chilled when young, it never regains the loss of vitality, even if it lives. To find one dead every morning until the entire brood dwindles to two or three is not encouraging, and it does not pay to waste expensive eggs (perhaps a dozen) to raise two or three chicks, as the eggs may be worth more than the chicks. A warm place for the hens and broods should be prepared, or the hens should not be allowed to sit. By using a room having a stove for warmth, and placing the hens in coops in the room, allowing the floor-space for the chickens, many more will be raised.

LETTERS FROM FARMERS

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those states, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to R. C. Jones, Traveling Passenger Agent, 40 Carew Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Simple, Perfect, Self-Regulating. Thousands in successful operation. Lowest priced first-class hatcher made. **GEO. H. STAHL.** 114 to 122 S. 6th St., Quincy, Ill.



FARMERS

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THE IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR

Hatches Chickens by Steam. Absolutely self-regulating. The simplest, most reliable, and cheapest first-class hatcher in the market. Circulars free. **GEO. ERTEL CO., Quincy, Ill.**





INCUBATION

is the first step in the poultry business and much of its future success depends upon its completeness. There is no failure where **RELIABLE INCUBATOR** is used. It is fully warranted and is the product of twelve years of experience. **It has never been beaten in a Show.** It is not like its competitors—it is better. We tell why in new book on poultry. Send 10c for it. **RELIABLE INCUBATOR AND BROODER CO. QUINCY, ILLS.**




LOTS OF EGGS

when hens are fed green cut bone, cut by the Improved '96 **MANN'S GREEN BONE CUTTER** the standard of the world. 12 sizes, \$5 and up. C. O. D. or On Trial. Cut 1 lb. free if you name this paper. **F. W. MANN CO., Milford, Mass.**


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There Is No Doubt About the MERIT of DEHORNING

It cuts both ways, does not crush. One clip and the horns are off close. Write for circular. **A. C. BROSIUS, Cochranville, Pa.**



Our Fireside.

THE CITY BOY.

God help the boy who never sees
The butterflies, the birds, the trees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze
When zephyrs soft are blowing;
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie
Where clover-blossoms are thick and high,
And hear the gentle murmur nigh,
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know
Where all the woodland berries grow,
Who never sees the forest glow,
When leaves are red and yellow;
Whose childish feet can never stray
Where nature doth her charms display—
For such a hapless boy I say—
"God help the little fellow."

—Chicago Journal.

A COHUTTA ROMANCE.*

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "From Clue to Climax," "Almost Persuaded," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "White Marie," "A Mute Confessor," etc.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

HE listened to Sarah's prattle with only half an ear, adding a word now and then to keep her tongue going till another dance was called. Nelse Baker asked Sarah to be his partner, and she rose. Finding himself alone, Westerfelt got up. As he did so he caught

another glance from the corner of Harriet Floyd's eye, but she looked away quickly. She thought he was going to ask her to dance with him when he turned toward her, but he had decided to invite a little plain girl who sat next the wall, hemmed in by the crossed legs of Wambush. The girl flushed with pleasure over the unexpected attention, and arose at once.

"That couple don't seem to be dancing," Westerfelt remarked, with a glance at Wambush and Harriet, as he and his partner took a place in front of the fire.

"No," she answered. "Toot sorter sprained his foot at a log-rollin' to-day."

"And she won't dance without him; is that it?"

"She would, but none o' the boys won't ask her when Toot's on hand."

"Ah! I see; engaged."

"No, I reckon not; Toot don't want to marry nobody; he sorter lays claim to 'er, though."

"And she don't object?"

She looked up and laughed. "It don't look much like it, does it?"

"I don't know; I never saw them together before."

"Oh, I see. Well, he's her stand-by; he takes 'er to all the frolics an' the plemies, an' to meetin'. He lives out at his father's, a mile or so out o' town, but he takes meals mighty often at the hotel."

Just then Westerfelt noticed a pale, sad-faced young woman sitting in the shadow, almost out of sight behind the fiddler. She seemed to be watching Wambush and Miss Floyd carefully. Westerfelt was sure she was not enjoying herself.

"Who is that young lady?" he asked his companion, signifying the young woman with a glance in her direction.

"That's Oz. Fergerson's daughter—the oldest one; I don't know her name," replied the girl. "Poor thing! She's dead in love with Toot Wambush, and he don't care a snap for her. She goes to parties by herself just to get a look at him. I'll bet she's jealous now."

The dance began, and Westerfelt caught the glance of Harriet Floyd. She was looking straight into his eyes, as if she divined that he had been talking about her. He was almost certain that she colored slightly as she glanced on to Mrs. Bradley.

Mrs. Bradley smiled and edged toward her around between the wall and the flying heels of the revolving circle. Westerfelt, in turning his "lady on the right," came near them as Mrs. Bradley spoke:

"I want you to get acquainted with my Fannin young man. He's mighty nice."

At that moment Harriet caught Westerfelt's eye again, and knew that he had heard the remark.

She nodded, and said, evasively, "You are having a nice dance, Mrs. Bradley; they are all enjoying it very much."

Westerfelt had not heard her voice before, and he liked it. He noticed that she did not leave off her final g's, and spoke more clearly and correctly than the others. He concluded that she must have received a better education than the average young lady in that section.

At about twelve o'clock the guests began to leave. Westerfelt was near Mrs. Bradley when Harriet Floyd and Wambush came to say good-night. He heard her say she had enjoyed herself very much, but she spoke hurriedly, as if she did not want to be the last to leave. Westerfelt watched them go through the gate, but turned away when Wambush put his arm around her waist and

lifted her lightly into his buggy. Westerfelt was sure he would never like the fellow.

Just before Westerfelt went to bed, Bradley looked into his room.

"I 'lowed I'd better take a peep at that stove o' yourn, an' see that thar ain't any danger o' fire while we are asleep," he said. "How'd you make out to-night?"

"First-rate."

"I 'lowed you wuz gittin' on well enough; talked to all the gals, I reckon."

"All but one; that Miss Floyd."

"Ah! Toot's gal; mortgaged property, I reckon, or soon will be. She's as purty as red shoes, though, an' as peert as a cricket."

Westerfelt sat down on the side of his bed and drew off his boots.

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Bad, bad; no wuss in seven states."

"Fighting man?"

"Yes, and whisky. Hain't but one good pint in 'im, an' that hain't wuth anythin' in time o' peace. I reckon ef yore through with it I'd better take yore candle; sometimes I have to strake a light fore day."

"All right."

Westerfelt got into the bed and drew the covers up to his chin.

"Luke!"

Bradley turned at the door. "What is it?"

"I don't like Wambush's looks."

"Nobody else does."

"Do you think he would take advantage of a young girl's confidence in him?"

to get his meals there. He thought, as he was not to dine that day with the Bradleys; that he ought at once to go over and speak to the landlady about his boarding-place. As he arranged his cravat before the little walnut-framed mirror, which the stable-boys, in placing his furniture, had hung on the wall, together with a hair-brush and a comb tied to strings, he wondered if Miss Harriet Floyd had anything to do with the management of the house, and if he would be apt to meet her.

Descending to the office on his way out, he found a young man writing at the desk. It was William Washburn, the bookkeeper for the former owners of the livery-stable, and whom Westerfelt had retained at the suggestion of Luke Bradley. Washburn was copying accounts from a ledger onto sheets of paper.

"How are they running?" asked Westerfelt, looking over the young man's shoulder.

"Lots of 'em hain't wuth the paper they are on," replied Washburn. "The old firm knowed everybody in creation, an' never could refuse a soul. When you bought the accounts you didn't buy gold dollars."

"I know that, but Bradley said he thought I might collect a good many of them."

"Oh, yes; maybe a half, or tharabouts."

"Well," said Westerfelt, indifferently, "we'll do the best we can."

"Thar's a good big un that's no good."

Washburn pointed to an account he had just copied.



THE REVOLVER WENT OFF OVER HIS HEAD.

"I don't know, but he's a bad man, I tell you. We'd never 'low 'im to enter our house, but he'd raise thunder ef he wuz to be slighted."

"This girl he was with to-night, has she a father or brothers?"

"No; there's jest her an' her mother."

"Isn't it pretty risky for her to go with him so much?"

"She's been warned; she's been talked to. She knows what he is, but she don't seem to listen to nobody. Good-night."

CHAPTER IV.

Westerfelt's room at the stable was at the head of a flight of steps leading up from the office. It had but a single window, that commanded a partial view of several roads leading into the village, and a sparse row of houses on the opposite side of the street. In front of the stable stood a blacksmith-shop, and next to it on the right the only store in the village. This building had two rooms, the front being used for dry-goods, groceries and country produce, the one in the rear being the residence of the storekeeper. Next to the store, in a sort of lean-to, whitewashed shed with green shutters, was a bar-room. Further on in this row, and partially hidden by the thinning foliage of sycamore, chestnut and mulberry trees, was the hotel. It was the only two-storied building in the village. It had dormer windows in the roof and a long veranda in front.

This building interested Westerfelt more than any of the others, because he intended

"Who's it on?"

"Toot Wambush."

"How much?"

"Seventy-eight dollars an' fifty cents. It's been runnin' on for two year, an' thar hain't a single credit on it. He never was knowed to pay a cent to nobody."

"Don't let anything out to him till the account is paid."

Washburn looked up with a dubious smile.

"He'll raise an awful row. He never wants to go anywhar tell he's drinkin', an' then he's as ill as a snake, an' will fight at the drop of a hat. Nobody in Cartwright dares to refuse 'im credit."

"I will."

"D'ye ever see 'im?"

"Yes, last night."

"I'd be cautious if I was you; he's a dangerous man, an' takes offense at the slightest thing."

"If he gets mad at me for refusing to let him drive my horses when he owes a bill like that and won't pay it, he can do so. I obey the law myself, and I will not let drunkards run my business to suit themselves."

"He's talking 'bout goin' out to his father's this mornin', an' wants to drive the same rig he had last night."

"I did not know that was my turnout."

"Yes; you was not here, an' I knowed he'd make trouble if I refused him."

"That's all right; but don't let him get in any deeper till the old debt is settled. I'm going over to the hotel a minute."

It was a warm day for October, and the veranda of the hotel was crowded with

loungers, homely men in jeans, slouch hats and coarse brogans. Some of them sat on the benches supported by the square columns at the end of the veranda, a few tilted chairs against the wall, and others stood in groups and talked county politics.

They all eyed Westerfelt curiously, and some of them nodded and said, "How d'ye do?" as he passed. He entered the parlor on the right of the long hall which ran through the center of the main wing. A slovenly negro girl was sweeping the hearth. She leaned her broom against the cottage organ, and went to call her mistress.

A somber rag carpet was on the floor, and a rug made of brilliant red and blue scraps lay in front of the fire. A round table in the center of the room, covered with a red flannel cloth, held a china vase, filled with colored leaves and ferns, and a plush photograph-album. There was a haircloth sofa, an old rocking-chair, the arms of which were tied on by twine, and a sewing-machine. The windows had lace curtains and green shades with thuseled decorations. The plastered walls were whitewashed, and the ceiling was sky-blue.

He heard a door close in the back part of the house, a light step in the hall, and Harriet Floyd entered.

"Good-morning," she said, slightly embarrassed. "Mother was busy, so she sent me in."

"I believe we were introduced in a general way at Mrs. Bradley's last night," he said.

"Oh, yes; I know."

He thought she was even prettier in daylight in her simple calico dress and white apron than she had been the night before.

"I've come to see if I can board with you," he explained. "It is so near my business, and I've heard a lot of good things about your house."

"We always have room," she answered. "Mother will be glad to have you. Won't you take a seat?" She sat down on the sofa, and he took the rickety rocking-chair opposite her.

"Did you enjoy the party last night?" he asked. He fancied she raised her brows a little and glanced at him rather steadily, but she looked down when she replied.

"Yes; Mrs. Bradley always gives us a good time."

"But you were not dancing."

"No, I don't care much for it, and Toot—Mr. Wambush had sprained his foot and said he'd rather not dance."

"That was very kind of you. Not many girls would be so considerate of a fellow's feelings."

She looked down at a brindle cat that came into the room and rubbed its side against her skirt.

"I don't think girls care enough about such things," she answered, after a little pause. "If they would treat men nicer, the men would be better."

"You think women can reform men, then?"

"Yes, I do; especially men that drink. Sometimes they can't help it, and they drink more when women show that they have lost confidence in them."

He was prevented from answering by hearing his name angrily called in the street. This was followed by heavy footsteps on the veranda.

"Whar is that blasted liveryman?" The voice was now in the hall.

"It's Toot Wambush!" cried the girl, rising quickly and turning to the door. Just then the young ruffian entered. His red face and unsteady walk showed that he had been drinking.

"Say, Harriet, have you seed—oh, heer you are (he broke off as he noticed Westerfelt). You are the one man in the united kingdom that I want to see jest at this present moment. Bill Washburn 'lowed he had orders from you not to let me have anything out'n yore shebaug. Is that so?"

"I'd rather not talk business here," replied Westerfelt. He arose and coolly looked Wambush in the face. "If you say so, we'll walk across to the stable."

"No," sneered Wambush, "this heer's good enough for me; I hain't got no secrets from them mount'in-men out thar, nor this young lady. I jest want ter know now—right now—ef you have give sech orders."

"Do you think this is a proper place to settle such matter?" calmly asked Westerfelt.

"Haug you, you are a coward! You are afeerd to say so!"

Harriet Floyd tried to slip between the two men, but Wambush pushed her aside.

"You are afeerd!" he said, shaking his fist in Westerfelt's face.

"No, I'm not," replied Westerfelt. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, and his chin was puckered. "I've fought some in my life, and sometimes I get as mad as the next one, but I still try to be decent before ladies. This is no place to settle a difficulty."

"Will you do it outside, then?" sneered Wambush.

Westerfelt hesitated and looked at the crowd that filled the door and stood peering in at the window. Mrs. Floyd was running up and down in the hall, excitedly calling for Harriet, but the crowd was too anxious to hear Westerfelt's reply to notice her.

"If nothin' else will suit you," answered

Westerfelt, calmly. "I don't think human beings ought to spill blood over a matter of business, and I don't like to fight a man that's drinking, but since you have behaved so in this lady's presence, I'm kinder in the notion."

"Come on, then," said Wambush. "I'm either yore meat or you are mine."

He turned to the door, and pushed the crowd before him as he stamped out of the hall into the street.

Harriet ran between Westerfelt and the door. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked at him beseechingly. "Don't go out there," she pleaded. "Stay here and let him quiet down. He is drinking. He's a dangerous man."

He took her hands and held them an instant, and then dropped them. "I'm afraid he's been humored too much," he smiled. "I'd never have any respect for myself if I was to back down now. I've known his sort to be cured by a good, sound thrashing, when nothing else would do any good."

She raised her hands again, but he avoided her gently and went out into the street. Wambush stood on the sidewalk a few yards from the door, one booted foot on the curbstone, the other on the ground. He had thrown his broad-brimmed hat on the ground, and tossed his long hair back over his shoulders. His left hand rested on his raised knee, his right was in the pocket of his short coat.

"Come on, if you ain't too weak-kneed," he jeered, as Westerfelt appeared on the veranda.

Westerfelt advanced toward Wambush, but when he was within a few feet of him, Wambush suddenly drew a revolver and cocked it and deliberately raised it. Westerfelt stopped. He looked straight into Wambush's eyes. The sunlight glittered along the bright barrel and seemed to Westerfelt to be a part of the derisive smile of the young ruffian.

"I'm unarmed," he said; "I never carry a gun. Is that the way you do your fighting?"

"That's yore lookout, blast you!"

Just then Luke Bradley ran up the sidewalk and out on the veranda near Westerfelt. He had a warning on his lips, but seeing the critical situation, he said nothing. A tigerish look came into the face of Westerfelt. The cords of his neck tightened as he leaned slowly toward Wambush. He was about to spring.

"Don't be a fool, John," cautioned Bradley. "Be ashamed o' yoreself, Toot! Drap that gun an' fight like a man!"

Wambush's eye ran along the revolver, following every movement of Westerfelt's with the caution of a panther watching dangerous prey.

"One more inch an' you are a dead man!" he said, slowly.

Mrs. Floyd, who was on the veranda, cried out and caught hold of Harriet, who seemed ready to run between the two men. No one quite saw how it happened, but Westerfelt suddenly bent near the earth and sprang forward. The revolver went off over his head, and before Wambush could cock it again, Westerfelt, with a powerful blow, sent it spinning through a window-pane in the hotel. "Ah!" escaped somebody's lips in the silent crowd, as the two men, closely on the alert, faced each other.

"Part 'em, men! What are you about?" cried Mrs. Floyd.

"Yes, part 'em," echoed a man in the edge of the crowd. "Somebody'll git his beauty spoiled; Toot kin claw like a pant'er."

"No, let 'em fight it out fair an' squar'," suggested red-faced Buck Hillhouse, the barkeeper, in the same tone that he used in conducting cock-fights in his back yard.

The color had left Westerfelt's face. Wambush's eyes gleamed desperately; disarmed, he looked less a man than an infuriated beast. Westerfelt was waiting for him to make the attack, but unlike Toot, was growing calmer every second. All at once Wambush sent his right arm toward Westerfelt's face so quickly that the spectators scarcely saw it leave his side; but it was not quicker than the left arm of Westerfelt's, which skillfully parried the thrust. Then, before Toot could shield himself, Westerfelt struck him with the force of a battering-ram squarely in the month.

Wambush whined in pain, spat blood from gashed lips, and shook his head like a lion wounded in the mouth. He ran backward a few feet to recover himself, and then with a mad cry rushed at Westerfelt and caught him by the throat. Westerfelt tried to shake him off, but he could not do it. He attempted to strike him in the face, but Wambush either dodged the blows or caught them in his thick hair. It seemed that Westerfelt's only chance now was to throw his assailant down, but his strength had left him. Wambush's claws had sunk into his neck like prongs of steel. He could not breathe, and a blur came before his eyes.

"Hit 'im in the bread-basket, John!" cried Luke Bradley.

It was a lappy suggestion. Westerfelt struck Wambush in the stomach. Wambush doubled up with a gasp and released Westerfelt's throat. The two men now clinched breast to breast, and with arms round each other's hodies, each tried to throw the other down. They swung back and forth and from side to side, but they were well mated. Wes-

terfelt suddenly threw his left leg behind Wambush's heels and began to force him backward. In an instant Wambush would have gone over, but seeing his danger, he wriggled out of Westerfelt's grasp, drew something from his coat-pocket, and sprang toward him.

"Knife! knife! knife!" cried Luke Bradley, in alarm. "Part 'em!"

"Yes, part 'em!" echoed the barkeeper, with an oath, as if his pleasure had been spoiled by the more serious turn affairs had taken. Several men ran toward Wambush, but they were not quick enough. He had stabbed Westerfelt once in the breast, and drawn back his arm for another thrust, when Luke Bradley caught his wrist. Wambush struck at Bradley with his left hand, but the barkeeper caught it, and between him and Bradley, Wambush was overpowered.

"The sheriff's coming!" a voice exclaimed, and a big man rode up quickly and dismounted.

"Hello!" he cried. "I summon you, Buck Hillhouse and Luke Bradley, in the name o' the law, to 'rest Wambush. Hold onto 'im!"

"Arrest he hanged!" came from Wambush's bloody lips. He made a violent effort to free himself, but the two men held him.

"I'll he'p yer, summon ur no summon!" grunted Bradley, as he hung to the hand which still held the knife. "I'll he'p yer cut 'is blamed throat—the cowardly whelp!"

"I've got nothin' 'gin anther party," said the barkeeper. "I'll have to obey the law."

"He's attempted deliberate murder on a unarmed man," panted Bradley to the sheriff; "fust with a gun an' then with a knife. Ef you don't jail 'im, Bale Warlick, you'll never hold office in this county ag'in."

The sheriff stepped up to Wambush.

"Drap that knife!" he said: "drap it!"

"Go to thunder!" Toot ceased his struggling and glared defiantly into the face of the sheriff.

"Drap that knife!" The sheriff was becoming angered. He grasped Wambush's hand and tried to take the knife away, but Toot's fingers were like iron.

"I'll see you rot fust!" grunted Wambush, and powerless to do anything else, he spat in the sheriff's face.

"Curse you, I'll kill you!" roared Warlick, and he struck Wambush on the jaw. Wambush tried to kick him in the stomach, but Bradley prevented it by jerking him backward. It now became a struggle between three men and one, and the attacked seemed their equal in strength.

"Drap the knife!" yelled Warlick again, and he drew a big revolver, and with the butt of it began to hammer Toot's clenched fingers. As he did this, Bradley and Hillhouse drew Wambush backward to the ground.

"I'll pay you for this, Bale Warlick!" he groaned in pain, but he still held to the knife.

"Let go that knife!" thundered the sheriff. "Let it loose. I tell you, or I'll mash your skull in!"

"Not while I hold 'im!" said the barkeeper, sullenly. "Law or no law, I won't he'p you murder 'im!"

"Let go that knife!" The sheriff spoke the last word almost in a scream, and he beat Wambush's knuckles so furiously that the knife fell to the ground.

He then pinned Toot's legs to the earth with his knees, and held the knife up to a man in the crowd.

"Keep it jest like it is fur evidence," he panted; "don't shet it up or tetch the blade."

Disarmed, Wambush seemed overcome with fear. He allowed the sheriff to jerk him to his feet, and he went passively between the three men to the stone jail across the street.

Westerfelt stood alone on the sidewalk. Everybody went to see Wambush jailed, except Harriet and her mother, who instantly came out to him. Harriet picked up a folded piece of letter-paper.

"Did you drop this?" she asked.

He did not reply, but took the paper absently and thrust it into his coat-pocket. He was very white, and leaned against a sycamore-tree.

"Oh, he's cut your coat! Look!" Harriet cried, turning to her mother.

Still he did not speak. He looked down at the slit in his coat, and raised his hand toward it, but his arm fell limply to his side and his body rocked a little.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mrs. Floyd.

"I think not," he said, falteringly; "but maybe a little."

Harriet opened his coat, and screamed.

"Oh, mother, he's cut! Look at the blood!"

He tried to button his coat, but could not use his fingers. "Only a scratch," he said.

"But your clothes are wet with blood." She pointed to his trousers.

He stooped and touched them. They were damp, and clung to his skin. Then he raised his heel in his right hoot and let it down.

"It's full," he said, with a sickly smile. "I reckon I have lost some blood; why, why, I didn't feel it."

Martin Worthy, the storekeeper, came across from the jail ahead of the others. Hearing Westerfelt's remark, he cried:

"My Lord! you must go lie down; come inside. Fix a place, Miss Harriet, and send for a doctor, quick!"

Harriet ran into the house, and Mrs. Floyd

and Worthy supported Westerfelt between them into a room adjoining the parlor. They made him lie down on a bed, and Worthy opened his waistcoat and shirt.

"Good gracions! it's ruinin' like a wet-weather spring," he said. "Have you sent for a doctor?" as Harriet came in.

"Yes—Dr. Lash; but he may not be at his office."

"I'll send for Dr. Wells. That's right," he added to Harriet, who had knelt by the bed, and was holding the lips of the wound together. "Keep the cut closed as well as you can. I'll send a man on my horse for Dr. Wells."

As he went out there was a clatter of feet on the veranda. The people were returning from the jail. Westerfelt opened his eyes and looked toward the door.

"They'll crowd in here," said Harriet to her mother. "Shut the door; don't let anybody in except Mr. Bradley."

Mrs. Floyd closed the door in the faces of the crowd, and asked them to go outside; but they remained in the hall, waiting for news of the wounded man. Mrs. Floyd admitted Luke Bradley.

"My heavens, John! I had no idea he got at you that way," he said, as he approached the bed. "Ef I had 'a' knowed this I'd 'a' killed the dirty scamp!"

"I'm all right," replied Westerfelt; "just a little loss of blood." But his voice was faint, and his eyelids drooped despite his effort to keep them open. Worthy rapped at the door, and was admitted.

"Doc Lash has rid out to Widow Treadwell," he announced. "He's been sent for, an' ort ter get heer in half a hour. It'll take a hour to git Wells, even ef he's at home."

Harriet Floyd glanced at her mother when she heard this. Her knees ached, and her fingers felt stiff and numb, but she dared not stir.

Once Westerfelt opened his eyes and looked down at her.

"Do I hurt you?" she asked, softly.

"Not a' bit." He smiled, and his eyes lingered on her till their lids dropped over them.

(To be continued.)

MRS. WARING'S PRECIOUS BAG

"It all depends upon the bag—we can't leave till that turns up," said little Mr. Waring, incantiously, at the table d'hôte of the Royal hotel, Biskra; and his wife straightway frowned.

This bag was Mr. Waring's bete noire—the worry of his life. It contained his wife's jewels, and was supposed to be under his especial charge. She was a smart woman, of statuesque figure, much given to personal adornment, and very fond of wearing jewels, of which she had a considerable number.

They traveled a good deal, the Warings, and wherever they went, the jewels went also. But their care and safe-keeping had always been a source of constant anxiety to Mrs. Waring. For some time she had consigned them to her trunk, to be registered and carried in the van; but then she heard that baggage was often opened and rifled in transit, that the best locks were no protection against railway robbers, that the trunks themselves were occasionally lost. The only solution was to wear them or keep them, somehow, constantly in sight.

The first plan was good enough, and gave her, moreover, abundant opportunities for display; only every now and then she dropped something somewhere, and either lost it irretrievably or paid more than its value in rewards. When one day a fine diamond bracelet was snatched from her wrist in leaving a channel steamer, she abandoned this method of wearing her jewels, and adopted the second plan—that of keeping them always under her own eye.

For this purpose the bag was instituted—a handsome portly-looking, purple morocco hand-bag, which was stuffed full of jewel-cases, and which, for a time, she carried in her own hand.

Very soon, however, the weight told, and she made it over, with the strictest injunctions, to her submissive little spouse. His orders were never to part with it, never put it down. It was to be on his knee in the cab or railway-carriage, on the table in front of him at a restaurant. He was to stick to it even when struggling with seasickness; while on his arrival at a hotel, it was his first duty to deposit it in the hotel safe, and take a receipt for the contents, which were valued at £1,000.

Mr. Waring did as he was told, for he was very much under the dominion of his handsome but luperious better half. And yet on one occasion he parted company with it, on purpose, his wife declared, although there was nothing actually to prove it. But the worm will sometimes turn. That he was secretly delighted to be rid, for a time, of his nearly intolerable burden was, however, certain, and if he had planned this he would have deserved much credit for his cleverness.

There was now no bag to be taken care of, and yet it was not lost. It was in a place of absolute safety. Moreover, Mr. Waring held an acknowledgment, and could easily have recovered the whole value of its contents if anything happened to the bag.

They had been staying at the Hotel Abd-El-Kadr, Algiers. The bag had been lodged in the safe, Mrs. Waring having access to it daily, to take out and restore her valuables. It was still her first and principal thought; yet on the day for their departure for Biskra the bag was forgotten until they were well on the road.

"Of course you knew!" Mrs. Waring had cried, taking her husband sharply to task. "It is all your doing, you careless man. A thousand pounds' worth of jewelry gone, all at one stroke. It is too horrible!"

"No, no, the bag is all right; you can have it whenever you choose. Have it sent after us," Mr. Waring protested, with a malicious twinkle, that showed he was not quite innocent.

"What! trust it alone? Never! I must wait till I return to Algiers. And meanwhile, what am I to wear? I cannot show my face at Biskra. There will be people there who know us, and who will say I have pawned my jewels or had them on hire."

Mr. Waring bent his head to the storm, but rejoiced greatly at his escape. It was a perfect holiday for him, only now and again habit was too strong, he could not shake off the old sense of responsibility, and he caught himself looking around nervously, wondering what had become of the beastly bag.

His wife gave him no peace. She reproached him daily with the enforced plainness of her attire. She might have been a scullery-maid, she said—not a bracelet or a necklace or a brooch, hardly a ring.

It cost her so many pangs that she was constantly excusing her poverty-stricken appearance. In this way the story became public property, and a source of considerable amusement to the wags at the hotel table d'hôte.

Then circumstances arose to make her regret that she had been so free-spoken. The Warings found themselves obliged to embark, not at Algiers, but at Philippeville, the nearest Algerian port and most direct route to Marseilles.

The bag must be sent up from Algiers! A thousand pounds' worth of valuable jewelry, heirlooms, presents, rare stones that could not be replaced, must be entrusted to the tender mercies of the Algerian railway officials—of course, she would never see them again. They would be stolen somehow; some dark plot would be laid to secure them en route or when they arrived here in Biskra, a wild Arab town. She shuddered when she remembered how every one knew about the bag; how openly she had talked of it; how every guest, every waiter at the table, every Arab, almost, who hung about the hotel had heard the whole story.

Some kindly people tried to reassure her—they talked of the known probity of the French authorities; reminded her that she could insure the package for its full value; others, more malicious, shook their heads, and said it was a pity she had not been more discreet.

Mrs. Waring, being herself wretched, would not suffer alone. She passed it on to her husband, the real origin of all her trouble, and so "rubbed it into him," that the poor man wished that the bag, the jewels, even himself, were all at the bottom of the sea.

Her misery—and his—did not diminish; it was rather intensified when they heard by telegram that the parcel had been duly dispatched from Algiers.

There was the strangest, most unaccountable delay in its delivery. If it had been sent off—which Mrs. Waring now greatly doubted—why had it not been received? The journey up could be done in a couple of days, traveling with the letters, yet here three, four, five days passed and not a sign of the bag.

It must be stolen, or it was lost by design; in any case they would never hear of it again.

Mr. Waring was quite weary of going to the station to inquire for it. The railway officials were still more weary of seeing him.

It came to be quite a joke at the hotel. People collected about the entrance when he started off about dusk to meet the one train that arrived daily at Biskra; they were there again to rally him laughingly when he returned empty-handed—as he did invariably, even when the bag had actually arrived.

The joke was a poor one then, and still very much against the Warings. Her worst fears were confirmed, and he had more reason than ever to hate and detest the bag.

One evening, the eighth after its dispatch from Algiers, the station-master took him aside into a very private room, and there produced a parcel sewn up in a canvas and sealed with several large official seals. Mr. Waring was called upon to sign a receipt, which he declined to do until he had opened the bag and verified its contents.

There they were—nine jewel-cases, each with its proper complement of glittering gems.

"Monsieur had better be careful," said the station-master, cycling the jewels. "There are many bad people in Biskra. The Arabs are all thieves. Monsieur is walking! Yes? I think he had better drive home."

But the cabs, such as they were, had all disappeared when Mr. Waring issued forth from the station. He must trudge it on foot,

with the bag under his arm. He had gone back into slavery.

It was a good half mile to the hotel, a long and lonely walk, for no one much was about, only here and there a ghostlike figure, some Arab all in white, gliding noiselessly round the street-corners or flitting in among the palm-stems of the strip of park that is Biskra's pride.

Mr. Waring for choice followed the central promenade of the park; it was the most secluded. There was nothing to be afraid of. He knew that, or liked to think so, yet he wanted to get back quickly and unobserved.

Yet he had not gone many hundred yards before he realized that he was being followed stealthily. He could hear no distinct footstep, but he detected easily the shuffling movement of slippers just behind him. Yet when he paused and looked around there was no one in sight. He went on again, again the same sound.

What an ass he had been to walk! He could easily have sent for a cab. Well, there was nothing for it but to press on, and he redoubled his pace, his rapid walk became almost a run, and in his haste he took no heed to his going.

Crack! All at once he stumbled, and went down heavily. He was certain then and afterward that some article had been put purposely in his path.

Foul play! there could be no doubt of it; and now a cloth, part of an Arab cloak, or burnoose, was thrown over his head by unseen hands, and he was held down forcibly, half suffocated, and so badly mauled that he lost consciousness.

When he recovered himself he was alone, and, of course, the bag was gone.

It was a very much bruised and chopfallen Samuel Waring that presently reached the hotel.

They were there, as usual, his tormentors, but not as he expected, ready to chaff and jeer. Something in his woe-begone appearance, his battered face, his dusty clothes, restrained them, and he passed unchallenged up-stairs to make his sad report to his wife.

Mrs. Waring was at first speechless with rage, indignation, disappointment. When she found words it was not to console her suffering spouse, but to summon the hotel manager to insist upon being taken before the governing authorities of Biskra—the police, the judge, the head of the gendarmerie, the military commandant of the garrison; any one and every one who could help her to recover her precious bag must be forthwith impressed into the service. She would give a reward, a thousand francs, two thousand, to recover her lost jewels.

The manager was profuse with promises and apologies. Such a scandal had never before occurred in Biskra. Madame might be sure of sympathy on all sides and every assistance; she must hope for the best; the thieves—if thieves there were—would be certainly captured, the precious bag recovered.

And it was. For when Mrs. Waring was at length induced to go down to dinner, the bag, quite intact, was handed to her by the head waiter.

It had been picked up in the gardens, no doubt where Mr. Waring had in his fright dropped it. But nothing would persuade that much-injured person that it was in reality all a mistake; still less that he had probably been the victim of a practical joke. And at the risk of a permanent quarrel with his wife, he positively refused to have anything more to do with the bag.—Major Arthur Griffiths, in Cassel's (English) Saturday Journal.

CEMENT FOR CHINA.

Russian isinglass dissolved in pure soft water for twelve hours, and then boiled hard for some time, makes a strong and colorless cement. The fractures must be freed from dust, and brushed with the isinglass while hot and thick, then pressed firmly together, tied in place, and put away for twenty-four hours to dry.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.



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EXCITEMENT KILLS A MONKEY.

It is believed the monkeys in the Zoo knew they were to be removed into better quarters before it occurred recently. They had no doubt heard the new monkey-house talked about as the finest in the world by visitors and keepers, and realized that there was to be some great change in their condition. This naturally interested them and kept them on the tiptoe of expectation. For several days before the removal their excitable natures were well wrought up, and on the day of removal their excitement was almost uncontrollable, showing plainly they had kept posted regarding the eventful day. When the

hour arrived a favorite monkey, and splendid specimen of his kind, was taken by the keeper from the old house to be quartered in the new one. It was seen that he was in a highly excited condition, and on the way to his new home he suddenly expired in the keeper's arms. It was a clear case of heart disease, brought to a fatal termination by the unusual excitement of the occasion.—Philadelphia Times.

TERRORS OF BURSTING VOLCANOES.

Some idea of the terrors of a bursting volcano may be gained from an account of the last eruption in Hawaii. The crater of the

volcano was filled from six hundred to one thousand feet deep with molten lava, which finally forced its way through a subterranean passage. It was forty miles from there to the sea, yet this avalanche of molten rocks reached the waters in less than two days, destroying everything in its track. It continued flowing for three weeks, heating the sea-water for miles out from the shore.

TO SAVE YOUR DOLLARS, if you need an efficient Cough remedy, buy Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant. It may cost you the dollar, but may also save you many more dollars, together with much danger and suffering, for you will then have the surest known remedy. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

Our Household.

"VIOLETS."

Only some violets sweet and blue,
Whose fragrance brings those blessed
hours;
When by the river's rippling flow,
In shady haunts of long ago,
We found your favorite flowers;
And on the golden head bent low
White cherry-blossoms fell like snow
In softly scented showers.

* * * * *

Dear hands that know not weariness or sorrow
Folded across my violets on your breast,
Oh! smiling eyes beneath the daisies sleep-
ing—
Oh! golden head laid down in holy rest!
Perchance, transplanted from their native
Eden,
Our fairest flowers in heavenly gardens
grow—
Then, not with crown alone and palm im-
mortal,
Meet me, beloved, at the shining portal
With violets in your hand, as long ago.
—Lady Ella Scott.

FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Oh, dear!" cried the little flower-children down in the meadow, "the bee and the bird and the butterfly have all gone off for a holiday, and we have to stay at home."

"You silly little flower-children!" said Mother Nature, listening to their complaints while she went on with her work. "Isn't this a pleasant meadow to stay in? And you have dew and honey and sunshine enough without wandering away like those vagrants, the bee and the bird and the butterfly."

"But we are tired of keeping still, we are tired of staying at home!" cried the discontented little flower-children. "We want to run and to whirl and to fly with the wind."

"Very well," said Mother Nature, patiently. "Be good little flower-children, and stay at home until summer is past, and I will make each of you a pair of winged shoes, and let you fly with the wind, far, far away."

So the flower-children contented themselves, and sat in their little green chairs in the pleasant meadow, telling each other fairy stories all day long, and in the evening the cricket and the katydid would come with their fiddles and play until the

beaten silver, and some of delicate plumes as light as down.

So light were these shoes that no sooner had the flower-children fastened them on than they began to rise and float in the air, and to run and to whirl and to fly with the wind so fast that they were fairly giddy with the exquisite delight of traveling abroad.

"I am glad the corn is husked and the apples gathered, Mary," the farmer said to his wife that night, as they sat by the fire. "A storm is brewing, and 'twill be wild enough before the night is out."

"Mend the fire, John," said Mary, tucking a warm blanket around the baby in the crib. "How cold it grows! And do you hear the wind, how it cries at the door?"

But it was not the wind crying and sobbing at the door in the night so bitterly dark and cold; it was the poor little flower-children, whose winged shoes kept them always running and whirling and flying so fast they could never find their way home.

"Foolish little children!" said Mother Nature, pityingly, and gathering them into her bosom, she put them all to sleep, and tucked them in with a soft white blanket.

Next summer, when the little flower-children sit in their green chairs in the meadow telling each other fairy stories, they will have a new story to tell, the story of the winged shoes.

FRANCES BENNETT CALLAWAY.

RIBBON AND WHEEL TIDY.

Materials: One spool of variegated cotton in any color (price five cents), and one yard of ribbon three inches wide.

Cut the ribbon in half, and fringe the ends, cross them and fasten together.

THE LEAF.—This is made in four sections. For each one make a chain of eighteen stitches, make one single crochet-stitch in each stitch of the chain to the end, in which stitch make three; crochet down the other side, leaving two stitches at the end; make a chain of three stitches, turn, and crochet up the same side you came down on last, being careful to put the needle in the first stitch; make three stitches in one at the top on every round. Make six and one half points on one side of the leaf, and seven on the other. Sew the sections together.

THE WHEEL.—Chain eight stitches, and join. Into this ring make twenty-four double crochet-stitches, then chain three,

A THANKSGIVING POUND PARTY.

"There is nothing new under the sun," says some one. Just so! And doubtless some will already have heard of this kind of Thanksgiving party; still there are many others who will perhaps be glad of the suggestion.

It may be held in the home, or if preferred, can be used in the church or young people's societies. First form a work committee that is not afraid of work; then appoint a secretary, who will be detailed to write out the invitations, which should be formal. Something like this will do:

MY DEAR MISS SMITH:—You are cordially invited to a Thanksgiving pound party, to be held at the residence of Miss Brown, 321 Lenox Ave., on Thanksgiving eve. As the name indicates, a pound (more or less) of anything you may care to bring or to send in the food line will be gratefully received; or if packages should prove objectionable, money will also be acceptable, and placed where there is need for it. The name of any needy family will gladly be added to our list. Hoping that you will be in attendance, and that you will be prepared for an informal, social time, we are

Very sincerely yours,

THE COMMITTEE.

Miss ———, Secretary.

It will be the duty of the committee to look up the names of needy, deserving families, whose Thanksgiving dinners, and dinners generally, are not apt to be any too elaborate, among whom the donations can be distributed on Thanksgiving morning.

While the Thanksgiving pound party is intended mainly for charitable purposes, it can be made a very enjoyable affair if some sort of entertainment be provided for the evening. This entertainment can be musical or literary; it can consist of tableaux, pantomimes, recitations, etc.; or it can be made very pleasurable with well-selected games, if two or three popular and social individuals are chosen to start each game and to keep the ball rolling. A simple collation, to consist of dainty sandwiches, delicious cake and coffee, cocoa or lemonade, can be donated and served by the committee at very slight expense.

Outside of the enjoyment in the party itself, much real good can be accomplished in the distribution of the donations, which are likely to be liberal; and much genuine satisfaction will be felt by the committee in the thought that while they may have had to work hard, they were instrumental in making many hearts deeply grateful on Thanksgiving day.

EMMA LOUISE HAUCK.

A FEW HINTS.

I have never written any for this household paper which has been such a comfort and help to me, and should the editor deem this contribution worthy of a place in its columns, I may venture to write again, trusting my ideas may benefit some one.

After canning fruit, be sure to label it, putting on the date. If you will take a piece of paper, tack it to a board by sticking a pin in each corner and mucilage the top, then let it dry, you will have some good paper from which to cut labels. If you have not sufficient paper sacks saved to slip over your cans before setting them away, take a newspaper and tear through the middle horizontally; now take a piece and wrap it around a can, and enough will stand above it to twist tightly, and your can is covered.

When doing up your jellies, sauces and pickles, put up enough extra for some friend. For instance, an extra bottle of pickles for friend Mrs. A., a tumbler of jelly for Aunt Mary, or an extra bottle of pickles for that dear old lady who lives alone and who has grown too old to bother with such things. It will not be much extra work, and you will be more than repaid in the pleasure derived, for surely "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and "Little deeds of kindness—"

Be sure to save your olive-bottles, and all bottles of that size and kind, as they are nice for chili sauce, red sauce catchup and small pickles.

My recipe for chili sauce is:

- 24 large tomatoes,
- 5 medium peppers,
- 6 large-sized onions,
- 1 cupful of sugar,
- 3 cupfuls of vinegar,
- 3 tablespoonfuls of salt.

Peel tomatoes and onions, and chop

them and the peppers; then add other ingredients. Boil two hours, and seal.

EDNA.

APRON FOR SMALL GIRL.

The material should be fine India linen or nainsook. Two breadths are sufficient, three quarters of a yard long. Tuck three tucks at the top, and sbirr to fit between the armholes; cut a shallow armhole. Edge each tuck with narrow Valenciennes lace. Over the shoulder have a band of the material, with a tuck piece on it, like the front. Fit it at the neck



and armholes first, then finish the bottom with wide hem and a few hand-run tucks. It should be made entirely by hand to be dainty.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

FAILURE OF DAFFODILS.

EDITOR FARM AND FIRESIDE:—Last fall I planted three daffodil and two hyacinth bulbs, from the same florist, in a half nail-keg, rooting them in the cellar for several weeks and then keeping them in the house, watering freely; soil a fine silt, of which this land in the semi-arid West consists.

All grew real well, and the hyacinths bloomed in great perfection and profusion, but the daffodils made a luxuriant growth of leaves, with never a bud or a flower. What was the trouble? A neighbor treated three more daffodil bulbs from the same lot in a similar way, with precisely the same result.

R. J. F.

Washington.

ANSWER:—It is strange but true that some years the daffodil bulbs imported from Holland fail to bloom—at least a large per cent of them. This is due to a disease or blight which sometimes affects the plants or bulbs. It is possible that the failure here reported was due to this disease, and that the bulbs were affected when purchased.

LITTLE RED TEA-KETTLES.

Lift the lid of a tea-kettle, and a sediment will be found all around the sides and bottom. The same observation may be made of each little cell in an autumn leaf. The sap which has been pouring through those cells all summer long, after undergoing certain chemical changes needed for the growth of the trees, flies off into the air, not in white steam, as from the nose of a tea-kettle, but in delicate perfume exhalations, making the air soft and agreeable to breathe. A little sediment remains behind, as it does in the bottom of a tea-kettle, and it is these fine particles of mineral matter which give the trees their glorious coloring of scarlet, yellow, purple and bronze this autumn weather.

FRANCES BENNETT CALLAWAY.

HICKORY-NUT CANDY.

As Christmas approaches, we begin to think of home-made candies. A very simple recipe is the following, and well liked:

White of one egg, beaten, sugar to make a stiff frosting, then stir in all the hickory-nut meats the frosting will cover, with a coating of sugar; spread on a platter, and dry near a fire where it will not be too warm, stirring carefully occasionally, so as not to rub the sugar from the meats.

GYPSY.



flower-children nodded themselves to sleep. All the while Mother Nature stitched away on the winged shoes.

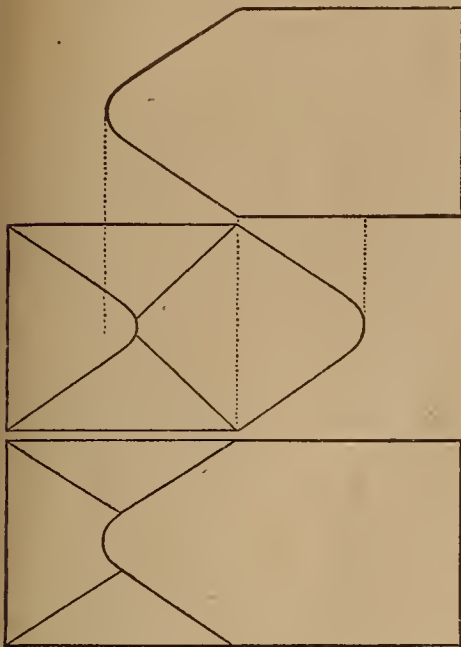
When summer was gone, the happy flower-children were bidden to put off their gay little frocks, with all their crimps and ruffles, and fold them neatly away, and Mother Nature brought out some brown traveling-suits with the winged shoes. And how pretty these brown, satiny shoes were, to be sure, with wings in different patterns. Some were of filmy brown lace, and some of thin

and put a double crochet-stitch between every other stitch, making twelve double crochet-stitches around the ring. Then make a chain of three stitches, throw the thread over the needle, and put in the third chain-stitch; make three picots, five chain-stitches in each one, chain three, and continue as before.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" relieve Throat Irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

HOME TOPICS.

A LARGE ENVELOPE MADE FROM TWO SMALL ONES.—Sometimes I have needed a large envelop very much when one could not be procured. Not long ago I found in an old paper directions for making a large envelop from two small ones. Slip one end of the letter into one envelop with the lap side toward you, and the other end into the other envelop with the address side toward you, and gum both flaps down. Two large square envelopes will make one



large enough to hold a cabinet-size photograph. The illustration shows how it will look.

COOKING ONIONS.—I once heard a physician say that he believed onions should be eaten at least once a week as a health preserver. The large, mild white onion is the best for table use. To boil onions, put them into salted boiling water. Have as much water as will boil in the vessel used, and keep it boiling for forty minutes, or until done. Drain off all the water, and pour over them a sauce, enough to cover, made in the proportion of one teaspoonful of rich milk, one half teaspoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of butter. Let this sauce boil up once with the onions, dust a little black pepper over them, and serve.

Beefsteak and onions is a good dish on a cold, raw day in winter. Peel and slice the onions, and let them lay in water, or better, in skimmed milk, for ten minutes, then drain them, dust a little flour over them, and fry in boiling-hot fat seven or eight minutes; lift them out, and let drain on brown paper, where they will

eyes a change when needed. We must be sure that the lights are of the best for their evening studies, and then watch that the child holds his book at the proper distance from the eyes, and not allow him to continue long in any effort which requires very intent use of the eyes.

It is a good plan when studying to close the eyes occasionally for a minute or two. If the eyes seem weak, if they do not see well at the proper distance, or if the child complains of headache after using the eyes, it is wise to consult an oculist. We may dislike to put glasses on a child, but often their future comfort depends on the giving of artificial aid at the right time before any positive evil has resulted. There is no physical responsibility of more weight than the care of the eyes, and for our children this responsibility rests on us.

MAIDA McL.

WINTER CARE OF GERANIUMS.

Every year we think we will leave the old geraniums out of doors, only taking in the young plants that will produce more blossoms. But as Jack Frost comes nearer, our resolution weakens as we see favorite plants in danger of being laid low by freezing weather.

Take them up from the ground and put into boxes, placing as many together as the box will contain roots, and fill in with very sandy dirt. Water thoroughly, and put them in a cellar near a window, where they will get sunlight and air, and do not water them again but once or twice through the winter. Of course, the leaves will drop off, but as long as the stalk remains plump they do not need water. Too much moisture will cause the stalks to rot.

Some people hang the roots up in the cellar with no dirt adhering, but they would never live through that way for me. It is more convenient for the spring planting if geraniums of a color are kept in separate boxes and marked, if one wishes to set the plants with reference to certain colors.

GYPSEY.

SOMETHING FOR CHRISTMAS.

The writer lately saw some things a friend had made for Christmas, and the articles that pleased her most were three aprons and a set for a chevalle dresser. Two of the aprons were made of black sateen. The belts were made with points in front and ribbon strings. All the hems were feather-stitched with black silk. Upon one there was a half wreath of daisies extending partly across the bottom and up one side. It was embroidered in natural colors with filo floss. The other had a



keep hot while you broil the steak. Serve the onions on the platter around the steak.

THE CHILDREN'S EYES.—The children are again in school, and as they must necessarily use their eyes very much, we ought to be careful that they use them under the best possible conditions. Care should be taken that the books they use are good, clear print, and that the time for various studies is arranged to give the

row of yellow daisies and leaves embroidered just above the hem.

The third apron was made of gray grass-linen. The hems were feather-stitched with brown silk. Across the bottom were butterflies of all shapes and sizes, embroidered in shades of brown and yellow. The wings were outlined, while the spots upon them, and the borders, were worked solid. The chevalle dresser set was made of

yellow China silk. The lower place had a mat edged with two-inch crocheted linen lace. The corners had white daisies and leaves worked upon them. The upper part has a scarf with two-inch insertion at the ends, then a three-inch strip of the silk with a row of daisies embroidered upon it, and the ends finished with three and one half inch lace.

While the set was lovely, the material only cost one dollar and forty cents.

MAY LENARD.

TWO HOUSE GOWNS.

The one of silk is made with a shirred yoke, a high ribbon choker, with lace frills at the sides and bow at the back. The same lace is used at the hands.

The other dress is of soft crimson wool trimmed with braid and small frogs. The girdle effect around the waist, and little ripples, are one of the newest departures.

Everything for the winter aims at high effects for the neck.

CARE OF FRUIT-CANS.

While we are enjoying the goodies prepared seemingly such a short time ago, let us give a thought to the receptacles in which they are kept, and which should be preserved in the best shape possible for another year's work. Do any of the covers show white spots like frost-marks?

That is the way zinc rusts, and is caused by moisture, or acids. For that reason cans with glass tops are preferable for pickles or very sour fruits, as the rust once started often eats through the thin places in the creases of the cover, and before the hole can be discovered by the naked eye, away goes the fruit, and we wonder what could have made that fruit spoil, after keeping well for so long a time previous.

A cellar (though generally used) is not the best place for keeping canned fruit, because of the moisture spoiling the can-covers after a year or two of use.

In nearly every house there is some chamber or closet free from frost; here is the best place for your fruit-cupboards, if nothing better can be afforded than a dry-goods box with calico curtains.

Mr. Moody's Bible Class

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY

The famous Northfield evangelist begins, in the November Ladies' Home Journal, a series of popular Bible studies in the form of a great National Bible Class, destined to prove the most helpful religious department ever sustained by a magazine.

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Dear Mr. Park:—Although I receive copies of many different floral journals and have been a subscriber to others I like yours the best. There is more practical information in it than in any of the others, and its Editor seems like a friend.—Mrs. E. M. Haswell, Albany Co., N. Y.

Dear Mr. Park:—I have had your Floral Magazine for years, and enjoy it very much. I think it is the best Magazine of its class, and should enjoy reading it, even though I had not the chance to cultivate flowers.—A. W. Swan, York Co., Me.

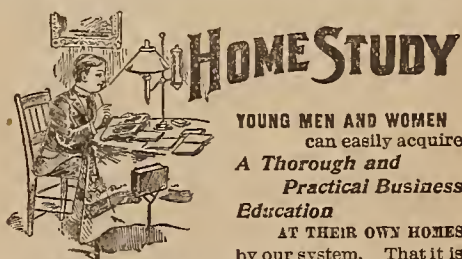
Mr. Park:—I can never express how much I like your Magazine. I think you are doing a good work in the world teaching so many how to be successful with plants.—Mrs. N. C. Perkins, Grant Co., Wis.

Dear Mr. Park:—I do so much enjoy the Magazine. I think I shall never be without it as long as I can raise 50 cents. It grows better every month.—Mrs. H. P. Mason, Mass.

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Never use a swing shelf for canned goods; you get on more weight than you realize until the whole thing comes toppling down. Two of my friends had just such an accident, and all the fruits of a summer's work went down with that deceitful swing shelf in the cellar. After fruit is emptied from a can that has kept well, be sure that the same cover goes back on the same can after each has been washed and thoroughly dried, then put away in a dry place. It would seem as if that was "fussiness," when all the cans are of the same make.

Why are not all shoes of the same number just alike? We know they vary sometimes in the same making.

The fact that fruit has kept perfectly in a can for several months, is proof positive that the cover is a perfect fit for that particular can, and one can avoid much trouble for another season in getting covers that do not let the juice sizzle out, if they are just fussy enough to keep the old ones together that have done good duty in the year past. It makes no difference about the rubber; there are very few that are worth using the second time, and all may just as well be kept in a box from which the best may be sorted when necessary.

GYPSEY.

Our Household.

GOOD LIVING AT SMALL COST.

HOW TO USE THE DATE.—We scarcely appreciate this fruit as we should; I think it is due to ignorance of its qualities. It is economical, nutritious, wholesome, especially desirable on the nursery bill of fare, as it can safely take the place of medicines in overcoming constipation, which is a common form of childish trouble. The Egyptian dates cured with molasses are the best, as well as the cheapest. Separate the dates, and stone them; chop them lightly, and when you are making white bread, flour a cupful of the chopped dates and knead them into a loaf of bread just before putting into the pan to rise for the last time. Stirred into Graham gems just before they go into the oven, they are said to make an excellent food for both old and young.

DATE CAKE.—Bake a rich cup-cake in layers, about three quarters of an inch thick when baked; mix half a cupful of whipped cream with a cupful of chopped dates, and spread between the layers. Pile three layers high, and ice top and sides. If the cake is not to be eaten the same day, omit the cream, for the cake will absorb it if left, and become sad, and consequently injurious.

For sandwiches, cut thin slices of white bread, and spread first with butter and then with chopped dates. The butter should be free from salt. Try these with chocolate at some evening entertainment. Dates added to apple sauce give it a fine flavor, and some think render the use of sugar unnecessary.

Of course, it would never do to ignore the desserts, and as so many of them are expensive in time and material, it behooves us to study the most profitable. For mince pies we have found nothing to equal the mince-meat which comes done up neatly in small packages. Three for a quarter make six pies, and a little brandy and sugar is needed.

Desiccated cocoanut, which comes in packages, made into a custard pie is also very palatable.

The yolks of eggs left from cake-baking, with a whole one added, will do for boiled custard, which, eaten over nice fresh crackers, pop-corn or stale cake, makes the nicest kind of a dessert. Another is

CREAM PIE.—

- 1 cupful of sugar,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of butter,
- 2 cupfuls of flour,
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder,
- 2-3 of a cupful of sweet milk,
- 2 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar; sift flour and powder well; stir in alternately with the milk; add eggs last; bake in two layers; when cold, put the following custard between, and sprinkle pulverized sugar and cinnamon over the top. To be eaten with or without a sauce.

CUSTARD FOR PIE.—

- 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar,
- 2 tablespoonfuls of flour,
- 1 egg,
- Small piece of butter.

Beat together, and stir in one cupful of boiling milk; boil until smooth and thick; when cold, flavor with vanilla and spread between the cakes.

GINGER-DROPS.—

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar,
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of butter,
- 1 cupful of New Orleans molasses,
- 1 teaspoonful of ground cinnamon,
- 1 teaspoonful of ground cloves,
- 1 teaspoonful of ground allspice,
- 1 teaspoonful of ground ginger,
- 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in a cupful of boiling water,
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour,
- 2 well-beaten eggs.

Bake in gem-pans. Serve hot, with sauce. The rest can be eaten cold for supper.

Inexpensive cakes are an item in this household, and, of course, those best adapted to keeping several days are the most desirable. A few of the most favored are:

NEW ENGLAND COOKIES.—

- 3 cupfuls of sugar,
- 1 cupful of lard and butter, mixed,
- 1 teaspoonful of soda, dissolved,
- 1 cupful of hot water,
- 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon,
- 1 teaspoonful of salt.

Flavor with nutmeg; flour enough to mix, and roll very thin, like a wafer, cut

out, and dip in granulated sugar. This quantity makes twelve dozen, and they will keep nicely if put into a closed box.

CRULLERS.—

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of sugar,
- 1 cupful of butter,
- 3 eggs,
- 1 pint of sweet milk,
- 1 teaspoonful of soda,
- 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar dissolved in milk.

Rub flour and lard together. Enough flour is needed to roll out. Cut in rings, and fry in hot lard; sprinkle with sugar.

COOKIES.—

- 8 cupfuls of flour,
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of sugar,
- 1 cupful of sweet milk,
- 2 cupfuls of lard and butter, mixed,
- 3 eggs,
- 1 teaspoonful of soda in milk,
- Nutmeg for flavor.

Sprinkle top with sugar; bake in moderate oven. M. E. SMITH.

AROUND THE HEARTH.

It was a bitter-cold night, and the fire on the hearth was glowing enough to give inspiration to the girls as they came in and took their accustomed places.

No particular theme had been chosen for our evening talk, and the girls were watching the great bright coals, and each in turn telling what picture they saw in the fire. I had been thinking of "grindstones" during the day, the things upon which or by which tools are sharpened, and so my fancy found a "wheel" in the fire by way of text. After showing it to the girls, I said, "Nobody does successful



work without sharp tools—tools with an edge." I opened a little box and took up a lancet which my grandfather had used when he was surgeon in the war of 1812. It looked useless enough, for it had not been sharpened in three quarters of a century or more.

There is that old saying, "A key that is used is bright," and I remembered still another illustration by which I might interest the girls in my grindstone lesson.

In the time of the civil war some of the new regiments were set to throwing up intrenchments and digging ditches; one morning when the general came to drill the companies, he noticed the guns of some of the men were rusty, and turning to one, he gave a severe reprimand. "Yes," said the soldier, "but you could see your face in my spade forty rods away." The tools they had been using were bright. The sharpening process is often trying and disagreeable. We take little account and often put little value upon all the formative part of life.

Some day, when some one does a brilliant thing or a great thing, we take it as a sudden inspiration, and never look back to the time when he or she was carrying tools to the grindstone. If one refuses to submit to that sharpening, no great work will be done.

The girls looked amazed at there being anything practical about grindstones or anything suited to them. And they began to say, "Do I need to go?" and "Do I?" Then I had to tell them that I did not claim to be like the Philistines, with the only grindstone.

Alice was our young teacher, and she asked what we would say to her, for, said she, "I think I am making a brilliant success of my grade work."

"Yes, Alice," I answered, "but from your own story of yourself, I think you are a discouraging teacher, and you need to bring some of your tools to the grindstone, until you can reach your pupils some other way than by discouraging them.

"What must I do?" asked Laura.

"I mistrust that you need to bring your tools to the stone; you are in a bustle and hurry; you can never do so many things well. From a physiological point, you

don't digest your work. A mechanic would say of you that your tools were all in a jumble and not available."

Conversation took a general turn, and we thought of some who wanted to teach and had to do housework for a living, and of some who wanted to write, and had to teach, and so on. The girls began to see some reasons for failure and disappointment in so many lives. Some had started with the rust of jealousy, others with a lying tongue, still others with laziness and discontent, and others with thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think, and none of them had had the rust spots ground off in time to save the tools.

As we parted that night, I said to the girls, "The hardest work that the grindstone has to do is to sharpen the tools of those who feel called to some work that never comes to them."

There is a good class who really think they are called of the Lord to do some other work than that which they must do or starve. As the snow creaked under their feet the girls shouted back, "All honor to grindstones!"

MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

THANKSGIVING.

Like many another old-time custom, the Thanksgiving day of yore is almost unknown. We ought to take one day in the year, and teach our children to do so, to recount our mercies and give thanks to the Giver of all good for the same. As spiritual things are so closely connected with temporal things, we must not forget the Thanksgiving dinner; and let us have it, so far as possible, of our own produce.

it is, and while our lot may not be so easy or happy as we might desire, it is, after all, the lot God has chosen for us, and is easier, oh, so much easier! than that of some we know.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

NECK-RUCHE.

This pretty accessory to one's toilet can easily be fashioned at home. The neck-band is of black satin ribbon covered with chiffon in deep quillings. The front is edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and carried around the rosettes. Two large rosettes made of the double material finishes it at the back.

OLD CARPETS.

House-cleaning is a thing of the past once more!

In some homes the new carpet has been purchased despite the hard times; and the query then arises, how can I make the best use of the old one, if it is no longer able to serve as a floor-covering?

Is it an ingrain? Cut lengthwise of the breadths into strips three fourths to one inch wide, ravel the warp from each edge, leaving four or five threads through the center, and sew the strips together; take the balls to the weaver, and she will show you how hard to twist the rags, and then leave them to be woven into rugs. With a little care in cutting rags even, they make very handsome mats, especially if there were many bright colors in the old carpet.

If one does not care to be to so much work, the rags may be cut on the bias, and a pretty rug made in that way, though not as pretty as the raveled edges.

If the old carpet is a rag one, I know of no better use than to cut the best into lengths six and one half feet long (or piece short strips into that length), and use them to cover the bed-springs under the mattress. It is such a saving on the wear of the mattress-cover, besides preventing much dust, arising from sweeping, from settling into the mattress. Carpeting is heavy enough to stay in place, and answers the purpose better than anything else we ever tried. Of course, there are always short pieces of old carpet that can be used in front of doors or stoves, etc., but if the room was a large one, there are a good many short pieces to come out of the old carpet, and one wishes for some way to put them to use.

An old carpet, if clean, is very nice to put over the straw when fixing the sled for a sleigh-ride party.

Old carpets are useful to cover stoves packed away in summer. GYPSY.

HOME-SEEKERS EXCURSIONS.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Robt. C. Jones, Traveling Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

ALONE.

Since she went home—
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear.
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain.
The old glad songs breathe a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain.
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed:
Untouched the pillows that her dear head pressed:
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest.
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years.
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears.
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears.
Since she went home.
—Robert J. Burdette.

SUNNY ROOMS MAKE SUNNY LIVES.

LIGHT is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health-giving agent to the physical system; it is not less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We absorb light, and it nourishes us with strange powers. We are more active under its influence—we can think better and work more vigorously.

Let us take the airiest, choicest room in the house for our living-room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And let us there have a bay-window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels of nature, sunlight and pure air, can freely enter.

We can hang no picture on our walls that can compare with the living and everlasting pictures which God shall paint for us through our ample window—rosy dawns, golden-hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing days glide on.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer.

Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the windows, let light stream in, and gloom vanishes and care and sadness flee.

Keep your house sunny, and keep your soul sunny. Let the Sun of Righteousness arise on you with healing in his wings, and you shall find that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—The Christian.

WHAT MEN HAVE NOT FOUGHT FOR.

My dear boy, men have fought, bled and died, but not for beer. Arnold Winkler did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock. William Tell did not hide the arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday. Freedom did not shriek as Kosciuszko fell over a whisky-barrel. Warren did not die that beer might flow, as the brooks murmur, seven days a week. Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whisky might be free. No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday concert-garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer, is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner-stone of good government.

Tea—mild, harmless, innocent tea—the much-succored-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women. Tea holds a higher place, it fills a brighter, more glorious page and is a grander figure in the history of this United States than beer. Men liked tea, my boy, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather

than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it. The history of the United States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker's Hill as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

The battles of this world, my son, have been for grander things than free whisky. The heroes who fall in the struggles for rum fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jimjams. Whisky makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police-court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one.—Robert J. Burdette.

WISE RESTING FOR WISE WORKING.

Wise resting is often the best preparation for wise working. There are times when a nap of fifteen minutes would give a preacher or a teacher better preparation for efficient service, in his line of working, than would an hour of tired studying. And many a mother who sits up late at night in order to finish her day's work would have less work behindhand if she went to bed earlier and waked up fresher. Dr. Bushnell once said, in counseling a young pastor as to his studies: "In your studying, work when you work, and rest when you rest. Take hold sharp, and let go sharp." There is wisdom in this counsel. It has, in fact, passed into an adage, that "men who are fastest asleep when they are asleep, are widest awake when they are awake." "Dead and alive," people are practically worth nothing either as dead or as alive.—Sunday-school Times.

BIBLE NOVELS.

Some one once compiled a work to show how much Shakspeare owed to the Bible. To the same old book Mr. Hall Caine admits that he is very largely indebted. "I think," he says, in "McClure's Magazine," "that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl, and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah." People who have been reading novels instead of the Bible think the Caine stories are all new.

"TILL DEATH DO US PART."

Because a wife loses her first bloom, because her husband outgrows her intellectually, because another has come to seem lovelier in his eyes, a husband is afforded thereby no excuse whatever from absolving himself from his marriage vows. Because a husband is selfish, because he is parsimonious or mean, because he is tyrannical, because he objects to her friends, a wife has no more excuse. Life may become all but unbearable with him or with her; but if there are children with a future to be considered, it is to be borne, and duty and decency must enforce a behavior before the children that shall hinder their injury from wrong influences so far as possible. It may be hard to bear; it may be almost impossible; but self-control is an invaluable ally.—Harper's Bazar.

HEIRS OF GOD.

The fact of our being heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ proves that all things are ours. Are there crowns? They are mine if I be an heir. Are there thrones? Are there dominions? Are there harps, palm branches, white robes? Are there glories that eye hath not seen? and is there music that ear hath not heard? All these are mine if I be a child of God. "And it doth not yet appear," etc. Talk of princes and kings and potentates! Their inheritance is but a pitiful foot of land across which the bird's wing can soon direct its flight; but the broad acres of the Christian cannot be measured by eternity. He is rich, without a limit to his wealth, he is blessed, without a boundary to his bliss.—A. W. Bradford.

HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms. No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They couldn't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone. Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands. Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

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For the purpose of bringing home to the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING living pictures of Homes thus founded, its conductors have secured, by permission of the Methodist Book Concern, publishers of "The Latter-Day Eden," a book treating intelligently and tenderly of Wedlock and the Home, an admirable series of pulpit utterances by

Rev. Henry Tuckley, D.D., An Eminent Methodist Divine,

to adapt and use in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, two papers

"THE MODEL WIFE," and "THE MODEL HUSBAND."

The first will appear in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for December, 1896, the latter in the issue for January, 1897.

Besides these two selections, there are numbered in the Table of Contents of the book, the following subjects: "The Father in the Home," "The Mother in the Home," "The Children in the Home," "Dangers in the Home," closing with "Home and Heaven"—vital elements of endeavor and accomplishment in the home, which should have place and careful reading in every one of the individual Homes of the world.

On all new subscriptions for 1897, copies of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING containing these papers will be sent free of charge.

Good Housekeeping, Clark W. Bryan Co., Springfield, Mass.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S Common Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet. Wilson Ear Drum Co., 301 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. 1122 Broadway, [Room 317], N. Y.

LADIES, If you have superfluous

HAIR ON THE FACE

send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments. Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope Mrs. M. N. PERRY, B. 74 Oak Park, Ill.

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Corn and Cob Meal.—M. H., Holden, Mass. The advantage claimed for grinding the cob with the corn is that the meal is more readily digested. The ground cob prevents the corn-meal from forming a doughy mass in the stomach.

Wintering Celery.—O. P. M., Landenburg, Pa. Dig a narrow trench in well-drained soil as deep as the celery-plants are tall. Dig the plants, shake off the soil, and place them upright in the trench, closely crowding them together at the bottom. Before severe freezing weather lay wide boards in single line directly upon the trench, and cover with soil. After this soil is frozen, cover it with straw or litter.

Cabbage-maggot.—G. W. D., South Prairie, Wash., writes: "My cabbages were destroyed by maggots. They attacked the roots and worked up the stem, causing the head to decay. The land is low and newly cleared."

REPLY:—Heavy applications of caustic lime to the soil will destroy the worms. Next season plant your cabbages in a new location. If worms appear, apply lime-water to the plants. After slaking the lime, mix it with liquid manure, and apply about a pint to each plant.

Reseeding the Lawn.—A. R. J., Sullivan, Ind., writes: "I want to reset my lawn or yard with grass. It has been nicely sodded for a number of years with blue-grass, but I think from very frequent cutting with lawn-mower, or an exhaustion of the soil, the grass has become very thin, and a weed, or rather, a wiry kind of ugly grass, is choking the blue-grass out. Please inform me, through your valuable paper, how to reset it. There is too much grass left to plow it up and sod or sow again. How much seed will be required?"

REPLY:—Apply a liberal dressing of finely composted barn-yard manure this fall. Early in the spring rake the lawn thoroughly each way, and sow blue-grass seed at the rate of two bushels and white clover at the rate of four pounds an acre.

Temperature of Storage-room.—F. N., Ridgeway, Ohio, writes: "At what temperature should a room be kept in order to preserve apples, potatoes, etc.?"

REPLY:—The following from a recent bulletin issued by the Indiana experiment station gives the information desired: "The proper temperature for keeping apples is as nearly thirty-five degrees Fahr. as it is possible to keep it; and in order to maintain this, it will often be necessary in this climate to provide a separate place for storing the fruit, as the average cellar under the dwelling-house is wholly unfit for this purpose. If the cellar consists of several compartments, so that one can be shut off completely from the others, and the temperature in this kept below forty degrees, it will answer the purpose very well. If this cannot be done, a cheap storage-house may be built in connection with the ice-house, by building a room underneath, having it surrounded with ice on the sides and overhead, with facilities for drainage underneath, keeping the air dry by means of chlorid of calcium placed on the floor in an open water-tight vessel, such as a large milk crock or pan. In this way the temperature may be kept very near the freezing-point the year round, and apples may be kept almost indefinitely."

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to DR. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Rachitis.—M. W. R., Mexico, Mo. Your pigs suffer from rachitis. Feed more food rich in nitrogenous compounds, lime salts and phosphates; avoid sour slops, and let the pigs have all the voluntary exercise they are able to take. Don't ring them.

Brood-mares Rolling.—I have never been able to learn that any damage resulted from the rolling of a brood-mare. A faulty position of the fetus, in mares as well as in cows and in other female animals, is due entirely to different causes.

Foot-evil.—G. W. W., Ozona, Fla. Unfortunately I am not familiar with all such local colloquial terms, and do not know what you mean by "foot-evil." If you will kindly give a description, I may be able to answer your question, and will cheerfully do so.

Parturient Paralysis.—M. J. P., New Straitsville, Ohio. Your cow died of parturient paralysis, a disease which is also known by the name of puerperal-fever, calving-fever, milk-fever and by several other names. Please consult the answer given in this present number to J. K., Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Cows Suddenly Falling Off in Milk.—P. V. P., Bushlon, Kan. If the sudden falling off in milk of your cows is not caused by any disease, it must be due to something the cows find to eat in their pasture. There are several plants which are accused of having an injurious influence upon the activity of the mammary glands, but not knowing whether they grow on your pasture or not, it would lead too far to enumerate them.

Lame and Stiff Hogs—A Sick Yearling.—E. M., Verdella, Mo. Concerning your hogs, please consult the answer given in present issue to W. W. H., Sunnysdale, Kan. As to your yearling, if the same is a horse, the disease appears to be either distemper (strangles) or an attack of influenza, and if a calf, I would suspect tuberculosis.

Epizootic Catarrh.—B. B. A., Milledgeville, Ga. The symptoms given in your inquiry are those of epizootic catarrh of cattle, a disease somewhat similar to grippé in human beings, but usually of so mild a character that hardly ever any treatment will be required. It will run its typical course in about two weeks, and will probably have disappeared before this reaches you.

Conjunctivitis.—R. E., Throop, Pa. The conjunctivitis, or suppurating eyelids, of your young Newfoundland dog can be easily cured by a treatment with nitrate of silver, but I will not advise you to apply it yourself. It will be best to employ a veterinarian who knows how to handle such heroic substances. The nitrate of silver, as soon as applied, must immediately be washed off with a salt solution.

Swine-plague.—A. P. G., Eminence, Ind. Swine-plague, or so-called hog-cholera, you are right, is more virulent this fall than it has been in any one year since 1878. A very small bacillus, about twice as long as thick, capable of rapid propagation, and possessing great vitality under conditions not absolutely unfavorable it can survive at least three years and seven months, and probably much longer, constitutes the cause. A cure I cannot give, and the "latest treatment," probably as worthless as all others not the latest. I do not know.

Scours when Driven.—C. W. D., Mechanicsburg, Ohio. If your horse scours when driven, but is all right in every other respect, and passes dung of a normal condition when in the stable, the cause of the scouring, probably, is to be found in the fact that you, as a rule, hitch up the horse, and put the same to work as soon as he has finished his meal and before any time has been allowed for digestion. Give the horse two hours' time for digestion after each heavy meal before you hitch him up and make him work, and I have no doubt the scouring will soon cease.

Tympanitis.—G. W. E., Holly, Ohio. If you punctured your cow that was bloated, or suffered with tympanitis, with a trocar or knife between the third and fourth ribs, and the cow yet lives, you are indeed very lucky that you did not stab her into the heart and kill her outright. The proper place to puncture the stomach of a cow suffering from tympanitis, or bloating, is on the left side, equidistant between the hip, the transverse processes of the lumbar vertebrae and the last rib. If there the trocar is inserted in a right angle to the skin, it will reach the paunch, and no damage will be done.

Blind Staggers.—D. S., Fertigo, Pa. What you describe is a case of so-called blind staggers, a disease which is considered incurable, and which not only makes a horse worthless, but also dangerous, especially in hot weather, and when worked to perspiration. In cold weather such an animal appears to be considerably better, and may be used for light work without becoming unmanageable. Such a horse is a good deal like an insane person. As your animal happens to be a mare, allow me yet to remark that it is not advisable to breed her, because blind staggers must be looked upon as a hereditary disease.

Prevention of Parturient Paralysis.—J. K., Cedar Falls, Iowa. Parturient paralysis, or so-called calving-fever, or milk-fever, almost exclusively attacks only such cows as are in a first-class condition, are great milkers and good feeders, and can, I learned from your communication, in such cows are kept on a rather light diet during the last five or six weeks before and the first two or three weeks after calving. Scrupulous cleanliness in the stable, especially when the time of calving approaches and immediately after, and pure air to breathe are also very essential. It is also claimed by good authority that it will have a good effect to leave the calf with its dam for a week or ten days.

Bleeds from the Nose.—W. H. P., Hamilton, Ill. You say your mare, otherwise all right, bleeds from the nose when she lowers her head to the ground, but not when at work or eating out of a feed-box or out of the manger. This would lead to the supposition that the blood probably comes from one of the sinuses of the head. If such is the case, the source, very likely, is a morbid growth or a tumor in one of these sinuses (cavities) of the head. Under all circumstances I have to advise you to have the horse examined by a competent veterinarian, especially as bleeding from the nose is also a frequent symptom of glanders, and as a surgical operation (trepanation) will have to be performed if my supposition is correct, and if a cure is to be attempted.

Diseased Respiratory Organs.—W. E., Ashland, Ohio. You say your horse had a kind of distemper, and now coughs, has discharges from the nose, breathes like a horse that has heaves, and has a poor appetite. These symptoms indicate nothing more nor less, no matter what the original disease may have been, than the existence of rather severe and extensive morbid changes affecting not only the process of respiration, but also the whole organism; but what their seat, nature and extent may be, beyond a chronic affection of the mucous membranes of the respiratory passages, cannot be learned from your communication. In such a case it is necessary to make a careful examination of the patient before a correct diagnosis, a reliable prognosis and a plan of treatment can be made. I advise you to have the animal examined by a veterinarian.

Paralysis.—W. W. H., Sunnysdale, Kan. What you complain of, paralysis of your hogs in the hind quarters, can be produced by quite a number of causes; for instance, a morbid affection of the spinal cord and its membranes (spinal meningitis), severe injury to the vertebral column and to the spinal cord, trichinosis, measles, a fatty degeneration of the muscles and a rachitic condition of the bones. The two last-named causes owe their existence, partially at least, to an improper diet and want of exercise. As you have two animals down again, and as you always kill them when they get very bad, call in a good veterinarian when you kill the next one, and let him make a thorough post-mortem examination, so as to find the true cause. Paralytic symptoms are sometimes also attendants of swine-plague, but as you do not mention any symptoms of that disease, it probably is not present in your hogs. You say you have looked in vain for anything on paralysis. Last year's FARM AND FIRESIDE contains six answers under that heading.

FINE FLORIDA CLAY.

Among the Florida exhibits at the recent Atlanta Exposition was one which attracted as much notice from those who are interested in home resources as any other exhibit at the exposition.

"A letter from Vodray Bros., East Liverpool, Ohio, states that they shipped to Atlanta for the Florida exhibit a full dinner set, Roxton shape, of one hundred and fourteen pieces; and a toilet set, Linden shape, of twelve pieces. These are all finely decorated with leading decorations, and are made up complete, each set being elegant and attractive. This ware is made up of Florida clay, or kaolin, and will demonstrate in a practical and undeniable way the superior quality of the Florida clay for the manufacture of such goods.

"The fact is being forced upon the attention of the world that there is an abundance of fine clay in Florida from which the choicest of porcelain-ware can be made. Here is an industry with a world-wide market for the manufactured goods, only awaiting the coming of capital to develop it."—Clay Record, Chicago.

The Clark Syndicate Companies, during the past few months, have caused a special examination to be made by Professor E. T. Cox, one of the most eminent geologists in this country, and who was formerly state geologist of Indiana.

Professor Cox, after a very careful and thorough examination, referring to portions of land through which the Clark Syndicate Companies' railroad passes, says: "The foundation rock is a soft limestone that belongs to the lower part of the tertiary formation. In the district examined it contains a large percentage of alumina and magnesia, which gives to it strong hydraulic properties. Cement made from this rock, in a very crude way, had a tensile strength of one hundred and sixty pounds to the square inch, government test."

The composition of this natural cement rock shows that it will make a cement possessing a strong hydraulic energy. It may be quarried by the side of the railroad.

Potters' clay and fullers' earth are found almost immediately above the cement rock. From the many borings in which it is found, there must be a large area. This clay is of excellent quality for manufacturing terra-cotta ware, drain-pipes and for building purposes.

Reporting on one sample of the fullers' earth examined, Professor Cox says: "The analysis indicates that it is a valuable fullers' earth. This porous variety of silicate of alumina has of late years replaced, in a large measure, animal or bone charcoal for filtering and cleansing purposes."

In fact, the report of Professor Cox, which is accompanied by a map quite extensive in its character, indicates that under favorable auspices a new and important industry may be developed in this region.

FLORIDA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

The following are extracts from an article written by Mr. Frank H. Sweet, for the "Southern States Magazine." They truthfully state some very interesting facts.

There are thousands of men and women in the North whose systems are not toned up to the vigor necessary to withstand the long-continued cold of the winter months. They may not be invalids, or even "delicate," in the full significance of the term, but wrap and take care of themselves as they will, they never come out of the encounter in the spring in as good condition as they entered it in the fall. They "catch" colds which are obstinate in their pertinacity; they are run down and listless, and they never get one half of that buoyant, substantial satisfaction out of life which is the just heritage of every man and woman born in the world.

For such people as these, as well as for the recognized invalids and weaklings, there should be a perpetual season of sunshine and warm winds; an easily accessible sanitarium, not presided over by drugs and doctors, but by clear skies and hospitable woods and fields, where nature administers tonics with such delicacy that one never becomes aware of taking them until brought to the fact by returning health.

Florida is but a few hours away, and its climate can vie with any in the country. It is not perfect—few are—but cold winds and frosty nights are of rare occurrence, and the visitor may count on being able to spend as much time out of doors as he would at home during an unusually pleasant September. I have spent December and January and February back among the pines, sleeping at night in a hammock slung between two trees, and never felt even the suspicion of a cold. With the stars shining down upon me through the branches, and the whispering of the pine-tops, and the balsamic odors as a lullaby, I have enjoyed such sleep as I have rarely experienced elsewhere. The nights are cool enough to insure good rest, and one should always wrap himself in a blanket before seeking his hammock; and, to complete the picture, it might be well to make a substantial camp-fire of the rich,

resinous pine-knots which abound in the forest. It will burn long into the night, and its light will flare out into the forest aisles, and make a picture the camper will watch until he falls away into a sound, dreamless slumber.

Florida is essentially a country for life in the open air; in winter the days are pleasant and equable, and the nights are an almost unfailing antidote for insomnia. No matter whether the invalid be at a hotel or a boarding-house or in a cabin or camp in the depths of a great pine forest, so long as he is in the open air during the day, and does not shut himself away from it at night, he is bound to be benefited. I have met hundreds of invalids who undoubtedly owed their lives to this open-air sanitarium, and rarely have I heard one speak of it except in glowing terms. I once said good-bye to a friend, and supposed it was to be the last time. The brother who was taking care of him was obliged to go far back into the pine forest to help survey a new town-site, and he took the invalid along. They were six months in the woods, forty miles or more from the nearest house, and when they returned I hardly knew my friend. He had left a tall, emaciated, hopeless invalid, scarcely able to put one foot in front of the other; he returned a strong, well-built man. He had gained more than forty pounds.

I have friends and acquaintances who have been to the Sandwich Islands and to Europe and California and Colorado and New Mexico and other places, and scarcely two of them have the same ideas in regard to climate. But taking them altogether, I have seen as much good come from a sojourn in Florida as from any sanitarium in the world. The Sandwich Islands are too far away for practical consideration, and, outside of these, I believe that Florida is fully equal to any of the other places named.

But one must bear in mind that there are cool nights, and that raw winds are not unknown on the east coast, and that even in the winter it occasionally rains. Light flannel should be worn throughout the season, and extra clothing should be kept in readiness to put on when necessary. Sometimes even a heavy overcoat is not a superfluity.

And, furthermore, I would advise those who go to Florida in search of health to start early and stay late. Do not wait until you have caught a severe cold in the fall, and return in time to catch another in the spring. Go before the weather has dropped down to freezing-point, and do not return before June. And, above all, do not wait until it is too late. Florida can do much, but it cannot cure what is incurable.

My most delightful memory of Florida is of the Tallahassee region and its hospitable people. South Florida lacks the peculiar charm of this out-of-the-way section, for it has been chiefly settled by Northerners, and its customs and manners are merely the transplanted habits and fashions of New York and Connecticut and Massachusetts.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

Diversified farming throughout the entire region where cotton has heretofore reigned supreme has during the past season gained a foothold where it will hereafter firmly stand upon its intrinsic merits. It is a fact that the wise policy of diversification has now become successfully established. Home-grown supplies, sufficient to more than meet the home demand, and a satisfactory advance in the price of cotton, tobacco, grain and orchard products have culminated in a most satisfactory and encouraging condition of affairs. With a determination to continue to diversify cropping, raise much and buy little, the outlook for the coming year is one of hopeful promise. The safety of the farmer lies in the line of complete independence of cotton, grain, transportation or other grasping trusts or monopolies.—American Agriculturist.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

On and after this date we will pay the railroad fare one way of each and every purchaser of 40 acres or more of land, crediting the amount on their payment for the land. In this way every purchaser can visit the Tallahassee section, see the country for himself, make his own selection, have a delightful and pleasant trip, and all at comparatively little cost.

One-way trips will take place from Chicago and Cincinnati on the first Tuesday of each month, the fare to Tallahassee being \$18.10 from Chicago and \$12.65 from Cincinnati. We leave Chicago by the "Monon" route, and from Cincinnati over the "Queen and Crescent." There will also be favorable rates for round-trip excursions, tickets good for six months; full particulars can be had by writing us.

If you cannot join our excursion at either Chicago or Cincinnati, go to your nearest ticket agent and get rates from him. Then if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot on your arrival. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our railroad and steamship lines during your visit in Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip over the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, or over the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston or New York, at low excursion rates, which include meals and berth on board the steamer.

For special rates by water from these Eastern points address either of the steamship companies at New York, Philadelphia or Boston, or write direct to this company. Address CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES, 1013 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Our Miscellany.

COLTON says. "We ask advice, but we mean approbation."

BRASS may be cleaned with oxalic acid dissolved in tripoli-water.

THERE is a more real good in a cheerful disposition than there is in a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.—Ram's Horn.

Benj. Grosscup, Ashland, O. (father of U. S. Judge P. S. Grosscup, Monadnock Block, Chicago), was recently cured of an enormous cancer on the face, by Dr. Pingree, 126 State St., Chicago.

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD (John Strange Winter) is very superstitious, and always carries two scraps of gray fur inside the neck of her dress as a talisman.

THIS from "Middlemarch": "It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired."

MAKE the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.—Shakspeare.

TO DESTROY mice, fill a bucket with water, and scatter oats over the top so that the water is quite hidden. Then put the bucket near a table or chair, from which the mice can jump into it. They will be attracted by the oats, jump into the water, and be drowned.

THE mirrors used by the Greek and Romans were made of thin disks of highly polished bronze, some of which were made with handles, although the custom was to have them supported upon upright stands. Silver came into use later on, and it is said that the first solid silver mirror was made by Praxiteles about the time of Julius Caesar. The furnished steel mirror followed the triumphs of the armorers during the crusades.

IN Italy ladies have access to all universities, and they are also allowed to follow their degrees by practical work, the legal profession being the only exception. In Roumania the University of Bucharest is open to ladies. In Denmark, Norway and Sweden ladies are at full liberty to matriculate at the universities, and their right to practise is being steadily extended, there, however, still being several professions to which they have no access.

AN ideal resort for women has been built at Eighteenth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, by women. The money was raised, the structure planned and its construction superintended by women. The interior furnishings were designed, arranged and paid for by women, and of the several hundred people who enjoy the facilities of the institution, and the fifty-odd employees, there is but a solitary man. He is the engineer. Women run the elevators, do all the manual labor about the immense plant, cook all the meals, haul all the baggage about, and, in a word, perform all of the duties usually assigned to men in a European-plan hotel. The building is owned by the Women's Christian Association.

A CLEVER young woman, barely twenty, who has within the last two or three years established a steady patronage of her wares among the women of Pittsburgh, confessed to one of her patrons that her income last year was over three thousand dollars. The commodity is aprons. Over three thousand of these were made and sold last year. The young lady has been engaged in apron manufacture since the age of thirteen. She has her regular round of patrons. The apron-maker buys her material in New York by the web. She makes her own selections—dimity and lawn for the fine aprons, muslin for the maids and nurses, and heavy linens and ginghams for the kitchen. No fancy aprons are manufactured, none with bibs, and none for children. The largest business is done in the nurse-maid apron.

WHY HE TOOK IT OFF.

"Yes," said a wheelman who was leading his steed of steel into Colonel Owen Ringle's haven of bicycle refuge in the Society for Savings, "I took the name-plate off my wheel because I am thin-skinned. That's right. Whenever I left my wheel anywhere for a moment or two, somebody was sure to step up and look at the name-plate, and shake his head sadly and stare at me as if I didn't know enough to come in when it rains. And I could guess they were mumbling over to themselves, 'Good heavens! that idiot has been spending money for a "Duke of Wellington"—never mind what the real name was. And they'd look at me as I rode away as if they expected to see the whole thing collapse like the one-hoss shay. You see, mine isn't what they call a high-grade wheel, although it does me good service, and I presume five hundred people have given me to understand that they were onto my petty economy in buying a cheap bike. By George! it really seems as if there were a boycott on riders of second-grade wheels. Well, I got

tired of it, and took the name off, and now the curious fellows can guess and he hanged to 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GLADSTONE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say, "Nothing succeeds like success." Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like wining the throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. But you, like me, be strong and exercise your strength. Work onward and upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.—Columbia Christian Advocate.

THE CARE OF THE TEETH.

At the annual convention of the New Jersey State Dental Society, a number of papers of peculiar value to the lay reader were read. Some of the statements made by the dentists were startling. One well-known dentist claimed that the proportion of people who take proper care of their teeth is not more than four per cent in the rural districts, and about twenty per cent in the cities. It was considered a hopeful sign for the teeth of the future Americans that mouth-washes were being used more commonly than in the past years. It was declared that the people in the city objected to having their teeth pulled, while the country constituency objected to having teeth filled.

THE LATEST.

Paper telegraph-poles are the latest development of the art of making paper useful. These poles are made of paper-pulp, in which borax, tallow, and so forth, are mixed in small quantities. The pulp is cast in a mold, with a core in the center, forming a hollow rod of the desired length, the cross-pieces being held by key-shaped wooden pieces, driven in on either side of the pole. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by sun, rain, dampness, or any of the other causes which shorten the life of a wooden pole.

AN ANCIENT RECORD.

The oldest marriage proposal of which there is definite record is thirty-four hundred and twenty-five years old. This remarkable ancient record, which is in the oriental department of the British museum, is a small clay tablet, measuring eight inches by four inches, and contains about ninety-eight lines of cuneiform writing. It is made of Nile mud, and bears upon it the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the King of Babylon. It is a duplicate copy of a letter written about B. C. 1530.

MARBLE EYELASHES.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican, and was found in 1503.

LANDS FOR SALE.

AT LOW PRICES AND ON EASY TERMS. The Illinois Central Railroad Company offers for sale on easy terms and at low prices, 150,000 acres of choice fruit, gardening, farm and grazing lands located in SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. They are also largely interested in, and call especial attention to the 600,000 acres of land in the famous YAZOO VALLEY of Mississippi, lying along and owned by the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad Company, and which that Company offers at low prices and on long terms. Special inducements and facilities offered to go and examine these lands both in Southern Illinois and in the "Yazoo Valley." Miss. For further description, map and any information, address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, No. 1 Park Row, Chicago, Ill.

SELL MUSIC and make money. For particulars send us 6 cents in stamps for sample copy of our magnificent musical magazine, Every Month, each number of which contains \$2.00 worth of the latest popular vocal and instrumental music besides 50 illustrations and several short stories. Every Month, Room 110, 4 East 20th St., N.Y.

WANTED ON VIRGINIA FARM, small family without young children. Requirements: Carpentering, dairying, poultry and general farm work. Apply to Lawford Bros., Lawford, Va., or Baltimore, Md.

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BED-WETTING CURED. Sample FREE. Dr. F. E. MAY, Bloomington, Ill.

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Adam and Eve at peace in de garden,
Dey neber heard a baby cry;
Dey had no sins an' dey ask'd no pardon,
Till Satan winked his other eye.

Chorus:

Den 'twas: "Hush, my babies. Cain an'
Abel, hogeyman'll ketch yo' if yo' cry;
Hush, my babies. Cain an' Abel, papa is
comin' toodge yo' by an' hy."

Rom'lus and Remus thrown in de river,
Were washed ashore an' left to die,
An' soon began to cry an' shiver,
When ole she-wolf came trottin' by.

Chorus:

Den 'twas: "Hush, my babies, hush my
babies, hogeyman'll ketch yo' if yo' cry;
Hush, my babies, hush, my babies, papa is
comin' toodge yo' by an' hy."

Holy Moses 'way down in de watah,
De ark ob rushes keeps 'im dry;
Along comes Pharaoh's lovely daughter,
Den little Moses could not cry.

Chorus:

Den 'twas: "Hush, my baby, hush, my
Moses, hogeyman'll ketch yo' if yo' cry;
Hush, my baby, hush, my Moses, papa is
comin' toodge yo' by an' hy."

Oh, de kings an' queens an' dukes an'
princes,
De presidents and statesmen high,
All hear dis song an' it soon convinces
Dem dat der mothers used to sigh.

Chorus:

An' sing: "Hush, my baby," etc.

It's de same ole story told right ober,
As year on year de ages fly;
For it's a baby, school-boy, hero, lover,
Again we hear de baby cry.

Chorus:

Den it's: "Hush, my baby, hush, my baby,
hogeyman'll ketch yo' if yo' cry;
Hush, my baby, hush, my baby, papa is
comin' toodge yo' by an' hy."

—Chicago Record.

APT ANSWERS.

A COMPETITIVE examination of applicants for positions of porter and errand-boy in the Boston public library was held recently. One of the candidates for porter shocked the examiners by his display of frivolity in evading questions which he could not answer. He did not get the position. The paper as printed is in part as follows:

Question—Where is Chicago?

Answer—I don't know. I am a New-Yorker.

Q.—Where is Cleveland?

A.—He won't tell.

Q.—Describe a feasible course for the circumnavigation of the globe, mentioning all bodies of water which would be passed through.

A.—In a balloon. No waters would be passed through.

Q.—What was the cause of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war?

A.—Love for fighting, with excuses.

Q.—How may the races of mankind be chiefly divided?

A.—Losers and winners.

Q.—What does the Indo-Germanic family include?

A.—Indians and Germans, but in Kansas the combination is said not to be a success.

Q.—Name the present poet laureate.

A.—A western paper lately said that his name was "William Watson."

Q.—Why is piracy now practically extinct?

A.—Through change of name. Except in the hook business, it is now called "diplomacy," "trusteeship," etc.

Q.—What, in a few words, are transcendentalism, epicureanism and utilitarianism?

A.—The first means thinking on the roof while living in the basement; the second means living high on \$7.50 a week; the third is the study of how to do so.

Q.—Name in chronological order the various peoples which have inhabited England.

A.—England has been inhabited by English only. Various foreign people arrived, but immediately became English.

Q.—What does the present British empire include?

A.—Everything it could grab, except the United States, Venezuela, Ireland and some of the surrounding planets.—Baltimore Sun.

WASN'T ELECTED.

"A good story is told on the late Senator Vance, who died two years ago," said Senator Jones, of Arkansas. "As I remember it, Vance was traveling down in North Carolina, when he met an old darky one Sunday morning. He had known the old man for many years, so he took the liberty of inquiring where he was going.

"I am, sah, pedestrianin' my appointed way to de tabernacle of de Lord."

"Are you an Episcopalian?" inquired Vance.

"No, sah, I can't say dat I am an Episcopalian."

"Maybe you are a Baptist?"

"No, sah, I can't say dat I've ever been hurried wid de Lawd in waters of baptism."

"Oh, I see; you're a Methodist."

"No, sah, I can't say dat I've one of dose who hold to the arguments of de faith of de Medodists."

"What are you, then, mnele?"

"I've a Presbyterian, Marse Zeb, just de same as you is."

"Oh, nonsense, uncle; you don't mean to say that you subscribe to all the articles of the Presbyterian faith?"

"Deed I do, sah."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election to be saved, or of being saved to be elected?"

"Yes, sah, I b'lieve in the doctrine of 'lection most firmly and nu'quiveatin'ly."

"Well, then, tell me, do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

"The old darky hesitated. There was undoubtedly a terrific struggle going on in his mind between his veracity and his desire to be polite to the senator. Finally he compromised by saying:

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Marse Zeb. You see, I've never heard of anybody bein' 'lected to anything for what they wasn't a candidate. Has you, sah?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A HOT RETORT.

The Widow Teeter's husband had been dead only a few weeks when there were surface indications that she was about to marry again.

The late Mr. Teeter had not been exactly a model husband, and it was the general opinion that his death was a stroke of good fortune for Mrs. Teeter, but still the relatives of the deceased thought that his memory required a widowhood of at least a year. When the indications of the approaching marriage became apparent, some of her late husband's friends waited on Mrs. Teeter, and one of them said:

"We hear that you are about to marry again, Lucy Ann."

"Well, I don't know that it is any of your business," replied Lucy Ann, "but if it will give you any satisfaction to know the facts, I don't mind telling you that I shall be a married woman again in about two weeks."

"But Tom has been dead less than three months," protested another.

"Well, I suppose he's as dead as he ever will be, isn't he?"

"But," said a third, "you ought in common decency to wait until he is cold."

"Wait until Tom Teeter is cold!" repeated the widow, with fire in her eye. "If your theological belief is orthodox, you must know that Tom Teeter hasn't a ghost of a show of ever getting cold."

Then the objecting relatives fled out, and Mrs. Teeter resumed the work of preparing her trousseau.—Truth.

A SOFT PROPOSAL.

Ethel—"And what did George say when he proposed?"

Maud—"He said nothing; he started to say something, gasped, turned deadly pale, and then fainted quite away. Of course, I knew what that meant, so when he came to, I told him he might ask papa."

Ethel—"And then?"

Maud—"Then poor George fainted again."

—Judge.

NOT TRUE TO NATURE.

Teacher—"I find that your boy spends a great deal of time reading dime novels. They are calculated to give him entirely false ideas."

Father—"Yes; I must have it stopped. I was looking over one of his detective stories, and it represents the detectives as continually finding out things."

A SUGGESTION.

Old Richfellow (desperately)—"If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do?"

Sweet girl—"Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him, and then went out and hung himself."—New York Weekly.

THE NEW EXCUSE.

Mr. Uptowne Flatte—"Where is Bridget this evening?"

Mrs. Uptowne Flatte—"This evening? Why, her cycle club meets to-night."—Judge.

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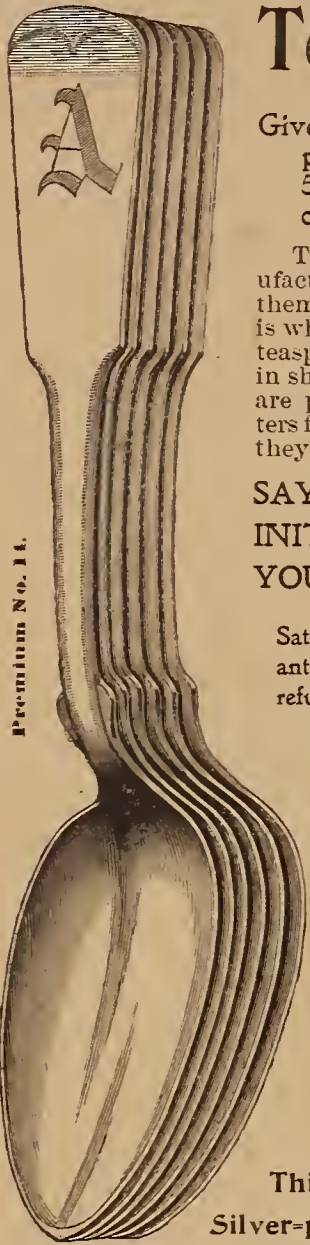
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William G. Frost, Ph.D.,
Cora Stuart Wheeler,
Stanley Waterloo,
Will N. Harben, and others.

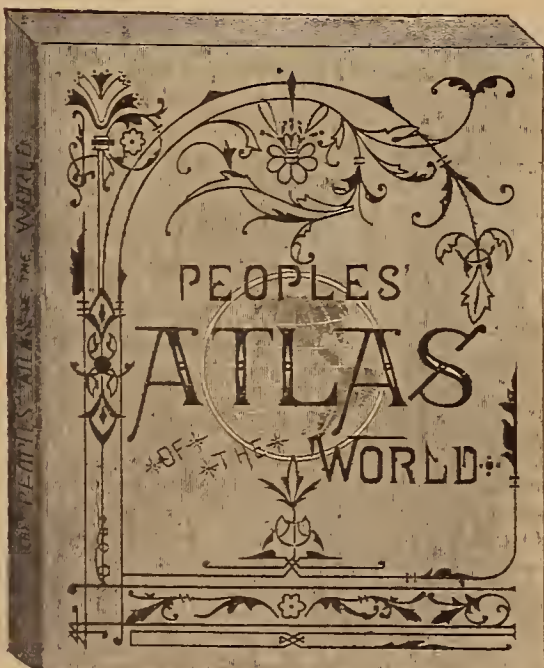
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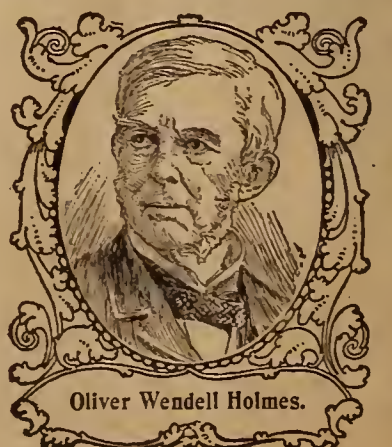
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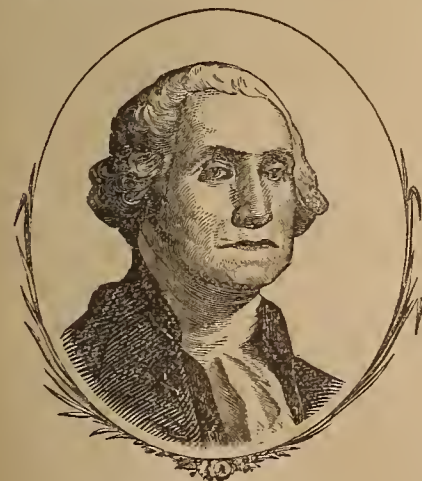
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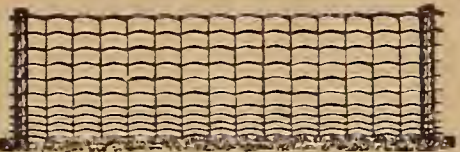
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A name applied to such as put on style on short drives, but soon "peter out." Many of the three rod samples of wire fences shown at the fairs, are built on this plan. The strong spring works nicely, but when required to regulate 40 or 80 rods it fails. The only "long distance" regulator is made by

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THE MOST Successful and Satisfactory power for running Cream Separators, Churn Pumps, because it has a Governor which regulates the speed to a nicety. A successful power for running small Grinding Mill, Feed Cutter, or any machine, because the largest horse can work in it with ease. **EFFECTUAL AND LASTING.** We make 2 and 3 horse Tread Powers, also Ensilage Cutters, HERO and AMERICAN FEED MILLS, Shellers, Wood Saws, Sweep Powers, THE CELEBRATED OGDON WIND MILLS, etc. Our 150 page illustrated Catalogue SENT FREE.

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Mention this paper.

Humor.

COULDN'T STAND IT.

Bingo—"I've had to change my grocery store."

Kingley—"What's the matter?"

Bingo—"Why, I hadn't been trading there two months before they began sending things C. O. D."—Judge.

A PROTEST.

Parson—"I fear that sermon of mine about the 'Gold Standard' was not favorably received."

Deacon—"Why so, parson?"

Parson—"I found four 16 to 1 buttons in the collection-basket."—Truth.

THE SPANISH WIN ANOTHER VICTORY.

Spanish captain—"Our scout reports that we are surrounded by nearly a hundred Cubans."

Spanish general (in trembling tones)—"Divide our forces into detachments of five hundred men each. We must break through their lines and reach the fort as quickly as possible."—Judge.

AMUSING ADVERTISEMENTS.

A London periodical recently offered a prize for the best collection of unintentionally amusing advertisements. Here is a part of one list. It embodies illustrations of the curious effect which the misplacing of a comma, or of a word or two, often has upon the meaning of a sentence. "Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here." "A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame." "Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad." "Lost, a collie dog by a mau on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle." "Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of children and a good sailor." "Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday." "For sale a pinaforte, the property of a musician with carved legs." "M. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin." "A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference." "Bulldog for sale, will eat anything; very fond of children." "Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same." "Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." "Lost, near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a beat rib and a bone handle." "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." "To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head-piece as good as new."

LITTLE BITS.

Salesman—"Now, this is a book that I can highly recommend. I have read it myself." Mrs. Noovah—"Oh, then, it would never do. I don't want any second-hand books. Have you not any that haven't been read?"

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a mau to be trusted?"

"Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life."

"Yes; but with anything of value, I mean."—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Lushforth (at seven A. M.)—"This is a nice time for you to be getting home, now isn't it?"

Mr. Lushforth—"Did it purpose t' please you, m'dear. Stayed out till you got up, so m'snorin' wouldn't bother you. An' zish is zhe returu I get f'r m'thoughtful affection!" (Weeps.)—Indianapolis Journal.

Andrews—"Too bad about Billings, wasn't it?"

Davis—"What's happened to him?"

Andrews—"He's loony."

Davis—"You don't tell me! What's the cause of it?"

Andrews—"He came home after twelve o'clock the other night, and his wife let him in without an unkind word. The shock was too much for him."—Cleveland Leader.

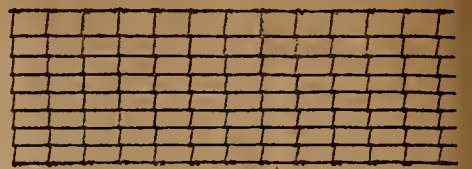
This is the way the railway men heard the conundrum: "At what time shortly before noon is it three o'clock? At a quarter of twelve, because a quarter of twelve is three." And this is the way he worked it off on his friends: "At what time shortly before noon is it three o'clock? At eleven forty-five, because eleven forty-five is three. It doesn't sound right, either, blame it! but that's the way I heard it."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Proctor, the continuous-performance magnate, took a day or two off last week and ran down to see Niagara falls. Just before retiring at the hotel, he rang for a pitcher of ice-water. No response. He rang a second and a third time, and finally a sluggish bell-boy appeared and took the order. There was a long stage wait, and after the bell had been set jingling again, the boy appeared, with an apologetic air and an empty pitcher. "Very sorry, sir," he explained, "but we can't serve no water. The river's low, and they need it all for the falls."—New York Evening Sun.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS



RY ONE MAN, with the FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. It saws down trees. Folds like a pocketknife. Saws any kind of timber on any kind of ground. One man can saw MORE timber with it than 2 men in any other way, and do it EASIER, 115,000 in use. Send for FREE illustrated catalogue showing latest IMPROVEMENTS and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agency. Address **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO.** 62-66 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.



Cabled Field and Hog Fence,

24 to 38 inches high: Steel Web Picket Lawn Fence; Poultry, Garden and Rabbit Fence; Steel Gates, Steel Posts and Steel Rails; Tree, Flower and Tomato Guards; Steel Wire Fence Board, etc. Catalogue free. **DEKALB FENCE CO., 38 High St., DeKalb, Ill.** Mention this paper.



AN UNQUENCHABLE LIGHT

is a good thing and a lantern for any time or place is better. The

Dietz Reflector Lantern

is both. Will not blow out or shake out. Produces wonderful amount of light, throwing a strong ray 100 feet, because of the silvered glass reflector which always stays bright. Can be used for a driving lamp by means of spring on the back which fits the dashboard or other places in a vehicle. Used by the U. S. Life Saving Service for patrol lantern along the coast in high winds. Do not allow your dealer to give you any but **DIETZ LANTERNS.** Sold all over the United States. Write for free pocket catalogue. Established 1840.

R. E. DIETZ COMPANY,

60 Laight St., New York.

Mention this paper.

Cripple Creek Gold.

We advise the immediate purchase of the following stocks, for either a speculation or investment:

Independence Extension,

Just south and within 300 feet of the world-famous Independence mine. Now selling at 10c.

Bull Hill Golf Tunnel Co.,

A tunnel site through Bull Hill, running under many shipping mines, at 3c. per share.

The Mutual Benefit Mining & Leasing Co.

Has a three years' lease on Oldest Tunnel Site in Cripple Creek, containing 100 acres, between the Anchoris Leland and C. O. D. mines, also the Lelia mine, containing 10 acres. 700,000 shares out of 1,100,000 still in the Treasury. \$7,000 plant of machinery, etc. This stock is now selling for 3c.

Write or wire us for further information.

THE MEGHEM INVESTMENT CO.,

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Mention this paper when you write.

A FAMILY OF SEVEN DOLLS WORTH

50 Cents for 10 Cents

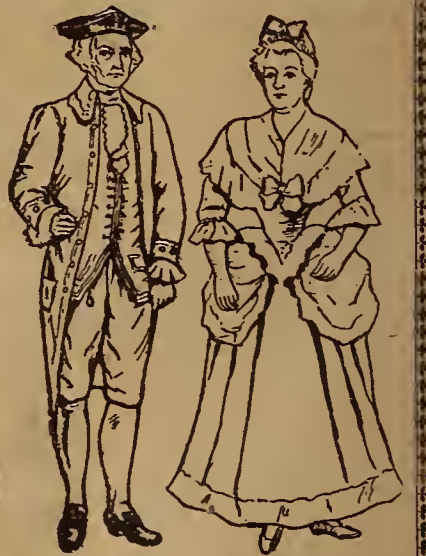
Showing Handsome Clothing in Many Beautiful Colors.

This is the only set of dolls ever made with a GRANDPA and GRANDMA doll. They are all lithographed on cardboard in many bright and pretty colors. They give children more fun for the money than anything else.

They Stand Alone.

Made from Cardboard.

Children prize them above expensive presents.



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All of them being many times larger than the accompanying pictures.

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Think of the make-believe weddings, parties, visits, and all the delightful combinations that can be arranged. For, remember, this set contains an ENTIRE FAMILY OF SEVEN SEPARATE DOLLS.

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VOL. XX. NO. 5.

DECEMBER 1, 1896.

TERMS { 50 CENTS A YEAR.
24 NUMBERS.

TO PRIZE-WINNERS

Owing to the fact that the election in several states was quite close, and in order to be absolutely certain as to results, we think it best not to award any of the prizes in our recent presidential voting contest until the official announcement of the vote of the Electoral College is made by the President of the Senate as per the Twelfth Constitutional Amendment of the United States. This course is necessary because a few of the electoral votes are in doubt, and it cannot be known exactly how the electoral vote stands until the constituted authorities announce it. This announcement will likely be made during the month of February, 1897, and our prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as the votes which we received can be gone over and it is learned who are the prize-winners; so please do not waste time writing us about the prizes. Due announcement will be printed in FARM AND FIRESIDE.

See premium offers on pages 18 and 19.

them until we have exposed the evil, and then we can trust the country to make it right. It is mischievous to denounce classes, and this thing and that. If there are trusts, let us know it, and bring legislation to bear upon them, and court decrees to bear upon them, and then we have accomplished something. If any man will make it plain to the American people that he is oppressed, that he is not getting his rights, then I undertake to say to you that the American people will be on his side against whatever may oppress him. My thought is, if you think there are wrongs and grievances in the business condition or in legislation, hunt them out and specify them, hold them up to the public judgment, and have faith in your fellow-man. For I say to you that the great body of the people, an overwhelming majority, are in favor always of justice and fairness, and if you make that appeal to them, they will respond.

"I have rejoiced in all that has tended to make agriculture easier, to give leisure for thought and reading, for the cultivation of the intellect. I rejoice that the school-house and the little church are found in every country neighborhood. I rejoice in the belief that our people are patriotic, and that never before in the history of our country was there a deeper and more universal love of the starry banner, and the Constitution for which it stands."



PRESIDENT DRAPER is forty-eight years of age. Until coming to the University of Illinois, he had always resided in the state of New York, although for two years previous to his coming he had held the position of

that the trials are more for the purpose of finding out how near the system can come to paying its own way than for anything else. Its general extension over the whole country would involve greater expense than the people would be willing to incur. "It is quite possible," says the New York "Tribune," "that these experiments will lead the postmaster-general to recommend an extension of the free-delivery system to the more populous states, with the proviso that it be extended still further when the conditions justify it. Possibly the cry of discrimination might be raised against such a recommendation; but in point of fact the same cry might be raised against the present system of free delivery in cities. There is really no discrimination in the matter at all. At present the Post-office Department finds that it is able, without undue expense, to deliver mail free in cities of a certain grade. If it should find that it can extend this free delivery to smaller towns and country districts, it would be its duty to do so, even though it could not at once give free delivery to the whole country. Ultimately, of course, there will be free delivery everywhere, and still later, doubtless, a one-cent rate of postage for letters. These and all other measures for the improvement of the postal service are really of inestimable importance to the people, for the service plays no small part in diffusing intelligence and spreading civilization."



THE dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the Venezuelan question is at an end. It has been settled on the terms originally insisted upon by the United States, and the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana is to be determined by a court of arbitration. Through the intervention of the United States, Venezuela secures what she has long been asking for—the unrestricted arbitration of the whole question.

In assenting to the demand of the United States for the submission of the Venezuela boundary dispute to arbitration, England has recognized the Monroe doctrine. History will record this as one of the greatest triumphs of American diplomacy.

Commenting on this fact, the New York "Sun" says: "What, then, is the present position of the Monroe doctrine, in view of Lord Salisbury's finally consenting to do for the United States what he persistently refused to do for Venezuela, although he began by declining to admit that the United States had any business to meddle with the boundary of a British colony? The position is this: The Monroe doctrine has been recognized by the greatest maritime power upon the globe, not, indeed, as a law, but as a fact; a massive, towering, insuperable fact. No other European state will ever try to surmount the barrier, which has proved impassable to even the earth hunger of Great Britain. It matters nothing to us henceforth that the Monroe doctrine is no principle of international jurisprudence, sanctioned by congresses of the powers and embedded in the text of treaties. It is something better than a law, because laws are often broken; it is a notorious, ineffaceable, indestructible fact. The whole world will hereafter understand that by virtue of the might, which is the ultimate arbiter of right, we have asserted and shall discharge the duty of protecting every American republic from encroachments upon its soil at the hands of any European nation."



OUR Mr. Kirkpatrick recently spent a few weeks at the Magna-Mud Cure, near Attica, Indiana, where he received most decided benefit. The cures of rheumatism which he saw while there were nothing short of marvelous. The institution is first-class; two fine physicians direct the treatment, and every possible thing is done to secure for the patients prompt and permanent cures. Mr. H. L. Kramer is manager, and can be addressed at Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren County, Indiana.

WITH THE VANGUARD

In an address to the Farmers' National Congress recently assembled in Indianapolis, General Harrison said:

"It is a custom of the time for men of a particular occupation to associate themselves together, to develop and cultivate mutual interests. Such organizations are to be encouraged, but we must not forget that lawyers, farmers and laborers all have interests, and that no one class should try to get the better of the other classes. We are all rejoicing that you are getting a little more for your wheat and corn, though it is at the expense of us who have to pay a little more for the thing we consume.

"When any men, engaged in a particular calling, from high motives associate themselves together and pursue those high motives in their association, only good can result. But we should not be selfish in our purposes. I think I may say that if we were absolutely selfish in our purposes, and thought only of our own good, the good of the class and of the individual of the class, we should find that good most highly promoted by taking a broad view of things, and by admitting to our deliberations the thought that it is not possible for one class to be highly prosperous while all other classes are suffering; that there is an interdependence in all our business and social relations, and that this is highly developed in a free government like ours. In other words, in a broad sense, we prosper together and we suffer together; we are interdependent.

"I think sometimes the conceit of the farmer has been unduly promoted when it has been said that he is at the bottom of everything, and that he belongs to an independent class; that cities are not of much account, and that farms are God's work, and enduring. What would the farm be without the town, and what would the town be without the farm? The cities furnish the population that consume the products of the farm, and the farm furnishes the subsistence of the city. As I heard a friend say the other day, 'It is the city for the country, and the country for the city, and all for the flag.'

"If there are abuses of any kind in legislation or in the business of the country, let us fix the public eye upon



ANDREW S. DRAPER, LL.D.

superintendent of instruction in the Cleveland, Ohio, schools. He was a practicing lawyer at Albany for fifteen years, was at one time a member of the state legislature, served six years as state superintendent of public instruction, was appointed by the president and confirmed by the Senate as a judge of the United States supreme court of claims which determined the individual demands against the Geneva award, thus having an active part in the final settlement of the Alabama claims. He was invited to the presidency of the University of Illinois in 1894. He has twice been president of the National Association of School Superintendents, and has published many papers and addresses on educational and literary subjects.



POSTMASTER-GENERAL WILSON is making experimental trials of rural free postal delivery in representative localities in twenty-two different states. It is presumed

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NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

Home Ornamentation. We all like to have our premises look neat and tidy and attractive. Beautiful home surroundings add a great deal to the enjoyment and contentment of the people in the house. Here at Woodbanks we have great stretches of lawn and any amount of shrubbery and trees. People come on the place and admire the park-like plantings. It is nice to have these things, but it is expensive, too. To take the best care of the ground, keep the lawns clipped closely, and the shrubbery dug about, etc., requires much labor. In some cases we have had to let the lawns go unattended until the grass was quite tall, and had to be mowed with an ordinary mower. Possibly this may be just as well for ordinary people like ourselves. Yet I do like a nice clean, smooth, close-shaven lawn in front of the house as well as a soft carpet in the house. Sometimes we lose sight of the fact that a small but well-kept piece of ground gives far more satisfaction than an extensive but neglected park. Rich people can afford to have acres of lawn and shrubbery. We must content ourselves with smaller plots. Even a few square rods of ground, with a frame of shrubs, etc., may be made a most attractive feature of a modest home. The essential portion is the lawn itself. If this be nice and clean, and kept in the best order, it is beautiful per se, and very little shrubbery will answer. It is a great and common mistake to overload the grounds with taller growths. The first thing to do is to make a clean, smooth surface, and have the soil fairly fertile. No use trying to get a nice growth of grass on very poor land. Use any old compost, manure from the blacksmith-shop, wood ashes, wood's dirt, in short, anything of this kind that may be available, and use it in liberal quantities.

Lawn. Seedsmen sell their lawn mixtures, and if people wish to pay the price and use these mixtures, there is no particular objection. However, I have never been able to get a finer lawn, and this at less cost, than by simply using one or two of our cheapest

grasses; namely, Kentucky blue and red-top. A half-and-half mixture, sowed at the rate of four or five bushels to the acre, will give good results, but even Kentucky blue alone, pure and simple, cannot be surpassed; and it is my favorite grass for the purpose. On our larger plots, when left to grow up uncut until in bloom, it makes a splendid grass for pasture or hay, too, being very close and fine, extremely rich and yielding a good crop.

Planting Shrubby. Prof. L. H. Bailey has just published some "Suggestions for the Planting of Shrubby" (Bulletin No. 121, for September, 1896, Cornell University agricultural experiment station, Ithaca, N. Y.). Some of his remarks may be of great help to those of our friends who have small yards to lay out and plant. He says: "The trouble with home grounds is not so much that there is too little planting of trees and shrubs, but that this planting is meaningless. Every yard should be a picture; that is, the area should be set off from every other area, and it should have such a character that the observer catches its entire effect and purpose without stopping to analyze its parts. The yard should be one thing, one area, with every feature contributing its part to one strong and homogeneous effect." Prof. Bailey makes this very plain by means of the two pictures here reproduced. Fig. 1 represents the common, faulty type of planting front yards. "The bushes and trees are scattered promiscuously over the area. Such a yard has no purpose, no central idea. It shows plainly that the planter had no constructive conception, no grasp of any design, and no appreciation of the fundamental elements of the beauty of landscape. Its only merit is that trees and shrubs have been planted; and this, to most minds, comprises the essence and sum of the ornamentation of the grounds. Every tree and bush is an individual, alone, unattended, disconnected from its environments, and therefore meaningless. Such a yard is only a nursery."

The Yard as a Picture. "The other plan, Fig. 2, is a picture. The eye catches its meaning at once. The central idea is the residence, with a warm and open greensward in front of it. The same trees and bushes which were scattered haphazard over Fig. 1 are massed into a framework to give effectiveness to the picture of home and comfort. This style of planting makes a landscape, even though the area be no larger than a parlor. The other style is simply a collection of curious plants. The one has an instant and abiding pictorial effect, which is restful and satisfying; the observer exclaims, 'What a beautiful home this is!' The other piques one's curiosity, obscures the residence, divides and distracts the attention. The observer exclaims, 'What excellent lilac-bushes these are!' If the reader catches the full meaning of these contrasts, he has acquired the first and most important conception in landscape gardening. . . . A bush or flower-bed which is no part of any general purpose

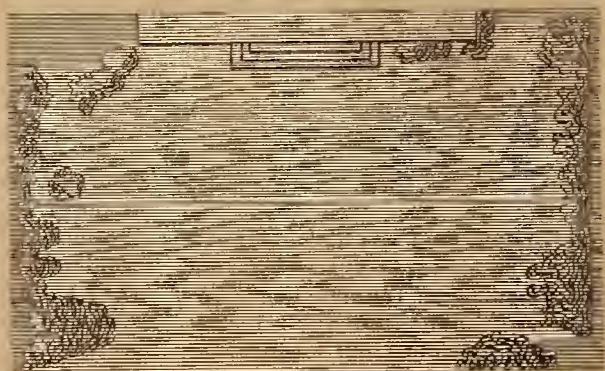


FIG. 2.

or design—that is, which does not contribute to the making of a picture—might never have been planted. For myself, I had rather have a bare and open pasture than such a yard as shown in Fig. 1, even though it contained the choicest plants of every land. The pasture would at least be plain and restful and unpretentious. It would be nature-like and sweet. But the yard would be full of effort and fidget." For very small yards, I believe the lawn itself is all sufficient if well kept. When-

ever I pass the more unpretentious residences in villages or the suburbs of cities, where there is nothing but a bit of clean lawn, closely shaven, and kept fresh and bright by the free use of the water from the hydrant, I feel that all is done that can be done under such circumstances, especially if some good vine, as clematis, Boston ivy (*Ampelopsis veitchii*), etc., is made to clamber about the house, with some hanging-baskets or potted plants on the veranda. The area is small, and the framework of shrubbery may be largely dispensed with.

A Fine Native Shrub. Among our wild shrubs we often find most suitable and beautiful ones for lawn purposes. If we plant at all, we

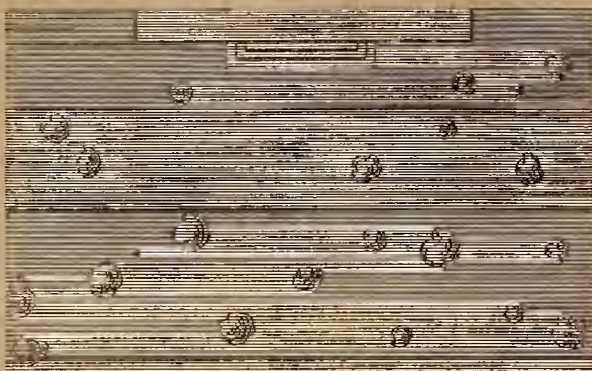


FIG. 1.

should not forget to mix in some good thing that will cheer and brighten the landscape during the bleak winter days. Berry-bearing shrubs are especially useful for this purpose. A few weeks ago, while in the hilly sections of the state, I came across a group of most beautiful shrubs with bright red berries and hard leaves, the latter resembling those of the laurel in texture. I do not remember ever having seen this fine shrub on any home grounds. We do not have it at Woodbanks, either, and we have almost everything. On closer investigation, I found this to be the winter-berry, or black alder, *Prinos verticillata*, which Prof. Gray has placed in the genus *Ilex*. Peter Henderson's "Handbook of Plants" speaks of it as "a beautiful plant, especially in the winter, and worthy of a place in the shrubbery or on the lawn. . . . Used in winter for decorative purposes." I shall try to get some plants started; but the question is how to get them without having to wait a good while. Some of our nurserymen, like Ellwanger & Barry, may possibly propagate them for sale. If they do not, they should. Prof. Bailey's "Nursery Book" gives the following about the propagation of plants of this genus: "Propagated by seeds, which should be stratified. They are often cleaned of the pulpy coat by maceration. The seeds rarely germinate until the second year. Varieties are perpetuated by graftage. . . . Budding is sometimes performed." Surely we have in this shrub a very pretty thing. Leaves hang on well, and the berries, which are strung all along the branches and closely to them, remain on almost all winter."

SALIENT FARM NOTES.

It seems to me that this is a very good time to hold sheep. Feed is abundant and cheap, and it will not cost much to carry a sheep through to spring. Those who sold clean out when wool dropped to zero will want to stock up again, and sheep will be in demand. I would advise all who have a flock of sheep to take the best care of them this winter. See that they are well sheltered from storms and have plenty of water. I have found that sheep are generally permitted to suffer for water in winter more than other kind of stock. Don't let yours suffer in this respect. Two ears of corn a day, with plenty of good hay and an abundance of water, will carry a sheep through the winter in good shape, and if it is properly sheltered there will be no break in the wool.

Hog-cholera is again becoming quite prevalent in many sections of the West, and it is certain to entail a loss that farmers are in no condition just now to bear. Whenever there is an outbreak in a neighborhood, the common welfare demands that every effort should be put forth to prevent its spread. Experience has proved

that the germs can be conveyed from one farm or yard to another on the boots, on the wheels of vehicles, and on the feet of animals, such as horses, cattle, dogs, etc. This being the case, no person or animal from an infected farm should be allowed in or about the hog-lot. It is even unsafe to allow the hog-buyer to go among a lot of healthy hogs. If you live on a stream, and the disease is on a farm above you, pen your hogs at once, and keep them penned. The disease is spread rapidly by crows and buzzards that feed on diseased hogs which are left in the fields when they have died. Everybody should insist on the immediate burning of every hog that dies of the disease. If they are buried, dogs and other animals will burrow down to the carcass and scatter the disease far and wide. When they are burned the matter is settled for good.

Prevention must be the chief reliance of the farmer. It may be possible to cure mild cases, but even then all the profit of raising and feeding the hog is gone. The margin is small enough, anyway, and if a hog is sick six or eight weeks it will prove an expensive animal. Aside from the preventive measures recommended for keeping the disease out of the herd, one should be careful to keep the animals in the best of health. Anything that tends to weaken or debilitate naturally predisposes them to attack; hence, they should be fed on a clean surface, and their drinking-water should be pure. It is not a good plan to feed them fermented slops of any kind. Fresh slops from the kitchen are all right, but the sour filth from a dirty slop-barrel, which many seem to think is good for hogs, should not go into their troughs.

For bedding, wheat-straw or shredded fodder is good, but oat-straw should be avoided. Bedding should be changed at least once a week. If there seems to be much dust in the house or shed when the bedding is changed, it is a good idea to spray the floor and walls with water containing a little carbolic acid. This hardens the dust, while the small amount of moisture does no harm whatever.

It is much easier to turn a herd of hogs into a big lot, and let them lie about a stack of straw, and feed from a pile of corn thrown out of a wagon, than to take special care of them, as suggested; but the careless, haphazard method often results in the loss of the entire herd, while the careful, painstaking plan not only insures greater immunity from disease, but greater profit as well.

There has not been so much fodder shredded this season as last. This is not because shredding does not pay, but because feed of all kinds is abundant and very cheap. Farmers who last year shredded their fodder and carefully housed it, are this year feeding fodder unhusked, throwing it on the ground in yards and pastures. When fed in this manner not nearly so much is eaten by the stock as when shredded, while in cold, stormy weather it is disagreeable stuff to handle. I would advise the owner of a shredder to hold out to it, and keep it well housed. He will have work for it another year, and all he can do.

Are there any loose or spare boards lying about the yard? Flying snow and cutting blizzards will soon be here, and these boards tacked up on the west and north sides of the stockyard will do lots of good. Don't let them lie under the snow all winter when they can be made so useful.

It is a good idea to keep neck-yokes, double-trees, axes and all such things under cover, or at least exactly where you can put your hand on them. You may wake up some morning and find the ground covered with a foot or more of snow. Then unless you know where things are, they will probably be lost for several weeks. Everything you are likely to need before winter is over should at once be placed where you can get it at any time.

FRED GRUNDY.

Wool. The wool market is very firm and fairly active, while prices are higher. Manufacturers who are in need of wool are buying and paying the advance, while those who have no orders ahead are holding off. The mills are fairly well ordered ahead, and while some of the larger ones discounted the result of the election and bought considerable wool at low prices, none have a great deal on hand.—Bradstreet's.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

KEEPING THE SOIL COVERED.—Bare land constantly suffers a loss of plant-food. Every fertile soil contains more or less of minerals in such form that they are soluble in water, and two of these, phosphoric acid and potash, are costly elements of commercial fertilizers. When a soil lies bare, with no live roots to take up these elements as they change into a solution, there is loss from every thorough rain. This is also the case with the various forms of nitrogen, which is the costliest element in a fertilizer. Live roots are needed to pick up this soluble matter and fix it in an organic form. We can thus understand the reason for the advice so urgently given us, that rye or other winter plant should be used as a winter covering for ground that would otherwise be bare. Theoretically the advice is good, and practically it is all right under some circumstances and all wrong under other conditions. The loss of plant-food goes on in any case, but it is sometimes true that there are gains from having the land bare that more than counterbalance the loss.

* * *

FALL PLOWING.—Some soils are made more productive by exposure to penetrating frosts. This is perfectly consistent with the claim that soluble plant-food may be lost. Every good soil is a storehouse of elements that exist chiefly in insoluble forms, and it may be profitable to suffer some loss by leaching for the sake of the gain in mechanical condition that comes from deep freezing of the ground. Again, there may be sufficient gain from early spring planting, made possible by fall plowing, to compensate well for all the loss that attends the leaching of the bare soil. Some of our best potato-growers in the Ohio valley are quite sure that fall plowing pays them when the ground is intended for early potatoes. The planting can be done on time, the soil is in better condition than when spring-plowed, the crop suffers less from drought and yields are distinctly better. Some soils are not improved mechanically by exposure to winter weather, and should be left in sod until spring; but where there is profit from the practice of early plowing, it is idle to advance the theory that the soil must not be left bare during the winter. That which pays best in the long run is good farming.

* * *

PREPARING FOR OATS.—In the latitude of Columbus or Cincinnati oats must be sown as early as possible in the spring to insure anything like a fair crop. Usually the crop is grown on land that produced corn the previous season, and the practice of preparing the seed-bed with a disk-harrow instead of using a breaking-plow is growing in favor. When only the harrow is used, the seeding may be done without much delay after good weather comes in the spring; but if the plan is to break the land for oats, this work should be done in the fall, if the nature of the soil permits. In clay loams I believe that the best yields are obtained by breaking the ground. Our Ohio station has made a series of experiments along this line, and the yield of oats shows a marked difference in favor of using the breaking-plow. It is probable that the station did the breaking in the spring, and I doubt not that the difference in favor of the plow would have been even more marked had this work been done late in the fall, or in December if weather permitted, and the disk-harrow used in preparing the seed-bed in the spring.

* * *

A ROTTED SOD FOR POTATOES.—Sod-land is generally used for potatoes, and for an early crop it should be thoroughly rotten. Herein is one of the chief advantages of fall plowing for this crop. When a soil is very fertile, it has been found good practice to precede the potatoes with corn. The sod is broken late in the spring, and the preparation for corn and the cultivation of the crops tears the sod into pieces and causes it to rot thoroughly. This fits the soil for feeding the potato-plants the next season. But in land of ordinary fertility the corn crop makes a too great drain upon the store of plant-food, and this rotation is not advisable. The next best thing is to plow sod-land in the fall for potatoes, and thus secure some decay during warm weather in the winter and early spring. Corn thrives on fermenting vegetable mat-

ter, and is a rank feeder, but potatoes do better when fertilized with thoroughly rotten manure, whether it be in the form of a sod or a barn-yard fertilizer.

* * *

GETTING BEST RESULTS FROM MANURE.—Bulletin No. 67 of the Ohio station says: "Manuring ground for corn direct from the stable during midwinter, and manuring from the barn-yard just before plowing corn-ground, left a residual effect, noticeable on the oat crop following, in favor of the application direct from the stable in midwinter." This accords with the experience of most observing farmers. Manure is strongest when first made, and there is no safer place for it than on the surface of a sod field. As it leaches, the plant-roots take up the strength, and the loss is a small item. The manure should be spread several months, if possible, before the ground is plowed. When manure is applied just before plowing, much of it falls into the bottom of the furrow when the breaking is done, and there it lies, subject to leaching and without live plant-roots to prevent loss. In the experiment just mentioned, this loss of fertility was noticeable the second year after application, when oats were grown on the land. Let manure leach down from the surface of the ground; it is not wise to expect it to leach up.

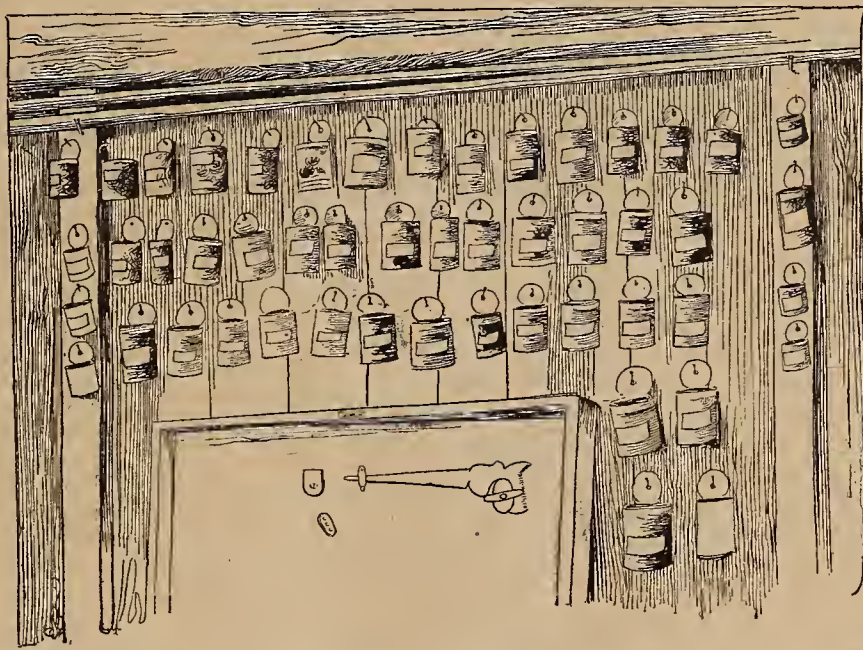
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FERMENTED MANURE.—Gardeners using large quantities of stable manure for hoed crops do not want fresh, long manure, and their practice has misled some farmers. Our circumstances differ from those of the gardener. With us manure usually is in scant supply, and crops are grown that can use unfermented, or rather, fermenting, material. Loss attends fermentation in the manure-pit, and it is unwise to spend time and money rotting manure when

Experience proves that but a small percentage of such removals ultimately live; they sometimes linger for years in a stunted or comatose state, and finally die. In many, perhaps in most, cases the tree could be saved by heroic pruning operation, cutting the branches severely, so as to reduce the tree to a mere stump. To secure a healthy, continued growth, the branches must be reduced in a corresponding ratio with the reduction of the roots. It is roots, then, and not soil, that ought to be removed; and the roots can best be traced and secured when both the soil and the air are free from frost. In any case, success will mostly depend upon the discriminate pruning of the branches, and this must be left to the judgment of a competent and experienced planter. During the process of removal he will acquaint himself with the probable degree of root mutilation; he will also recognize the kind, age and health of tree operated upon, and these factors will have a special influence in controlling the future management of and care to be given to the plant. Occasionally we meet with instances where success is all that could be desired, and that, too, in the absence of any special knowledge of the matters involved; but such instances are not to be taken as infallible precedents. All practice not founded upon principle is empirical. It may be successful, because it may by chance be in accordance with natural laws; but this being unknown and not recognized, no continuance of success can be insured, and all future efforts are involved in uncertainty. S. C. V.

HANDY PLACES FOR NAILS.

At my Uncle Asher's place I noticed, in a farm workshop, an arrangement which will prove useful to others. Along the wall were tin cans. The tops were cut with flaps, which were bent back and



grass and corn can use it in a fresh state. Let one crop prepare the manure for another. Draw the manure direct from the stable when practicable. When it is necessary to have a supply of fertilizer for spring and summer use, a cheap manure-shed for stable manure, and a pit for long manure, are within the reach of every farmer. In the shed the manure should be spread evenly and then tramped by stock. This prevents heating, as the writer knows by experience, no matter if some careless people have failed and incline to doubt the statement. In the pit water is wanted. The straw and other coarse stuff need the rains. So far as practicable, it is wise to use manure on crops that want it in an unfermented state, and such practice saves labor and secures the greatest possible amount of good from the limited supply of farm fertilizer. DAVID.

TRANSPLANTING TREES DURING WINTER.

The system of removing large trees with balls of frozen earth is frequently recommended and occasionally practised, but seldom with success. No amount of soil, frozen or otherwise, will compensate for the destruction of roots, and to remove all the soil occupied by them is simply impracticable. The larger and older the tree, the further will the roots extend, and consequently the fewer of them can be secured in a limited space. There is a great want of discriminating judgment shown in the matter of lifting and transplanting large trees. It seems to be an opinion held by some persons that provided they lift a ton or two of soil success must be certain.

nailed to the wall. These tin cans held various sizes and kinds of nails, spikes, screws, bolts, etc., each kind by itself, and the can labeled with its contents. Thus any desired nail, etc., was instantly found and easily picked out. It would be a help to have each can nailed up by the same kind of nail that it contained, though the labels are readily prepared with white paper, black ink and white-of-egg paste. I photographed my uncle's scheme, and it is shown in the accompanying illustration.

LA MOILLE.

ECHOES FROM EGYPT.

In my "winding-up" Saluagundi I expressed doubt as to a farmer's ability to maintain his soil's fertility from the farm's own resources. I admitted that the "running down" of the fertility can by careful management be retarded in exactly the same way a plow can be made to last much longer when rightly treated than when left to take the weather as it comes when not in use. Keep the woodwork of the plow well painted, and the metal part covered with a coat of varnish when the plow is not in use, and at the same time under shelter as well, and the result is greatly increased durability of the implement. But with all this it will not remain as good as new, let alone getting better all the time. As promised, I now will proceed to give my reasons for taking this position. Learned men tell us that fertility, or plant-food, is divided into two classes—soil-derived and air-derived. The first comes from the soil exclusively, and the second class from the air, either directly or indirectly. Each crop removes a quantity of

this food or fertility from the ground, and while the air-derived fertility is partially restored from nature's exhaustless store, the food coming exclusively from the soil is not returned unless done by the husbandman. This return is effected by means of manure. The manure—both liquids and solids combined—does not contain as much plant nutriment as the forage consumed by the animals while said manure is accumulating, because this very identical plant-food is in part taken up by the animal organism, and made a part of said organism. Therefore, the manure produced in the course of husbandry is not adequate to maintain the farm's fertility, much less to improve it. But, says one, sow clover or plant cow-peas. Very well, my friend. These manure crops help mightily. They shade the ground, and thus allow it to absorb air-derived fertility. They prevent the same from being evaporated by wind and sun. They improve the mechanical condition of the ground. They add humus thereto. They reach down deep and bring the soil-derived fertility which had leached away back again near the surface. These are the many things they do do. Here is one thing they do not do—they don't add an atom more of the soil-derived plant-food to the ground than what they consumed therefrom. The elements of plant-food which the husbandman has to scheme to maintain are three in number—nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid. The first comes from the air, directly or indirectly. The others are exclusively from the soil. We will now consider specially the potash and phosphoric acid. They are, as is also the nitrogen, removed from the soil in considerable quantities by each crop. When the crop is eaten up by the stock, a portion of these elements is incorporated with the animal system. Therefore, the manure accumulated in this time is not as rich in those elements as the crop was, and surely will not enrich the fields as much as the crop depleted it. The manure crops—clover and peas—furnish no more than what they consume of these elements. Yet farmers are prone to say that pasture-land improves constantly. Where does the improvement in potash and phosphoric acid come from? Any one who undertakes to answer will please give established facts as proof, and not bare assertions. Let us save every atom of manure, and judiciously apply it. Let us inaugurate and maintain a systematic rotation of crops. In fact, let us take care of our farms as diligently as we ought to follow the laws of hygiene. In so doing we prolong the soil's productiveness as surely as we do our own lives in following the laws of health. But if we would maintain completely or improve productiveness, it must come from a source outside of the farm to be kept up or improved. In other words, as much soil wealth must be shipped in, in the form of fertilizer, as is shipped out in the form of farm produce. What say you, readers, one and all?

Something for the middle and lower classes of mankind here in Illinois to think of is, we are being taxed much more heavily in proportion to what we are worth than the wealthy are. The rich man either controls the assessor or shirks his money. It is a fact undeniable that the bulk of the wealth of Illinois is not assessed, and therefore not taxed. Can't some philanthropist put a movement on foot to have these wrongs righted? If any reader doubts the existence of such wrongs, he can easily convince himself by sending to our state auditor for a statement. Said summary will show that the farmers of Cook county are assessed at a higher total than the bankers and brokers of Chicago. ILLINOIS. JEFFERSON D. CHEELY.

Ringling

Noises in the ears, sometimes a roaring buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood. If you suffer from catarrh, do not experiment, but take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, cure headache. 25c.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

POTATO PRICES.—In this immediate vicinity, as already stated, the potato crop is a comparative failure. Mine is nearly an entire failure, to such an extent that the larger portion of my plantings has not been dug and will not be dug. Nine tenths of the seed-pieces rotted in the ground without so much as emitting a single sprout. The few plants that did grow were weakly things, and soon fell a prey to bugs and diseases. I never expected to have to record an experience like this, and I shall take pains to make it the last experience of the kind as well as the first. Others in my neighborhood fared nearly as bad as myself, and the shortage here is general; consequently, prices hereabouts are quite good, now ranging from forty to fifty cents a bushel. I recently visited the great potato-growing sections of New York state. Occasionally I came across a good yield, only little below that of last year; but on an average the yield there is 150 bushels where it was 250 bushels last year, and the crops are sadly cut down by rot. Some fields will not be dug on that account. We may take it for granted that the crop is short all over. Potatoes will be scarce enough before another potato season comes around. Yet the markets thus far do not feel the shortage, and the prices surely give no indication of it. In many districts of western New York potatoes are bought up by dealers at eighteen cents, and perhaps less, a bushel. Even then the buyers seem to be afraid to buy freely, for fear of losing a good share by rot during storage. My request for reports about the potato crop has brought me quite a stack of them. It may be worth while to give at least a few more as samples of the lot. Not more than one or two speak of good yields, or rather, yields even better than those of 1895. The rest report shortage, failure.

FROM THE EAST.—The following comes from E. D. Gibson, Massachusetts: "In this section not nearly so many potatoes were planted as last year. The yield is not over two thirds to the acre of what it was a year ago. Then potatoes retailed at fifty cents a bushel. Now they are seventy-five cents a bushel. There is some complaint of rotting. I think they will go up to ninety cents to one dollar a bushel before spring, unless largely imported. Potatoes are my specialty, and I feel we are 'in it' this year. Potatoes here are grown almost wholly on chemical fertilizers, and are much smoother and of better quality than if grown with stable manure. Heaviest yielders are Fillbasket, Early Rochester, Mill's Prize, Delaware, Carman's No. 1 and 3, and for early, Early Harvest."

FROM W. I. Rider, Vermont, comes the following: "The number of acres planted this year is considerably less here than it was a year ago—not over two thirds. Blight injured some fields, while scab is quite prevalent. Many farmers say they will not have over half a crop, although I think the average yield will be about two thirds of last year's crop. Buyers are only offering twenty to twenty-five cents a bushel, not many potatoes being sold yet."

FROM THE WEST.—A Scioto county, Ohio, correspondent, J. W. Lawton, writes: "The acreage in potatoes is about one fifth short. Crop average yield on the hills, a failure in bottoms; too wet. Prices rising steadily; twenty-five cents a bushel in August, thirty to thirty-five cents first week in September; now forty-five to fifty cents. This is Portsmouth markets."

Thos. F. Tyrrell, Minnesota, reports as follows: "I live in Chicago county, Minnesota, on the state line, with the St. Croix river dividing Polk and Chicago counties. I had two acres of potatoes, one acre of early planting and one acre of late planting. The early planting gave about one hundred bushels to the acre. The land with the same chance last year would give three hundred and fifty bushels to the acre. Late potatoes almost a failure. Principal cause of poor crop was blight, something I have not seen here before. County's acreage less. Price eight cents a bushel."

From S. B. Lodge, Oregon, I have the following: "Potato acreage about one half of that of last year. Yield about one half. Potatoes are of fair size, but few in a hill."

These samples cover the whole range of the country from east to west. It seems to be pretty near the same story everywhere. People fortunate enough to have a good lot of potatoes to sell should try to make the most of them. The visible supply of the crop does not warrant us in being very fast about selling at low prices. Politicians tell us that the country is booming, or at least on the eve of a period of great prosperity. We are only too willing to believe it, and shall gladly profit by the higher prices of all farm products. Irrespective of politics, we look for better prices in potatoes. It will behoove us to take good care of the crop; let none go to waste. Save even the small ones, as they will be wanted for seed at good prices. Be sure that the potatoes in storage are safe from frost, and if in pits outdoors, safe also from surface water. As to rot, who knows the best way of checking the spread of the disease among the stored tubers?

THE CRANDALL CURRANT.—In the last number of "Massachusetts Ploughman" a correspondent gives his experience with the Crandall currant, and sums up as follows: "It is now nearly ten years since it was introduced. During this time we have seen nothing of the Crandall in our markets, and we must confess that it would be dull of sale if found there. It has passed into history, and must be ranked as a plant suited to an amateur inclined to test novelties, and who, perhaps, at rare intervals, may be fortunate enough to procure a prize—possibly one to sixteen blanks, the Crandall currant being among the latter." This just about tells the story. I have the Crandall to the number of ten or twelve bushes, among my other varieties of currants, and to a smaller number among my ornamental shrubbery. Ever since I first planted these bushes (in 1889) I have watched them with a great deal of interest and hope. Several years before that I had been shown some branches loaded with fruit of cherry size. This was in Cleveland, Ohio, where the discoverer and introducer, Mr. Frank Ford, exhibited them on the occasion of the meeting of the American Horticultural Society. Mr. Ford was very enthusiastic about this new thing, and he really did infect me with his enthusiasm for awhile. He yet believes in the Crandall. At Woodbanks we have had a full crop of bloom on it every year, but the fruit was exceedingly scattering. Its free-blooming habit makes it a good plant for the shrubbery, and if after another trial there is no improvement in fruit-setting, I propose to take up every plant now in the currant-patch and remove all to the shrubbery borders, where their proper place seems to be. Yet the Crandall fruits freely on Mr. Ford's grounds. It may be that the fault is, as with many other fruits, simply the lack of proper pollen to fertilize the blossoms. The Crandall may be self-sterile, and dependent for fruit-setting on pollen of other varieties such as we and most other people do not usually have in our fruit-patches. Why does the Crandall fruit on Mr. Ford's grounds? Has he the right pollen-producer near it? Let him solve this conundrum. But if he cannot, it seems about time to abstain from cataloguing the Crandall under the fruit list, and offer it hereafter only as an ornamental shrub.

T. GREINER.

ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

THE GOOSEBERRY.

To grow gooseberries to perfection, the soil should be well enriched with stable manure about the same as for strawberries. They like plenty of food, and the more they get, the better they thrive.

I find a clay loam, well enriched, the best of all soils for the gooseberry, but any soil will do when properly enriched and cultivated.

PROPAGATION.—I propagate principally from layers by bending down the limbs from old bushes and covering them with rich soil; they will readily take root and make fine plants. Some varieties grow readily from cuttings, such as the Houghton, Smith's Improved, etc. All varieties

of coarse, heavy wood will not readily grow from cuttings.

PLANTING.—I plant in the fall of the year, every time, when I can. The gooseberry starts so early in the spring that the best of the growth of the season is lost when planted in the spring. I usually plant in rows five to six feet apart, and three to five feet apart in the rows. Strout-growing kinds, such as the Downing, Houghton and some others, should be set not less than four to five feet in the rows, and rows not less than six feet apart. Such as Champion, Whitesmith and Smith's Improved, and a few others of dwarfish growth, can be planted nearer.

Cultivation should commence early in the spring, as soon as the ground is in good condition, keeping the ground well worked and clear from weeds until frost. I use a cultivator and one-horse plow for this purpose. In using a plow, I am careful not to plow deeper than three or four inches, so as not to disturb the roots of the growing bushes.

PRUNING.—This is of great importance, and right here is where most people fail—in not pruning enough. Don't be afraid to prune until you think you have nearly ruined the bushes, especially after they have borne fruit several years, and the bushes are inclined to become old. A good rule is to thin so that the branches are six inches apart, and not more than from four to eight stalks should be allowed to grow in a stool, or hill. Also, the ends of bushes should be cut back each year from one quarter to one half of the previous year's growth. Unless pruned annually, the fruit will become smaller from year to year.

VARIETIES.—I am frequently asked, "What varieties of gooseberries are the best, or which would you plant?" If I were to plant for market, I would plant first Champion, Downing and Houghton in the order named. Downing is a fine berry, most too tender for long shipment when ripe. Champion is the best shipper of them all. Downing is medium to large in size, being light green, with a bloom of the same color when ripe; a very vigorous grower—one of the best; also an American seedling. Champion, also an American seedling of medium to large size, color same as Downing, without the bloom; bush of dwarfish growth, an immense bearer, one of the best shippers; origin, Oregon. Whitesmith is an English berry, a good bearer, light green when ripe, large size, rather of a dwarfish growth, a good bearer; sometimes subject to mildew. Industry, large and of recent introduction; an English variety, one of the largest, but is liable to drop its leaves. This might do well on high land on a northern exposure in a clayey loam soil. Houghton is an old variety, too well known for further description; it is a good shipper, immensely productive, but too small.

NUMBER OF BUSHES TO THE ACRE.—I have grown 250 bushels to the acre. Perhaps it is safe to say 100 to 150 bushels is an average to the acre. Last season I picked from bushes that were planted in 1884 sixteen quarts to the hill; the bushes were so heavily laden with fruit that they lay flat on the ground.

Prices are up and down, the same as for other fruits. They usually bring from two to three dollars a bushel, and I have sold them as high as four dollars.

The kinds I discarded as unworthy of cultivation are the Mountain Seedling and the Smith's Improved. The former is a very large bush of quite large-sized fruit of inferior quality, and a very shy bearer. The latter a very fine berry, a small bush, a very shy bearer, and with me not very hardy.

SEEDLINGS.—For many years past I have been in the habit of growing seedlings from the best varieties, and it is astonishing to see the different varieties produced from the same seed. I have succeeded in getting some very fine berries from these seedlings, of all colors in which the gooseberry grows—some green, white, red, purple and yellow; some of large size, some medium to small, but nearly all of them better than the old Houghton.—Phil. Strubler.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Second-crop Apples.—A. R. S., Leesville, Ohio, writes: "I send to-day under separate cover an apple of the Strawberry variety. It being one of a second crop. The first crop matured by the tenth of July. The tree then blossomed and bore another full crop, some of them full size and perfect. The tree belongs to a farmer by the name of Wm. Baldwin, living a few miles west of this place. Your friends in this neighborhood would be very much pleased if you would give the matter a little notice, if you think it of sufficient importance."

REPLY:—It is quite impossible for me to be positive as to the way in which this freak occurred, but I will explain the way I think it came about. The fruit-buds of such plants as flower early in the spring are formed the preceding year. I have several times had honeysuckles, lilacs and spires flower late in autumn after a season in which we had dry weather in August, and much rain and warm weather later on. Under such circumstances peach-trees often flower in autumn, and occasionally apple and plum trees do the same. Now, in the case referred to, I am inclined to think there were two sets of fruit-buds started the preceding year, though only one set was fully developed. This might have been due to some peculiarity in the season. In the spring the most mature buds flowered, and the partially formed buds did not have nourishment enough to open on account of all the energies of the tree being devoted to the growing crop. When this was off, however, the strength of the plant went to these buds, and the tree flowered again. Such things happen occasionally, and I know no reason why such peculiarities may not become so fixed in a tree as to form a new variety of apples. An apple-tree that bears a second crop is theoretically as possible as a raspberry that does the same, but in apples this peculiarity seldom lasts for more than one or two seasons.

An Apple Freak.—I. M. W., Moulton, Iowa, writes: "I send you by mail a bunch of four apples, of the Red June variety. They grew on what is commonly called a water-sprout. The bloom was noticed about the latter part of August, which soon developed into the elongated-shaped fruit which you see in the specimens. I consider them a curious freak, and would like to see some comments on them."

REPLY:—The specimens of apples received are cylindrical in shape and about one and one half inches long, and fairly well colored, but of poor quality. I look upon it as a bud variation. Every one knows that apples from seed vary in many ways, and that seldom, if ever, two seedlings are closely alike; but it is not so well known that sometimes buds of the same plant also produce branches or fruit that vary widely from the parent plant. In this way the Sunset rose (deep yellow) originated from the Perle des Jardins (light yellow); the Bride (white) from the Catherine Mermet (pink) rose; and many other similar instances might be mentioned. In each case the branch from a certain bud produced a new variety which could be propagated from cuttings or by grafting. In the case in point, it is not certain that the water-sprout producing these peculiar apples would continue to come true if grafted, but it is quite likely to be so. A few years ago there originated in New Zealand an apple that fruited the second year from the root-graft, and bore heavily. It has been largely propagated, and sold at a high price as a novelty under the name of the Bismarck apple. This variety may be the forerunner of a class of apples fruiting very young. Variations in plants are most liable to occur when they are subjected to unnatural conditions, and I account for this New Zealand apple largely from the changed circumstances under which it would necessarily have to grow in a climate which has its summer and winter months the reverse of that in which it originated. From the same reason, plants that are grown from year to year in dwellings are especially liable to variability.



Men and women dig and delve their lives away in order to pile up gold with never a thought of the most precious endowment a human being may have, good health. What does it profit a man to heap up riches if in doing

so he ruins his health and his capacity for the enjoyment of wealth. There is no such thing as happiness without health. All the gold in the world will not make a man happy, who feels in his veins and sees in the reflection of his own face, the slow but sure advance of man's deadliest enemy, consumption.

If a man will but take the right care of himself and the right remedy he may protect himself against this relentless enemy. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is not only a sure preventive, but an absolute cure for consumption. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases. It acts, through the blood, directly on the lungs. It drives out all disease germs and impurities. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. All wasting diseases yield promptly to its action. Thousands have testified to its merits. Druggists sell it.

"I want to express my heartfelt thanks for Dr. Pierce's valuable medicine," writes Mrs. Rufus Bell, of Wise, Monongalia Co., W. Va. "My eldest daughter, a girl of 15, caught cold and we had the best doctors but could get no lasting relief. Oh, how she suffered! Often I have heard her pray for death to end her sufferings. I bought one bottle of each of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 'Favorite Prescription,' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' Before our daughter used half the medicine her cough was all gone, and she was on the high road to health—which means to happiness."

Rosy cheeks. The rich, pure, red blood of health makes them. Keep the blood pure and you will have them. Constipation causes impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it promptly and permanently and never gripe. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. No other pill acts so naturally and perfectly. Druggists sell them.

Our Farm.

HUMUS, AND ITS RELATION TO SOIL FERTILITY.

By a fertile soil we mean one capable of bringing forth profitable crops. No matter how much plant-food there may be, unless the soil can be made to raise a paying crop, then that soil is not a fertile one. True, the trouble may be with the farmer himself, but unless he possess the ability and knowledge to set free and utilize the plant-food, that soil to him is not a fertile one.

The relation between humus and soil fertility is not always fully appreciated. By humus we mean the decaying organic matter of the soil. The amount of it in the soil may vary from nothing to almost one hundred per cent, but a certain amount of it is absolutely essential to soil fertility. Its value lies not so much in its chemical influence as in its physical action. It is a great reservoir for the storage of nitrogen and moisture. It affects the temperature of the soil by making it warmer. Humus, and its relation to soil moisture, is usually not taken into consideration by the average farmer, yet it is in this way that it exerts its most beneficial action on the soil. It is able to absorb moisture from the atmosphere, and having once taken it up, holds it.

Schubler found the amount of moisture absorbed by different air-dried soils in twenty-four hours to be as follows:

	Per cent.
Silicious sand	0
Calcareous sand	0.3
Loamy clay	3.0
Pure clay	4.2
Humus	9.7

It will be seen from this that humus took up more than double the moisture of any other soil.

That humus is able to retain moisture was also proven by Schubler. He took several samples of soil and dried them thoroughly, and then saturated them with water, allowing this to drain out, and then found the amount of water retained to be as follows:

	Per cent of weight.
Silicious sand	25
Calcareous sand	29
Loamy clay	50
Pure gray clay	71
Humus	181

It will thus be seen that humus is able not only to absorb moisture, but also to retain it.

When we plow under a green crop or stable manure, we are then not only adding plant-food to the soil, but we are adding this valuable humus which is able to retain 181 per cent of its weight of moisture. Here is where farming with commercial fertilizers fails. Though we may give all the plant-food necessary for the growth and development of the plant, the commercial fertilizer does not add humus to the soil. If its use is continued year after year without being supplemented by green or barn manures, the humus of the soil is finally used up, and the crop fails because there is no power in the soil to hold moisture.

The chemist can analyze a sample of barn manure and tell you what the plant-food in it is worth. But he cannot tell the value of the added humus to the soil. We know its effects are far beyond its fertilizing value, and this is largely due to its increasing the power of the soil to take up and retain moisture. L. A. CLINTON, Assistant Agriculturist at Cornell University.

COOKING STOCK FOOD.

During the last half century the question of cooking food for live stock has been much discussed. Professor Stuart, in his "Feeding Animals," was inclined, years ago, to favor the policy. He limited his recommendations, however, to the cases where there were a sufficient number of animals to do the feeding on a large scale. This advice was given, however, nearly a score of years ago. The value of labor at that time was worth at least one third more than now. Devices for cooking, too, were crude compared with the modern inventions for this purpose.

The experiment stations of various states have also given out their advice as to the advisability of cooking food. Some of these experiments have shown a decided advantage, while others have failed to show any profit in the policy. In most cases the plan of cooking has gone to one of two extremes. The grain has either been exposed to the fire enough to permit it to be scorched, by too rapid cooking, or the

other plan has been followed, in which the grain was simply steamed to the extent of leaving it half cooked, so that in either case the food was unpalatable, and accordingly not relished by the domestic animals.

A careful investigation during the past year of this subject leads the writer to believe that there is a decided gain in cooking the food for the stock on the average farm. Modern invention has enabled the farmer now, with little expense, to steam his grain to a condition that is thoroughly cooked, and thus rendered palatable and more digestible for his animals than where it is fed raw. Under proper conditions a given quantity of grain cooked will furnish larger returns to the feeder in meat or dairy products. The secret of this policy is in cooking well the food for the stock. Corn should be steamed so thoroughly that it is converted into hominy that meets the requirements of the farmer's table. Various cereals, when steamed, should also be cooked to the extent that their flavor is agreeable to the taste of humanity. This policy means that a good cook must have charge of the work; but it does not mean that a superior cook or the best cook in the neighborhood is necessary to manage this. Any farmer should be able to learn, within four weeks, how to cook food for his live stock successfully. It is impossible for any one to give printed directions as to a policy of cooking that will enable an amateur to be successful from the start. Some points in reference to the work must be discovered by practice and experiment. There is no question, however, that the cooking in such a manner as to avoid the extremes of scorching and the half-cooked condition should be successful.

The principal objection to cooking, on many farms, is made in the danger of destroying the buildings and their contents by the fire. This objection is easily met, however, in the modern appliances, by which the fire may be kept up at a considerable distance away from the buildings. It is advisable that in all cooking of grain the fire-vault, or pit, should be at a sufficient distance from the steaming-tank containing the grain that all danger of scorching, by direct exposure of the tank to fire, will be removed. Following this policy, it is easy to convey steam several yards from the fire-vault to the cooking-tank. Careful planning will enable one to avoid all trouble. M. A. R.

PICKED POINTS.

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.—A subscriber asks me how to make bologna sausage. He has a few old cows that will not fatten, and a crippled steer. He thinks perhaps he might make a business of it, slaughter all of them at once, manufacture them into bologna and ship to the eastern market. This "nice-laid plan" would not work. Bologna is seasoned so slightly that it will keep only about two weeks, when it begins to taint, and proceeds rapidly to become only carrion. * * *

BACON.—There is a radically mistaken notion about bacon. Persons—especially in the South—set great store by making a smoke-house full of bacon, and having it last the family through the winter and following summer, "keeping sweet as a nut." This is an impossibility. When smoking ceases, and meat is exposed to the air, it begins to deteriorate at once. Mold and other fungi gather on the outside and "strike in," making the meat bitter or otherwise off flavor, and this becomes worse day by day. It is an infallible rule, that the longer the time from smoking, the poorer the bacon. Dead meat will decay unless so saturated with some antiseptic as to make it unpalatable. DR. GALEN WILSON.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OKLAHOMA—THE CHEROKEE STRIP.—By the president's proclamation the Cherokee Outlet, comprising over six million acres, which occupies the north-central part of what is now Oklahoma, was thrown open to settlement. The famous Cherokee Outlet, or "Strip," as it is called, borders on southern Kansas, extending from the Osage reservation on the east to the "Panhandle" of Texas on the west. As soon as it was known that the strip was to be opened, this fertile and long-coveted section was surrounded by the emigrant wagons of homeseekers, and at noon on September 16, 1893, as the signal for the race—the booming

of cannon—was heard along the line, there was a yell, a rush, a dense cloud of dust, and then an unequalled race for a home in the "promised land"—a race for "Mollie and the babies." But all this is a matter of history, and need not be dwelt upon here.

The surface of Oklahoma is that of an undulating plain broken by few elevations, and rising gradually to the west, where the altitude is very great. Speaking of the Strip alone, the principal streams are the North Canadian, the Cimarron and Salt Fork of the Arkansas.

These streams, with their wide bottom lands well timbered, break the monotony of the level expanse, and interspersed between winding valleys and billowy prairies, add such beauty and picturesqueness to the scene. It is fitly described by the name given to it by the Indians who first beheld and possessed it—Oklahoma—the "Beautiful Land," or the land of the "Fair God."

When the settler of Oklahoma first planted his stake where it would hold for him one hundred and sixty acres, his legal allowance, in whatever direction he might look, his eyes beheld nothing but a desolate waste of almost unbroken prairie, untouched by civilization.

But let him open his eyes and look around him now, what does he behold? Cities and towns, railroads, public school-buildings, free institutions for higher education, cultivated farms and private residences, and a thousand other evidences of an energetic, intelligent and progressive class of American citizens.

The climate of Oklahoma is healthful in the extreme. The winters are short, and for the most part mild, but invigorating. The average winter temperature is thirty-nine degrees. The real western blizzard, so destructive and severe in western Kansas and Nebraska, has not visited us yet; but situated as we are in the "great central plain," in direct line of the cold winds as they sweep down from the frozen North, they reach us about the middle of December, and are severest in January and February.

But disagreeable as the cold winds are, they are certainly a blessing in disguise; for before them disappears every vestige of disease germ. The summers here are long, and the days in midsummer very warm, but the nights are invariably cool. The heat of the day is not so oppressive here, where there is almost incessantly a breeze blowing, as in some states where the stillness makes the heat almost suffocating. The average summer temperature is seventy-seven degrees, the mean annual temperature being about fifty-eight degrees.

The soil of Oklahoma is noted for its general fertility and its adaptation to arable and grazing purposes. It varies in different sections of the territory, but in nearly all parts there is an admixture of sand, which makes it easy to cultivate. In the river and creek bottoms it is a dark and sandy loam of great depth and fertility. On the plains it is generally a red, sandy loam, varying in depth from one to six feet, and very durable and productive. The rainfall during the three years' history of the Strip has been entirely insufficient for successful farming. This scarcity of rain has greatly retarded the natural development of the country, but it is to be hoped that the plan of irrigating from the rivers will be put into operation in the near future; and besides, the average rainfall is gradually increasing as the country becomes settled.

The agricultural products of Oklahoma comprise perhaps as large a variety as those of any state in the Union. They are Indian corn, sugar-corn, broom-corn, Kafir-corn, Milo maize, castor-beans, cotton and vegetables. Wheat is the principal crop of the northern part, but as yet, owing to lack of sufficient moisture, the yield has been very unsatisfactory.

In the average fruit yield Oklahoma is probably far behind the states of the East and South. The southern and main portion, known as "Old Oklahoma," though scarcely more than six years old, has already very promising young orchards of peach, apple, plum, cherry, apricot, mulberry and other fruit-trees.

The present inhabitants of Oklahoma are enterprising emigrants from other parts of the Union, chiefly from Kansas, but there are some from the remotest corners of the earth—even Bohemians and Siamese; as an old Kansas settler expressed it, "There are people here from all parts of the civilized world, and some from Arkansas." Portions of Oklahoma are still occupied by remnants of different tribes of Indians who were removed here from other sections of the United States. They live on lands set apart, or reserved, for them, and receive regular supplies of money, clothing and provisions from the general government. Most of these reservations have been purchased from the Indians, and soon all will be, the Indians being allotted suitable tracts of land in severalty.

Before 1889 there were no recognized citizens in the territory now included in Oklahoma. In 1890 the census showed a population of 61,834, and such has been the rapid increase of immigration that the population in 1894 was estimated to be at least 300,000. D. L. Coldwater, Oklahoma.

ALL ABOARD

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Our Farm.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

POULTRY A SAFE INVESTMENT.

It is possible that when general trade is dull the egg market is also affected, but not for strictly fresh eggs. It seems that no matter what the circumstances may be, fresh eggs are necessities with all, and as they are usually retailed in small lots, the matter of cash required from each individual in their purchase is almost insignificant in comparison with other articles. Eggs are used for so many purposes that it is important for the supply to be constant, hence panics cannot affect prices, as would be the case with other articles. The farmer who does not make egg production a part of his farm operations is losing one of the best of his opportunities on the farm, and the egg business can be conducted without the aid of middlemen if preferred. Returns that come in during the winter are always of assistance, and as there is no danger of any depression in the fresh-egg business, it is one of the best and safest in which the farmer can be engaged.

It is in winter, when everything is frozen and the ground sealed against the attacks of the plow, that the basket of eggs brings in the needed groceries on small farms, upon which farmers must take every advantage. It is not creditable to farmers that they do not recognize poultry as having a place on the farm other than as a side business for women and children. They will cultivate a ten-acre field and clear less than ten dollars an acre, when the same amount of work bestowed on poultry, and with half as much land, will give at least twice as much profit.

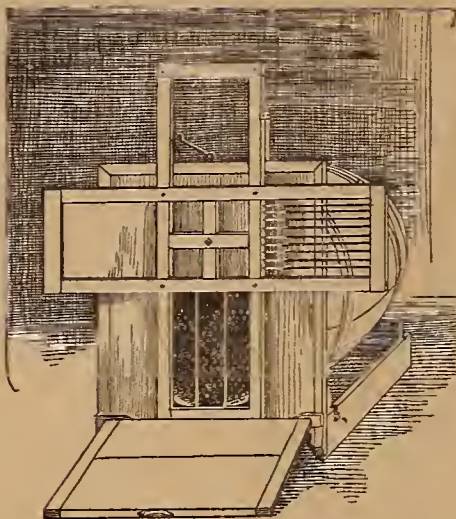
It may be urged that all extensive poultry-farms have failed. It may be stated in advocacy of large farms that they have never been given a fair trial. Nearly all such enterprises have been entered upon with the object of securing a large return from a small space; that is, the large poultry-farms have really consisted of small farms with a large number of hens, the flock being too great for the space occupied. The hen has never been given the same opportunities as the cow. She has been compelled to do duty only in a limited area, and on the intensive system. It is possible for the farmer to use his farm for the management of poultry, and to allow the flocks ample room for foraging. If one cow cannot be kept on an acre, why should such an area be expected to support five hundred hens, as has been attempted? If a farmer should keep five hundred hens on ten acres, and clear a dollar from each hen (including eggs and chicks), he would probably have a larger profit than from any other source, as but few farmers clear fifty dollars an acre. The sales would be weekly (or even daily), and the farmer would not be compelled to sell his products in a lump and on a market that is oversupplied, as frequently happens when grain and other crops are harvested but once a year.

BREED FOR GOOD RESULTS.

Much is written in regard to selecting the best layers among the hens, but there is more damage or benefit to the flock by the use of a single male than from a dozen hens. After the hatching season has passed, and the chicks are well under way, they present a very unfavorable appearance on farms, being of all colors, shapes and characteristics. This is not due to the keeping of a large number of hens together, but to the use of cross-bred males, or to having two or three males of different kinds with the flock. The majority of farmers who place eggs under hens for hatching do not know what kind of chicks will result, but must wait until hatching is over, only to find that no two chicks are alike in any respect. It is useless to attempt to improve a flock unless the hatching of the chicks becomes a matter of care. Every egg placed under a hen should be known to have come from selected hens that are mated with a pure-bred male of desired characteristic, and in hatching out a lot of chicks there should be an object in view. It will not pay to hatch a large number of chicks, and then depend on selection of the best pullets, as there is no possible way of knowing what the poultry will be when matured. The only way to have good layers is to breed for them, and to neglect to do so may occasion the loss of a large number of eggs in a year if the flock is above the usual number.

A NOVEL COOP FOR TURKEYS.

Mr. E. F. Barry, Maine, has invented the coop illustrated, which is given free to all. It may be made of a barrel or box, the front being a revolving frame with four doors, one being of glass, one of wire, one of two small rods, and one open. The open door (the top one) is used only to allow the hen to go out, the lower one being for the chicks, while the glass door is for stormy



weather, the wire door to be used on fair days when it is dry, but too cold to allow the chicks outside. The set of revolving doors turns on a bolt, and does not clog, as is the case with sliding doors, and the door desired to be used or be displaced can be changed instantly. A vinegar barrel is best to use, and should be on a sled or frame, so as to be off the ground. It is excellent for turkeys, as it gives the turkey hen plenty of room and enables one to guard against dampness.

EXCHANGING EGGS.

It is not unusual to have a neighbor request you to exchange eggs with him, and such neighbor may have been the first to condemn your enterprise in purchasing new blood and pure breeds. As a rule every farmer who steps outside of the beaten path, or ventures into something better, is at once classed as a crank or a book-farmer, but sooner or later his neighbors will show a willingness to obtain his stock if they can "exchange" with him. He must go to the expense of bringing the stock into the community, and if he fails he is set down as lacking in intelligence, but when he succeeds he receives no credit. There is no reason why one should exchange eggs of pure breeds for those from scrub fowls, any more than a Jersey calf should be exchanged for one from a nondescript cow. When eggs are sold for hatching, they represent something more than their value for the table. Those who buy them do not want eggs, but stock, the eggs representing the embryo young of the desired breed. Any farmer who procures pure breeds should be encouraged by his neighbors, as he benefits the whole community.

FOOD FOR FATTENING CHICKS.

It is difficult to fatten a young chick, because the food goes to growth of body and warmth, rather than fat. Chicks cannot be forced before they are about eight weeks old. Experts who fatten them always select the healthy and vigorous ones. They are fed four times a day on the following mixture: Corn-meal, two pounds; sifted ground oats, two pounds; bran, one pound; middlings, one half pound; linseed-meal, four ounces; ground bone, four ounces, and common salt, one tablespoonful. Scald the mixture with boiling water and add one pound of crude tallow, stirring well, making the mixture stiff (not wet), and feed in clean troughs, giving as much as the chicks will eat, removing the portions left over.

LEVEL ROOSTS THE BEST.

When the roosts are level the fowls will have plenty of room; but if the roosts are slanting from the wall the hens will seek the highest ones, as instinct prompts them to get as far from danger as possible. In the wild state the greatest number of enemies of fowls is below them at night. They therefore seek elevated roosting-places as the safest. The domestic fowls do the same. They will struggle to get on the top roost, and if there are a hundred hens together, they will endeavor to crowd until they are pushed off, falling and struggling until darkness compels them to become quiet. If one has a large poultry-house, and the roosts are slanting, there will be a

waste of space, and crowding will not be avoided; but place the roosts so that all will be on the same height, and more room will be afforded, the fowls will not crowd, and they will be more comfortable. Sometimes only a small matter may be in the way of egg production; and it has happened that the slanted roosts have caused the hens to nearly suffocate on a warm night, rendering them unable to give a profit.

ADVANTAGES OF SHEDS.

There are seldom drafts of air under open sheds, and they afford the very best conditions in all seasons, being more easily cleaned than are closed poultry-houses, and afford more comfort to the hens. A shed with the front protected by wire gives all the advantages of outdoor roosting, and at the same time shelters the fowls from storms, no ventilating devices being required, as in closed houses.

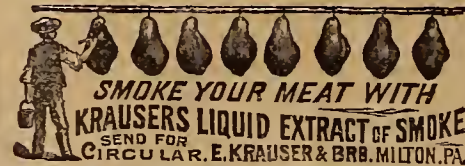
INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Chicks in Brooders.—F. R. R., Flat Rock, Indiana, writes: "How many chicks are the maximum number for a brooder?"

REPLY:—Fifty are enough. Some put a hundred in a brooder, but at the risk of loss from crowding.

Fattening Turkeys.—E. K. E., Batavia, Ill., writes: "Give a fattening ration for turkeys that are to be marketed Thanksgiving?"

REPLY:—Feed three times a day, confining them (several together) in large yards. In the morning give wheat and corn, at noon chopped meat, followed by corn, and at night all that they will eat of a mixture of ground corn, oats and wheat, two pounds each; ground meat, one half pound; linseed-meal, one quarter pound, scalded.



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Our Fireside.

"MOTHER'S ROOM."

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe; He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know; And he says his house is filled with gloom Because it has got no "mother's room." I tell you what, it is fine enough To talk of "hondoirs" and such fancy stuff, But the room of rooms that seems best to me, The room where I'd always rather be, Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest, And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about, And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout? It is mother's room, and, if she don't mind, To the hints of others I'm always blind. Maybe I lose my things—what then? In mother's room I find them again. And I've never denied that I litter the floor With marbles and tops and many things more; But I tell you, for boys with a tired head, It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now, poor Jack Roe, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room, you see, Because it's the nicest place to go When a fellow's spirits are getting low. And mother she's always kind and sweet, And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet; And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow More brightly in mother's room, I know, Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom Or any old shadow in mother's room.

—Harper's Young People.

A COHUTTA ROMANCE.*

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "From Clue to Climax," "Almost Persuaded," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "White Marie," "A Mute Confessor," etc.

CHAPTER V.

DR. LASH came a little earlier than he was expected. The wound was not really a fatal one, he said, but if Miss Harriet had not been so attentive and skilful in keeping the cut closed, the man would have bled to death.

Westerfelt dropped to sleep, and when he awoke it was night. A lamp, the light of which was softened by a pink shade, stood on a sewing-machine near the fireplace. At first he could not recall what had happened, nor where he was, and he felt very weak and sleepy. After awhile, however, he became conscious that he was not alone. A slight figure was moving silently about the room, now at the fireplace, again at a table where some lint, bandages and vials had been left. The figure approached his bed cautiously. It was Harriet Floyd. She started to move away when she saw that he was awake, but he detained her.

"I'm a lot of trouble for a new boarder," he said, smiling. "This is my first day, and yet I've turned your house into a fortification and a hospital."

"You are not a bit of trouble. The doctor said let you sleep as much as possible."

"I don't need sleep. I've been hurt worse than this many a time before."

She put her hand on his brow. "It'll make you feverish; go to sleep."

"Did they jail Wambush?"

"Yes."

"Toughest customer I ever tackled." He laughed drily.

She made no reply. She went to the fire and began stirring the contents of a three-legged pot on the coals. To see her better, he turned over on his side. The bed-slats creaked.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, running to him, "you'll break the stitches, and bleed again. Don't move that way."

He raised the blanket and looked down at his wound.

"I reckon they are all right, though I did feel a little twinge."

"You have not had any dinner nor supper," she went on. "Dr. Lash said if you wanted anything I should give you some gruel and milk. I've made it, and it is keeping warm at the fire. Will you take some?"

"No, I thank you. I can wait till breakfast, if I have to lie here. Then I'll sit up at the table and eat a square meal. Somehow I'm not hungry. Wambush objected mightily to being jailed, didn't he?"

"You ought not to wait till breakfast," she said, looking at the fire; "you'd better let me give you some of this gruel."

"All right. You are the doctor."

She dipped up some of the gruel in a bowl, and adding some milk to it, she came back to him. But she was confronted by a difficulty. He could not eat gruel and milk from a spoon while lying on his back. He put his hands on either side of him and started to sit up.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, setting the bowl on the floor and gently pushing him back on his pillow. "You must not!"

He laughed. "Just like a woman. You surely don't think I'm going to lie here for a week like a sick cat, for a little scratch like that. I've lost some blood, that's all." And before she could prevent it, he had sat up.

"I can't look after sick folks," she said, in despair. "The doctor will blame me."

"I heard him say if you hadn't held my cut so well I'd have bled to death."

"Anybody could have done it."

"Nobody else did it."

"Do you want the gruel? Take it quick and lie down again. You'll lose strength sitting up."

"You'll have to feed me," he said, opening his mouth. "I'm too blamed weak to sit up without propping with my hands, and they don't seem very good supports. Look how that one is wobbling."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, and without a word placed the bowl in her lap and her arm around him. Then neither spoke as she filled the spoon and held it to his lips. She felt him trying to steady his arms to keep his weight from her.

"It's good," he said, as she filled the spoon the second time. "I had no idea I was so hungry. You say you made it?"

"Yes. There, I must wipe your chin. You ought not to talk when you are eating."

For several minutes neither spoke. He finished the bowl of gruel and laid down again.

"I feel as mean as a dog," he said, as she rose and drew the cover over him. "Here I am, being nursed by the very fellow's sweetheart I tried my level best to do up."

She turned and placed the bowl on the table, and then went to the fire.

"I heard you was his girl last night," he continued. "Well, I'm glad I didn't kill him. I

white cap, a white mask, and a white sheet over the body.

"Thar's whar the scrimmage tuck place," said a muffled voice, and a white figure pointed to the spot where Westerfelt and Wambush had fought. "We must hurry an' take 'im out an' have it over."

Harriet Floyd heard some one breathing behind her. It was Westerfelt. His elbow touched her as he leaned toward the window and peered out.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried. "Go back to bed. You—"

He did not seem to hear her. The moonlight fell in his face. It was white. He suddenly drew back beside her to keep from being seen by those outside. His lips moved, but they made no sound.

"Go back to bed," she repeated. She put out her hand and touched him, but she was unable to resist the fascination of the sight outside.

"What do they want?" he whispered. He put his hand on an old-fashioned what-not, and some shells and trifling ornaments began to rattle harshly.

"I don't know," she said. "Don't let them see you. You couldn't do anything against so many. They are a band sworn to protect one another."

"His friends?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Ah!" He glanced at the two doors, one opening into the hall, the other into his

snowdrift against the jail door. The same voice spoke again:

"Don't you keep us waitin' long, nuther, Tarp. You kin know what sort we are by our grave-clothes, ef you'll peep out o' the wiunder."

"What do you-uns want?" It was the voice of the jailor, from the wing of the house occupied by him and his family. His voice roused a sleeping infant, and it began to cry. The cry was smothered by some one's hand over the child's mouth.

"You know what we-uns want," answered the leader. "We come attar Toot Wambush. Turn 'im out, ef you know what's good fur you."

"Gentlemen, I'm a sworn officer of the law. I—"

"Drap that! Open that cell-door, ur we'll putt daylight through you."

This was followed by the low, pleading voice of a woman, and the wailing of two or three children.

"Wait!" cried the jailor. Westerfelt heard a door slam and a rattle of chains on the wooden floor. A bolt was slid back, the front door opened, and the white drift parted to receive a dark form.

"Whar's my hoss?" doggedly exclaimed Toot Wambush.

"Out thar, hitched to the fence," answered the leader.

"You-uns was a long time comin'."

"Had to git together. Most uv us never heerd uv yore capture tell a hour by sun."

The band filed out of the gate and mounted their horses. Toot Wambush was a little in advance of the others. He suddenly turned his horse toward the hotel.

Westerfelt drew back behind the curtain. Harriet caught his arm and clung to it.

"Go to your room!" she gasped. "You'd better. You must not stay here." He seemed not to hear. He leaned forward and peered again through the window. The leader and Wambush reined their horses in at the edge of the sidewalk.

"Come on, Toot. Whar you gwine?" asked the leader.

"I want to take that feller with us. I'll never budge 'thout him, you kin bet yore bot-tom dollar on that."

"He's had hurt—'bout to die. Don't be a fool!"

"Hub! Doc Lash sent me word he was safe. I didn't hurt 'im, but he did me, and I want to pay 'im for it. Are you fellers goin' back on me?"

"Not this chicken," a voice said, and a white form whipped his horse over to Wambush's. "I'm with you," echoed another. Then there was a clamor of voices, and all the gang gathered around Wambush. He chuckled and swore softly. "That's the stuff," he said.

Harriet turned to Westerfelt. "They are drinking," she said. "Haven't you got a pistol?"

"No."

"You stay here. Don't let 'em see you. I'm going up-stairs and speak to Toot from the veranda. It's the only chance. 'Sh!"

She did not wait for a reply, but opened the door noiselessly and went out into the hall. He heard the rustle of her skirts as she went up the stairs, and a moment later the door leading to the veranda on the floor above opened with a creak, and she appeared over the heads of the band.

"Toot! Toot Wambush!" she called, in a clear, steady voice, "I want to speak to you."

Wambush, in a spirit of bravado, had just ridden his horse onto the veranda, and could hear nothing above the thunderous clatter of his horse's hoofs on the floor.

"Here, thar, you jail-bird, yore wanted!" cried out the leader. "Stop that infernal racket!"

"What is it?" asked Wambush, riding back toward the leader.

"Toot Wambush!" Harriet repeated.

He looked up at her. "What do you want?" he asked, doggedly.

"Get away as fast as you can," she replied. "His wound has broken again. He's bleeding to death."

"Hang 'im! that's good news." He did not move.

"You'd better go," she urged. "It will be wilful murder. You made the attack. He was unarmed, and you used a pistol and a knife."

He sat on his horse, silent and motionless, his face raised to her in the full moonlight. There was no sound except the champing of bits, the creaking of saddles.

"Come on, Toot," said the leader, in a low tone. "You've settled yore man's hash, what more do you want? We've got you out o' jail, now let us put you whar you'll be safe."

Wambush had not taken his eyes from the girl. He now spoke as if his words were for her only.

"Ef I go," he said, "will you follow me—will you come?"

"This is no time nor place to speak of such things," she replied, as she turned away. "Go this minute, and save yourself while you can."

"Harriet!" cried Wambush. Westerfelt could no longer see the girl, and he heard the door close.

"Come on, Toot!" The leader rode his horse up alongside Wambush. Many of the others had started away.

Toot did not move. He was still looking at the spot where Harriet Floyd had appeared.



"YOU'LL HAVE TO FEED ME,"
HE SAID.

THE LIGHT OF THE BURNING PAPER FLASHED
ON THE WALLS.

wouldn't have tried in anything but self-defense, for even if he did use a gun and knife when I had none, he's got bulldog pluck, and plenty of it. Do you know, I felt like mashing the head of that sheriff for beating his fist like he did."

She had sat down before the fire, but she rose. "If I stay here," she said, abruptly, "you'll keep talking and not sleep at all. I'm going into the next room, the parlor. If you want anything, call me, and I'll come."

A few minutes after she left him he fell asleep. Harriet put a piece of wood on the fire in the next room and sat down before it. She had left the door of his room ajar, and a ray of light from his lamp fell across the dark carpet and dimly illuminated the room. The hours passed slowly. No one in the house was astir. No sound came from without, except the barking of a dog down the road. She was fatigued and almost asleep, when she was suddenly roused by a far-off shout.

"Whoopee! Whoopee!"

It seemed to come from the road leading down from the mountains. She held her breath and listened.

"Whoopee! Whoopee!"

It was nearer and nearer. Then she heard the steady tramp of horses' hoofs. She rose and went to the window, moving softly, that her ear might not lose any of the sounds. She raised the window cautiously and looked out. The moon was shining brightly, and down the street beyond the livery-stable she saw a body of horsemen.

"Great heavens!" she exclaimed, "it's the 'Regulators'—the 'Whitecaps'!"

She drew back behind the curtains as the horsemen rode up to the hotel and stopped. There were twenty or more, and each wore a

room, and then he swayed and clutched the curtain.

She caught his arm and steadied him.

"Oh, you must go lie down! You'll—"

A noise outside drew her to the window. The hand was crossing the street to the jail.

"What are they going to do?" He rested his hand on her shoulder and looked through a pane above her head.

"To take Toot out."

"An then he'll lead 'em?"

"I don't know. Oh, I can't tell!" She faced him for an instant, a look of helpless indecision in her eyes; then she turned again to the window.

"I'll go slip on my coat," he said. "I—I'm cold."

She made no answer, and he went into his room. He turned up the lamp, but quickly lowered it again. He found his coat on a chair and put it on. He wondered if he were afraid. Perhaps his mind was not right—his wound and all his trouble had—

Harriet entered the door softly and turned the light down lower.

"Stay back here," she whispered.

"Why?"

"If they get Toot out, it would be just like him to try to—you—you are not strong enough to get out of their way. Oh, I don't know what to do!" She went back to the window in the next room, and he followed her.

The white figures had dismounted at the jail. They stood at the gate a moment, then filed into the yard and stood at the door. The leader rapped, and cried out:

"Hello, in thar, Tarpley Brown! Show yore-se'f!"

There was a silence for a moment. In the moonlight the body of men looked like a

"It simply means the halter, you blamed fool!"

Wambush stared into the mask of the leader, and then they rode away together.

CHAPTER VI.

When Harriet went down-stairs she found Westerfelt lying unconscious on the floor. In his fall he had clutched and torn down the curtain. She was trying to raise him when the door opened and her mother appeared.

"What's the matter, Harriet?"

"He has fainted—I don't know—he may be dead. Look, mother!"

Mrs. Floyd raised Westerfelt's head and turned his face upward.

"No, he's still breathing." She opened his shirt hastily. "No, his wound is not broke. We must get him to bed again. How did he happen to be here?"

"He got up when the Whitecaps first passed. I could not persuade him to go back."

"We must carry him back to the bed," said Mrs. Floyd. As they started to raise him, Westerfelt opened his eyes, took a long breath, and sat up. Without a word he rose to his feet, and between them they supported him to the bed in the next room.

"His feet are like ice," said Mrs. Floyd, as she tucked the blankets around him. "Why did you let him stand there?"

"It wasn't her fault, Mrs. Floyd," said Westerfelt, with chattering teeth. "I knew they meant trouble to me, and I thought I ought to be ready."

"You ought to have stayed in bed."

Her eyes followed Harriet to the fireplace. "No, daughter," she said, "go lie down. I'll stay here."

"I'd rather neither of you would sit up," said Westerfelt. "I'm all right. I'll sleep like a log till breakfast. I don't want to be such a bother."

"You ain't a bit o' trouble," replied Mrs. Floyd. "We are only glad to be able to help. When I saw that cowardly scamp draw his pistol and knife on you, I could 'a' killed him. I've told Harriet—"

"Mother!" Harriet turned from the fire, and abruptly left the room. Mrs. Floyd did not finish what she had started to say. Westerfelt looked at her questioningly, and then closed his eyes. She went to the fireplace and laid a stick of wood across the andirons, and then sat down and hooded her head with a shawl.

When Westerfelt awoke it was early dawn. The outlines of the room, and the different objects in it, were indistinct. At the foot of his bed he noticed something which resembled a heap of clothing on a chair. He looked at it steadily, wondering if it could be part of the strange dreams which had beset him in sleep. As the room gradually became lighter he saw that it was a woman. Mrs. Floyd, he thought—but no, the figure was slighter. It was Harriet. She had taken her mother's place an hour before. Her head hung down, but she was not asleep. Presently she looked up, and catching his eyes, she rose and came to him.

"How do you feel now?" She touched his forehead with her soft, warm hand.

"I'm all right. I'll be up to breakfast."

"No, you won't. You must not. It would kill you."

"Pshaw! That pin-scratch?" He struck his breast near the wound. "He'd have to go deeper and riper wlder to do me up."

She stifled a cry, and caught his hand.

"You must not be foolish." She started to turn away, but his fingers closed over hers.

"I'm sorry. I'll mind what you say, because you've been so good to me. It seems mighty funny—Toot Wambush's girl taking care of the very man he tried to wipe out of creation."

She twisted her hand from him. "Why do you say I'm his girl?"

"Because they all do, I reckon. Ain't you? Last night I heard him ask you to follow him."

"You never heard me say I would."

"No."

"Well, then!"

She went to the fireplace. He could not see her, but he heard her stirring the fire with a poker. For several minutes neither of them spoke. Then she came to him suddenly.

"I forgot," she said. "Here's a newspaper and a letter Mr. Washburn left for you." She gave them to him, and went to the window and raised the shade, flooding the room with the soft, yellowing light. Then she resumed her seat at the fire.

He opened his letter. The handwriting was very crude, and he did not remember ever having seen it before. Looking at the bottom of the last page he saw that it was signed by Sue Dawson—Sally Dawson's mother. It was not dated, and began without heading of any kind.

So you left Fannin for new Pastures; but I will be sworn you don't take a clean conscience with you. Over my child's grave I see that you felt yore guilt. You are over that strikin' out for fresh Pray, I reckon, like you always have done; but mark my words, yore day of enjoyment is over. God has made merciful laws. The wicked do suffer, and yore soul will never be free; never on earth, never anywhar while thar's a Hell and a Devil. I believe thar's unpardonable sins, and you have committed one. I have been makin' enquiries about yore conduct, and I have heard of three pore girls besides mine that you've made miserable, by makin' them think you was goin' to marry them. John Westerfelt, you are a red-banded murderer. You killed my pore, innocent child as deliberately as ef you had choked the life out of her with yore bare hands. You hung after her nigh an' day, even when she was cautioned that you wuz fickle, tell

yon got her entire heart and soul, an' then jest because she acknowledged she had had a fancy when she was no more'n a child, you pretended that was excuse enough to break off. I know your sort, John Westerfelt. It is the ruinin' after a thing that you like, and as soon as you know it is yor'n, you despise it. God don't afflict good men with that disease, but I'm mistaken if you don't have it to yore grave. Do you know why I did not denounce and upbraid you over her grave, when you helped kiver up her remains? I held in for her memory's sake, and my other children. I knowed she tuk her own life, and you do, too, though nobody else does, and I could not stand to think thar would be some that would object to her being laid amongst other respectable dead. You will never forget how she died. I will keep you in mind of it, never fear. Beware, John Westerfelt; you want to marry. Yore a lonely, selfish man, and you want a wife and children to keep you company in old age, and make you forget yore past life. But Beware! a man who has always doubted the innocent, and made them suffer, won't git off free. You will never be satisfied till you git a woman deep enough in deception to fool you. Yore a slave to suspicion. You will never trust no woman, and you will see the day you will pray God to give you Faith in them. John Westerfelt, I am a God-fearin' woman. I believe in the command to love one another, but I am your Enemy till Death. I'm yore enemy if I lose my salvation by it.

SEE DAWSON.

He refolded the letter, put it back into its envelop, and then tore open the newspaper, and held it before him. There was a clatter of dishes and pans in the kitchen in the rear of the house. A negro woman was out in the wood-yard picking up chips and singing a low camp-meeting hymn. Now and then some one would pass through the hall to the dining-room.

Harriet went to the door and closed it. Then she turned to him. The paper had slipped from his fingers, and lay across his breast.

"What shall I get for your breakfast?" she asked. She moved around on the other side of his bed, wondering if it was the light falling through the yellow holland shade that gave his face such a ghastly look.

"What?" He stared at her absently.

"What would you like for breakfast?"

He looked toward his coat that hung on the foot of his bed.

"Don't bother about me. I'm going to get up."

"No, you must not." She caught his wrist. "Look how you are quivering. You ought not to have tried to read."

He took up the paper again, but it shook so that its rustling might have been heard across the room. She took it from him, and laid it on a chair by the bed. She looked away. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, and his lips were twitching.

"Hand me my coat," he said.

"You are not going to get up?" She sat down on the bed, and put her hand on his brow. Her face was soft and pleading.

He caught her hand and held it nervously. "I don't believe I've got a single friend on earth," he said. "I don't deserve any. I'm a bad man."

"Don't talk that way," she replied.

There was something in his plaintive tone that seemed to touch her deeply, for she caught his hand in both of hers and pressed it. "I don't want to die, for your sake," he said, "for if I was to go under it would be awkward for your—your friend. He might have to leave the country."

She released his hand suddenly. A pained look was in her face. "Did you want to put your letter in your coat-pocket?" she asked.

"Yes."

She took the coat from a chair, and gave it to him, and then went back to the fireplace. He thrust his hand into the pocket and took out Sally Dawson's letter, and put it and her mother's into the same envelop. As he was putting them into the pocket he found a folded sheet of paper. He opened it. It was a letter from John Wambush to his son Toot. Then Westerfelt remembered the paper Harriet handed him in the street after the fight. Hardly knowing why he did so, he read it. It was as follows:

DEAR TOOT:—Me and yore mother is miserable about you. We have prayed day and night for yore reform, but in vain. You are going to ruin fast. Can't you do better, for our sake? We want you to give up moonshining, and quit liquor, and settle down and be a man. Above all, you must do yore duty by that girl, H. F. She loves you, if ever a woman loved a man, and in aiding you in yore illicit distilling she has laid herself liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary. Don't go back on her; it would make her life miserable. You have led her to believe you would marry her. She told me that herself. She is a good girl. She only went into yore moonshining plan because she loved you so much.

Yore affectionate father,

JOHN WAMBUSH.

Westerfelt folded the letter. "H. F.," he muttered. Harriet Floyd a criminal—guilty of aiding the vilest scoundrel in the county to violate the law! He turned his head to one side and pressed down his pillow, that he might see her as she sat by the fire. The red firelight shone in her face. She looked tired and troubled.

"Poor girl!" he murmured. "Poor girl!"

She looked up and caught his eyes. "Did you want anything?" she asked.

He gave the letter to her. "Burn it, please." She took it to the fire. The light of the burning paper flashed on the walls and then went out.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a week before John Westerfelt was strong enough to leave his room in the hotel. Inflammation of his wound had set in, and at one time his condition was quite critical.

One day Luke Bradley came in his buggy to drive him out to his house.

"Martha won't bear to a refusal," he said. "She's powerfully troubled. She 'lows ef we'd 'a' made you stay with us you'd not 'a' been apt to 'a' met Wambush that day, an' 'a' been laid up like this. She's jest dyin' to git to cook things fur you, an' doctor you up."

"I'll go out and stay a day, anyway," promised Westerfelt. He glanced at Harriet Floyd, who stood behind the curtains looking out of the window. "I don't need any better treatment than I've had, Luke. Miss Harriet's been better than a sister to me. She saved my life the other night, too. That gang would have nabbed me as sure as preaching, if she hadn't interfered."

Harriet came from the window. She took the roll of blankets that Bradley had brought, and held one of them before the fire.

"It's chilly out to-day," she said. "You'd better wrap him up well."

Bradley did not reply. He heard a noise outside, and went out hastily to see if his horse was still standing. Westerfelt dragged himself from his chair, and stood in front of the fire. He had grown thinner during his confinement, and his clothes hung loosely on him.

"You have been good to me," he repeated in a low tone, "and I wish I could do something to pay you back." She said nothing. She bent over and felt the blanket to see if it were scorching, and then turned the other side to the fire.

"Mrs. Bradley is a good nurse," she said, presently. "She'll take good care of you. She has known you longer than we have."

"I'll tell you something," he answered, with a faint laugh. "I'd really be willing to get hurt over again to live here like I have. I am a lonely cuss. I have never in all my life enjoyed anything as much as this last week."

She rolled up one of the blankets lightly, and put it on the rug in front of the fire, and then held up another to be warmed. She looked steadily into the fire for a moment, then she said:

"You are not going back to that room over the stable?"

"Yes, to-morrow night."

"It is not comfortable. It's awfully roomy and cold."

"Oh, I'm used to that. Many a time I've slept out in the open air on a frosty night, with nothing over me but a blanket."

"You can have this room whenever you want it."

"I'd better stay there," he answered.

"By George, you've shore made friends out o' them!" exclaimed Bradley, as they drove away from the hotel. "The old lady seems to have taken quite a fancy to you. Poor thing! She hain't but the one child, an' it's reported that she has had a pile o' trouble o' some sort. Nobody knows exactly what. I reckon Harriet's gone on Wambush. Ef she hain't, she's the fust woman he's failed to win over. He's a bad egg."

Westerfelt coughed. "I thought so—a little, myself, at first. But nobody can tell about a woman."

"That one in particular," said Bradley. "She alays has been a puzzle to me."

"I hardly think she is in love with him now—if she was once," said Westerfelt. "I watched her close the other day when Washburn came over and told us that the grand jury had found a true bill against Wambush for assault with intent to murder, and that he had run off West. I thought it would affect her, but she did not seem at all concerned."

Bradley laughed. "Mebby she knowed it already. Do you reckon Wambush 'ud not keep her posted up his movements? Why, before this racket they wuz together almost every day."

Westerfelt drew the blankets closer about him. The road had taken a turn around the side of a hill, and the breeze from the wide reach of level valley lands was keen and cool. Westerfelt said nothing, but his eyes invited Bradley to continue.

"I don't believe he's gone West, nuther," continued Luke, pointing his whip toward the highest peak of the mountain range. "He's hid out thar 'mongst his gang."

"Do you thluk so?"

"Hnh! You'll larn a powerful sight ef you stay 'bout here long enough. I tell you, that scamp has a power of influence in this section."

(To be continued.)

THE BAY VIEW READING CIRCLE.

The Bay View Reading Circle is one of the successes of the past few years, and but for its modesty in creating publicity would be more generally known. And yet it has never passed a year without doubling its membership, and to-day it counts its numbers by thousands, who own to a deeper and richer life under the stimulus of its work and the wise direction of their studies. Its local circles have sprung up everywhere, and in the new class of 1900 now forming, already nearly a month in advance of the opening of the year, fifteen states are represented. Briefly, the Bay View work is a short, comprehensive four years' course of home reading, simple in plan but truly educational, and with a diploma crowning its completion. It has its American, German, French and English years, when the history, literature and social institutions of these great modern nations and a few associate works in popular

science and art are studied. Many farmers' and other literary clubs, recognizing the excellence of this course, have adopted it, and its transforming power is felt in scores of neighborhoods and isolated places. It provides a plan by which neighbors and young people are often brought together, the intellectual life is quickened and fed, new joys spring up and social life becomes more pleasant and is elevated by superior aims. Thousands are hungering for such an organization that will make life in the country pleasant, with some of the advantages of the town and city. The central office is at Flint, Michigan, where inquirers will always receive information. Address J. M. Hall.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Many people have seen the crown of Queen Victoria, in the Tower of London, but it is not generally known how it is made up, and how many jewels it contains. It is said to be the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of all the crowned heads in Europe. It is constructed from jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones, which are set in gold and silver, incase a crimson velvet cap with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk. Above the crimson border on the lower edge of the band is a row of 129 pearls. Around the upper part of the band is a border of 112 pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV., set in the center of valuable pearls. At the back, in the same position, is another but smaller sapphire. The sides are adorned with three sapphires, and between these are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires, extending all around the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by clusters of diamonds, 128 in number. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular band are eight sapphires set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each. In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the center of which glistens the famous ruby given to Edward I. by Don Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The center of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the eastern custom, with a similar ruby.

The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centers, containing respectively 132, 124 and 130 sparkling diamonds. Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between, are four ornaments, shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the center, and surrounded by diamonds, containing eighty-five, eighty-six and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese cross spring four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of 728 diamonds; thirty-two pearls represent the acorns, and fifty-four diamonds the cups. From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant-shaped pearls set in diamond cups, each cup being formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearls being incrustated with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and arc are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its center a rose-cut sapphire set in the center of fourteen large diamonds. Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose-diamonds, four pendant-shaped pearls, and 273 smaller pearls. The queen has worn her crown only about ten times in her fifty-eight years' reign.—Cricket.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up, in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, is sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.

Read announcement of "Big Pay and Sure Pay" in our advertising column this issue.

IMPERIAL MOURNING IN RUSSIA.

The mourning of the imperial family and court of Russia for the death of a czar is controlled, of course, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," by strictest rule. During the first quarter the czarina and the grand duchesses wear high dresses of black flannel with long sleeves, a la Charles VI., reaching to the ground and buttoned close at the wrist. From the waist flows a train of the same material, and about three yards long. The collar and weepers are of white cambric with a deep hem, and the cap of Mary-Queen-of-Scots shape is of crape lined with thin silk, and has a band pointed in form to correspond with the curve of the head-gear. There are two veils, one of them short, for ordinary use, another four yards in length for ceremonial occasions. There is no difference between the costume of the czarina and that of the grand duchesses save in the size of the train.

During the second quarter cloth may be substituted for flannel, and the band disappears from the bonnet. The change in the third quarter allows of cashmere instead of the heavier materials, while the weepers are discontinued, and black tulle takes the place of crape in the head-dress. Silk is prescribed for the last quarter, with coiffures of white crape, and the ribbons, gloves and faus may display color. The ladies who belong to the four higher grades of the court circle are attired in much the same fashion, but cloth, and not flannel, is the material enjoined during the first two quarters, a greater variety of stuffs being permissible in the third, and colors being restored to the caps and articles of millinery in the last six weeks of the final quarter. In the three lower classes of feminine attendants on royalty no trains are worn, and the eighth, or last, class dons ordinary mourning.

The regulations affecting the sterner sex are a trifle less minute. The czar and the grand dukes conform to the military etiquette, which ordains that during six months helmets, sbakos, epaulettes, scarves and sword-knots shall be covered with crape, and a brassard worn on the left arm. For the next three months the crape is only retained on the helmets and sword-knots, and this disappears in the last quarter, leaving a mere armlet as token of grief. Nearly all the court functionaries are clad in some sort of uniform, and are subject to the same ordinance. Furthermore, they must dress their servants in black, put their carriages into mourning, mask for six months their armorial bearing, and keep one room in their houses draped with black hangings.

LOVING TOO LATE.

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come all right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering, or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all the honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher, must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever.—Ladies' Home Journal.

ORIGIN OF THE "SWEET BY AND BY."

In the quiet little town of Richmond, Wis., of some eight hundred inhabitants, in Walworth county, on almost the extreme southern boundary of the state, leading the quiet, monotonous, self-sacrificing life of a country physician, lives one of the post-war-time poets, Samuel Fillmore Bennett, who served "for three years of the war" as Lieutenant Bennett, of the Fortieth Wisconsin Volunteers, whose name has dropped almost into oblivion, though his song, "The Sweet By and By," has been sung and heard by nearly every music-loving person in this and foreign lands at some time since it was written by Dr. Bennett twenty-four years ago, when he was not long home from the war.

At the time of the inception of the song Dr. Bennett had returned home from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he was graduated with highest honors and had become an attache of the Elkhorn "Independent."

He and a musical composer, J. P. Webster, long since dead, were friends inseparable. Webster was of a despondent nature, in many ways an extremist, while Bennett was more cheery. Webster appeared before his friend one day more than ordinarily downcast, when Bennett inquired, "What is the trouble now?"

"It is no matter; it will be all right by and by," replied he.



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Like an inspiration, or a voice from the unseen land, came to Bennett the idea of the song, "The Sweet By and By." Turning to his desk, writing off hand with pencil, in less than thirty minutes he handed Webster the hymn worded as it reads to-day.

As Bennett brought the lines to Webster, two friends, S. E. Bright, now a resident of Fort Atkinson, and N. H. Carswell, who long since joined the great majority, entered the room and listened to Webster as he improvised the music on his violin, hastily jotting down the notes on a bit of waste paper. In less than ten minutes these four men were singing the

hymn, "The Sweet By and By," to an audience of one, R. R. Crosby, who remarked, with tears in his eyes, "Gentlemen, that hymn is immortal."

Within a few days it was sung by school-children on the streets; then it was published as a Sunday-school hymn, and lastly as sheet music translated into many languages.

Aside from their intrinsic worth and beauty, the words were peculiarly fitted to the spirit of the times in which they were written, when so many hearts were sorrowful because of a "nation's slain," watching to grasp any comforting word or melody, with both of which

"The Sweet By and By" was replete, a fact that doubtlessly hastened the popularity of the hymn.—Tribune.

"Your prices suit the people," writes a club raiser for FARM AND FIRESIDE in central Ohio. "I have got over a hundred subscribers this fall, when with any other farm paper should have had to be satisfied with a dozen, or twenty at the most." For getting subscribers for FARM AND FIRESIDE and LADIES HOME COMPANION the harvest season of all the year has come. We offer extra inducements to both subscribers and agents for the season of 1896-97.

Our Household.

A WEATHER RECIPE.

When it drizzles and drizzles,
If we cheerfully smile,
We can make the weather,
By working together,
As fair as we choose in a little while.
For who will notice that clouds are drear
If pleasant faces are always near;
And who will remember that skies are gray
If he carries a happy heart all day?
—St. Nicholas.

HOME TOPICS.

As THIS is the time of year when the hens take a rest, and consequently eggs are high and difficult to obtain, I will give a few recipes which I have gathered from my friends and found valuable:

GINGERCAKE.—One scant teacupful of butter, two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger. Beat the molasses and shortening well together, add the ginger, pour in the cupful of boiling water, and thicken with three cupfuls of flour with which the soda has been sifted. This will make two loaves, and should be baked in a moderate oven.

RAISIN CAKE.—One and one half cupfuls of sugar, one half cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, three cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg and a fourth of a teaspoonful of cloves, one large cupful of raisins. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the spices and sour milk, and the flour with the soda sifted with it, lastly add the raisins, after chopping and flouring them well.

PUMPKIN PIES.—First be sure to cook the pumpkin until the juice is all dried out of it, stirring carefully to prevent scorching; sift it, and thin to the desired consistency with rich milk, sweeten and flavor to taste, then add one cracker rolled fine or one teaspoonful of corn-starch for each pie.

ICING WITHOUT EGGS.—Take an egg-glassful of sweet cream, flavor with lemon or any flavoring desired, and then stir in

thing is expected, and too often we hear one say, "I must give B something this year, she gave me such a nice present last year." Sometimes this gift-making becomes quite a tax on the purse, and a burden rather than a pleasure. This is not right. A simple gift with love is far more appropriate to the season than the costly ones given grudgingly or simply to pay a debt, and without the love and blessed spirit of the holy Christmas-tide.

Children should be taught to look forward to Christmas as a time to make gifts and bring cheer into other hearts instead of thinking only of what they will receive. Let the blessed story of the nativity, of Christ's wonderful love and sacrifice for us, be kept uppermost in their minds, and they will be led to remember those around them less fortunate than themselves, the little children in poverty-stricken homes, in hospitals and asylums, and try to bring some Christmas cheer into their hearts.

Young people in the country can gather nuts, branches of the bright berries of the bittersweet, strawberry-bush or holly. They can make wreaths, crosses, etc., of evergreen; make pillows of the fragrant pine-needles; dig up fern-roots and plant them in pots, or plants of the trailing-arbutus, which, if potted now, will open its little pink buds by Christmas, and any of these will make a gift much prized by any city friend. The busy housewife in the country, who has little time for embroidery or making dainty trifles, can give her city friend some of her nice preserves, pickles or jellies, or a jar of apple butter or a nice home-made cake; and if her friend in the city wishes to make her a present as acceptable, let me suggest some dainty pieces of china or embroidered linen for her table.

Whatever we give this coming Christmas, let us be sure that love goes with it, and it will reach the heart of our friend and awaken loving thoughts in return.

MAIDA McL.

DIRECTIONS FOR SQUARE.

A very handsome quilt is knitted in squares, each square is surrounded by an open knit trellis, and has four leaves



powdered sugar until it is of the right consistency to spread smoothly.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—The giving of presents to our loved ones is a dear and beautiful custom, commemorating as it does the precious gift of a Savior to the world. This custom has of late years lost much of its significance, because gifts are often made because the donor feels that some-

meeting together in the center. My quilt has eight squares in length and seven in width. Take No. 12 knitting-cotton and two large, steel knitting-needles.

Cast on one stitch, turn, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, in the stitch.

First row—Make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1.

Second row—Make 1, knit 1, purl 3, knit 1.

Third row—Make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 3.

Fourth row—Make 1, knit 2, purl 5, knit 3.

Fifth row—Make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 5.

Sixth row—Make 1, knit 3, purl 7, knit 4.

Seventh row—Make 1, knit 7, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 7.

Eighth row—Make 1, knit 4, purl 9, knit 5.

Ninth row—Make 1, knit 9, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 9.

Tenth row—Make 1, knit 5, purl 11, knit 6.

Eleventh row—Make 1, knit 11, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 11.

Twelfth row—Make 1, knit 6, purl 13, knit 7.

Thirteenth row—Make 1, knit 13, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 13.

Fourteenth row—Make 1, knit 7, purl 15, knit 8.

Fifteenth row—Make 1, knit 8, narrow, knit 11.

Sixteenth row—Make 1, knit 8, purl 13, knit 9.

Seventeenth row—Make 1, knit 9, narrow, knit 9 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 9.

Eighteenth row—Make 1, knit 9, purl 11, knit 10.

Nineteenth row—Make 1, knit 10, narrow, knit 9 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 10.

Twentieth row—Make 1, knit 10, purl 9, knit 11.

Twenty-first row—Make 1, knit 11, narrow, knit 5 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 11.

Twenty-second row—Make 1, knit 11, purl 7, knit 12.

Twenty-third row—Make 1, knit 12, narrow, knit 3 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 12.

Twenty-fourth row—Make 1, knit 12, purl 5, knit 13.

Twenty-fifth row—Make 1, knit 13, narrow, knit 1 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 13.

Twenty-sixth row—Make 1, knit 13, purl 3, knit 14.

Twenty-seventh row—Make 1, knit 14 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 4. Leaf finished.

Twenty-eighth row—Make 1, purl 30 (begin now the trellis).

Twenty-ninth row—Make 1, narrow, knit 1, * make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 1, narrow, knit 1; repeat from * twice, then make 1, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

Thirtieth row—Make 1, purl 32.

Thirty-first row—Make 1, narrow, knit 1, * make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, narrow, pass slip stitch over), knit 1; repeat from * twice, make 1, knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

Thirty-second row—Make 1, purl 34.

Thirty-third row—Make 1, knit 4, narrow, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, * make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 1, narrow, knit 1, make 1, knit 1; repeat from * twice, then narrow, knit 1.

Thirty-fourth row—Make 1, purl 36.

Thirty-fifth row—Make 1, knit 2, * make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, narrow, pass slip stitch over), knit 1, make 1, knit 3; repeat from * three times, then make 1, narrow, knit 1.

Thirty-sixth row—Make 1, purl 38.

Thirty-seventh row—Make 1, knit 4, narrow, knit 1, * make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 1, narrow, knit 1; repeat from * twice, then make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, knit 1, pass slip stitch over), knit 4.

Thirty-eighth row—Make 1, purl 40.

Thirty-ninth row—Make 1, knit 4, narrow, knit 1, * make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, narrow, pass slip stitch over), knit 1, repeat from * twice, then make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 1 (slip 1, narrow, pass slip stitch over), knit 4.

Fortieth row—Make 1, purl 42.

Forty-first row—Make 1, purl 43.

Forty-second row—Make 1, knit 44.

Forty-third row—Make 1, purl 45.

Cast off loose, leaving long thread for sewing; knit 3 more sections, sew them together to form a square, leaves to meet in the center.

MRS. M. R. WHITNEY.
[Directions for the insertion and edge will appear in succeeding numbers.—ED.]

USES FOR COLD VEAL.

Cold roast or stewed veal may be made into a number of delicious luncheon dishes that are better than its first state. If for a company luncheon when mushrooms are not thought to be an extravagance, cut the meat into thin slices until you have about a pound; peel a small onion, cut it into very thin slices, and brown it in two teaspoonfuls of flour; stir until free from lumps and brown; add two gills of white stock and a

gill of liquor poured from the mushrooms; when the same is smooth and hot, lay in the slices of meat; when they are heated through, add half a pint of mushrooms cut into slices, move to one side of the fire, and stir in slowly the beaten yolks of two eggs. This dish is excellent.

Cold veal is also excellent for salad, and heated with asparagus-tips, canned or fresh, for those fond of the vegetable. Boil two eggs hard, mash the yolks and mix them thoroughly with one ounce of melted butter. Heat half a pint of milk, add the egg and butter mixture, and when well mixed, add two cupfuls of veal and one of asparagus, season to taste with salt and pepper and cook a few minutes.

M. E. SMITH.

CHILD'S CLOAK.

Some of the pretty red and black mixtures or all red suitings are very suitable

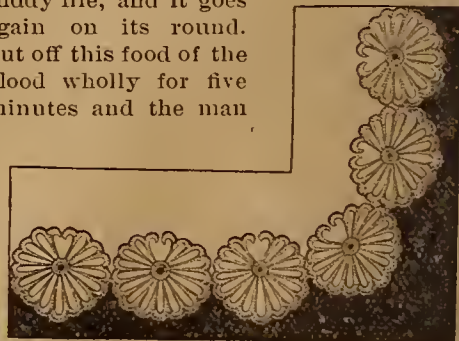


for this coat. The collars can be bound with heavy black satin or edged with fur. Large and small pearl buttons are used.

THE FOOD OF THE BLOOD—HOW TO GET IT.

What is it? Oxygen. How can it be obtained? Only through a sufficient supply of fresh, unbreathed air. As new light is thrown on the intimate constitution of the blood by the small army of men who are looking at it through ever-improving and improved microscopes, and subjecting it to the searching test of innumerable chemical reagents, it is getting to be understood that healthy blood—blood that has been fed with all the oxygen it normally needs—is the very best defense a person can have against disease. Of two persons exposed to some of the contagious diseases one will be stricken, the other not, because his healthy blood kills the invading microbe.

We have all seen the seeker after lost spectacles finally find them on the top of his own head; and so there are some methods of obtaining air fit to be fed to the blood that are so near at hand as to be quite overlooked, and one of these is the frequent "airing out" of an apartment where people have been sitting by a bright lamp, and which, in many cases, is subsequently used as a sleeping-room. As everybody knows, the blood that has made the round of the systemic circulation comes back filled with the waste matter thrown off by all the tissues of the body, and comes to the lungs; as it passes through them, it is freshly aerated, the effete particles are breathed forth as carbonic-acid gas, and the fresh oxygen of the air has again fed the tide of ruddy life, and it goes again on its round. Cut off this food of the blood wholly for five minutes and the man



dies. And we all know the good of living out of doors for those whose blood has been starved for lack of fresh air.

MRS. H. M. PLUNKETT.

CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEFS.

These are always a nice gift to any one. Get fine quality, with hemstitched hem wide enough to mark the above pattern upon it, beginning with the corner. If it doesn't come out even, leave a plain space of hem in the middle of each side. The work is done in close buttonhole with very fine white nun's cotton.

STARCH.

Much of the success in fine laundry-work depends upon the starch, and the manner in which it is used. Starch should boil for at least three minutes after it is made, to prevent being sticky. It should not be made too thick, or there will be gummy chunks adhering to the garment that will produce hard, white and shiny spots when ironed. Starch should not be made any thicker than ordinary gravy, and those gar-



ments requiring extra stiffening, as collars, cuffs and shirt-bosoms, should be dipped into cold starch before ironing, after the boiled starch has been once thoroughly dried in. Any attempt to iron a garment before the starch has ever become perfectly dry before sprinkling will result in asticky effort, liable to prove a failure. Starch should be thoroughly rubbed into a garment before drying, and dry in out-of-door air if possible. Freezing takes out the starch, and indoor drying of starched clothes sometimes becomes a necessity in winter; and there is where the garrets come in useful, if frost-proof, or nearly so. GYPSY.

HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.

In the house dress velvet is used in combination with the other material. This is a good model to make over another dress.



The cascaded lace down the front will hide the wear on an old waist. The sleeves are very stylish.

Silk shirt-waists are quite a feature of this winter's outfit for both young and old, and a dress that has seen service through the summer can be disposed of in this way. Black glaze silk is used for all. The white

linen collar is worn a great deal, although the cuffs can be of the material of the waist. Our illustration has a small, turn-over collar of velvet, and the yoke of a light color, but some of the best models are alike throughout. The shirt-waist pattern is used, and a thin lining if desired.

BELATED GIFT-MAKING.

Mrs. Abbott prided herself on always making all the Christmas presents she gave her friends, and usually began them early in the summer; but last year sickness, company, conventions and other things combined to prevent, so that the first of December found her usually well-filled Christmas-box as empty as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard; yet she put her wits to work, and by planning easily made gifts, remembered the most of her friends with her own handiwork, some of which we give.

The most elaborate piece of work was an apron of black India linen for a girl away at school. This was the first one commenced, and served as "pick-up" work when nothing else was at hand. Across the bottom a simple vine was outlined with white Honiton lace braid, its edges held in place by a detached buttonhole-stitch of Asiatic Honiton silk lace-thread.

For another young girl she purchased three handsome handkerchiefs. A case for these was made in a few minutes by using a fine handkerchief of gentlemen's size with a hemstitched hem, and the recipient's initial in one corner. A lining of old white lawn, with an interlining of cotton to hold the sachet-powder, was basted to the wrong side of it and narrow pink ribbons fastened to each corner. It was then folded so that opposite sides came together and the ribbons tied, forming a pretty and dainty case.

Knowing that good stationery was always an appropriate gift, she bought fine linen paper by the pound, getting it so much cheaper than if bought by the box or case, also getting envelopes to match by the box, getting the latter at wholesale prices; some envelopes large enough to hold the paper without folding, and some pretty blotters. For a third girl friend she traced a spray of wild roses across one of the large envelopes, and below in gilt letters the words,

"I searched for something sweet for you;
The roses asked if they would do."

A thin, rose-colored pad perfumed with rose-powder was slipped in this, to which was added two dozen sheets of paper and envelopes and a blotter, and another present was ready. One envelop had a spray of holly across one corner, and was tied by passing a narrow ribbon same shade as the holly-berries around it tied in a flat bow. Another had a spray of autumn leaves; one a bicycle and a bit of landscape, and still another some tiny chickens in a bit of grass. These latter were for young gentlemen friends, the last one a poultry fancier. All had their dainty perfumed pad and blotter.

For the baby in the family there was a crimson sack with the edges pinked, and above this a triple herring-bone stitch of black Roman floss, which was made in about three hours' time.

A square of black Henrietta with an inch-wide hem cat-stitched with medieval silk made a muffler for the grandfather; a larger one, a shoulder-shawl for grandma.

A large linen apron in the natural color, with hem, pockets and bib stitched with black Asiatic outline-silk, made a pretty and handsome apron for a housekeeper. A half dozen dark holders for kitchen use for another housekeeper; for a third one, a set of marbled oil-cloth covers for the cupboard shelves; while another rejoiced over a square of denims on which were five flat pockets designed to hold the patterns used for her five children, the pockets and edges of the case brightened by a cat-stitching of Asiatic outline embroidery-silk.

On Christmas morning one dear friend, a partial invalid who seldom left her room during the winter, was found to be unprovided for, although there were other gifts not here mentioned. A blooming plant from the window, accompanied by a pleasant note, was sent to her, and proved to be as much appreciated as any other present given that Christmas.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

When Mr. Beecher Sold
Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit

The most marvelous scene ever witnessed in a church, when men and women almost lost themselves in hysterical excitement, and threw watches, rings and jewels on the platform and in the collection baskets. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher describes the great event in the Christmas Ladies' Home Journal, while DeThulstrup shows the actual scene in a realistic picture.

One Dollar for One Year

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

SALT-RISING BREAD.

Some people do not like to make this kind of bread, as the old way takes all day; or if the yeast is started the night before, it is apt to become sour or strong. Use the "come-quick" yeast as described below, and the bread is baked before noon.

Let two thirds of a cupful of sweet milk come to a boil, then stir in two even table-spoonfuls of corn-meal, and as quick as boiling begins again, pour into a teacup, cover, and set it in a warm place until morning, when it will appear full of fine bubbles. Prepare the salt-rising yeast as usual, and add the "come-quick," stir well, and in a couple of hours the yeast should be light and ready to sponge; proceed as usual. The corn-meal yeast should be prepared about five or six o'clock in the evening to have plenty of time to get light. Many do not succeed with this preparation because they get it too thick with meal; it should be no thicker than ordinary gruel, the milk must be perfectly sweet, the corn-meal fresh and sweet, and be kept warm. Many failures in salt-rising bread arise from lack of warmth. The quicker it can be forced to completion, the less liability to acquire the strong odor which is so disagreeable, and can be avoided if you hurry the bread instead of its hurrying you.

GYPSY.

FRIENDSHIP CALENDAR.

Paint in water-colors, on cardboard the desired size and shape, a dainty design, leaving space for squares of thin white paper to be secured with bows of baby ribbon, each slip containing a verse on friend-



ship, or a quotation, a leaf for each day or week of the year.

M. E. SMITH.

Have you spare time? Why not coin it into hard cash? You can do it very easily. See advertisement on another page, headed "Big Pay and Sure Pay."

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That's exactly what thousands of ladies have written us this season about our cloaks. Our handsome catalogue No. 25 showing over 200 magnificent styles for ladies and children, together with complete assortment of cloth samples, mailed free upon request.



We Save You the Retailers' Profit.

221 Cloth Cape \$5.75, worth \$10, finest black kersey, 27 inches long.
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110 Ladies' Jacket \$5.00, worth \$9.00, finest black or navy blue beaver, black inlaid pearl buttons with 16 smaller ones on front, 25 inches long.
TERMS CASH or C. O. D. Anything not satisfactory will be taken back. We are an exclusive Cloak and Fur house, manufacture everything ourselves and sell at wholesale prices.

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Mention this paper.

AT LAST WE HAVE IT.

Good Cooking.

THE LONG SOUGHT FOR AND NEVER BEFORE FOUND

Good Housekeeping for November will print the first installment of a New and Novel Series of Papers, under the Title of

JILL'S COOKING,
And How Jack Tried to Eat It.

BY

MRS. E. C. GARDNER.

And the Author of "Model Homes for Model Housekeeping," "The House that Jill Built," Etc.

Being the Experience of the Woman who Cooked and Went to Market, and the Man who Ate and Paid the Bills—worthy the attention of every home dweller in Christendom.

The November number of Good Housekeeping will also spread Home Thanksgiving Table, with Desserts of various Thanksgiving Dainties, in verse and prose, of pleasing and appetizing flavors.

On all new subscriptions for 1897, we will send the Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers free of charge.

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12 Yards Torchon LACE Given Away. All one piece FREE to all sending loc. for paper 3 mos. Fireside Gem, Waterville, Maine. Mention this paper when you write.

Our Household.

NOVEMBER.

BY MARGARET M. MOORE.

November, solemn-browed, austere,
 Stood gazing on the dying year;
 On skies of gray, and fields all bare,
 On withering stalks once flowers fair;
 On nests deserted, sunset fires,
 On hearts with unattained desires.
 Swift from the spectral north there came
 A crimson gush of boreal flame;
 And in the deepening vault o'erhead
 A glittering tapestry was spread.
 On rocks and shores the wild waves dashed,
 By the fierce whips of autumn lashed;
 The turbid river's swollen veins
 Shot with swift menace thro' the plains,
 And on dnn clouds which bellied low,
 Crept the wild forest fire's mad glow.
 From horeal flames and ocean foam,
 From glittering hosts in sapphire dome,
 From withering stalks, and jagged cloud,
 November wore the old year's shroud.

CENTERPIECE IN SWISS EMBROIDERY AND JEWELS.

WITH this issue of the FARM AND FIRESIDE we are going to present to our lady readers something entirely new in art embroidery; namely, Swiss embroidered applique-work. This work takes to a great extent the place of Honiton braid; and while the braids will still be used, this Swiss embroidery, being new—and what lady is not ready to take up something new in art embroidery?—we believe it will take better than anything we have ever brought out. In connection with this we have the always pretty jewels and



scrolls, and last, but not least, a cluster of small flowers which can be embroidered in the delicate tints of pink or yellow.

Baste the applique-work in the center of space, as indicated in the twelve spaces on centerpiece; these are then buttonholed down, following the outer scallop edge with the buttonhole-stitch and catching the edge of the applique pieces with every stitch taken, the same as with the Honiton braid. With a little care in the arrangement of colors for the jewels this part of the work can be made very attractive. Do not put in more than five or six red jewels in all, as otherwise the harmony of the balance of the jewels will be spoiled. The jewels are first filled in with a few stitches of white embroidery-cotton, and then worked over in silk, making the stitches the opposite way to the cotton. The scrolls, etc., are best worked in white, although a delicate green or light old gold can be used, and will harmonize nicely with the colored jewels and white edge. Do not fail to outline each jewel with a different shade darker than the one in which it is worked. After the piece is laundered, cut the linen from under the openwork applique pieces.

As an accommodation to our lady readers we will furnish this centerpiece (Premium No. 593), stamped on an excellent

quality of linen, twenty-two inches square, with the twelve Swiss applique pieces, for 40 cents; or with all the silk for working, 75 cents.

We can furnish a plate-dolly (Premium No. 594) in same design, stamped on linen twelve inches square, with seven applique pieces, for 25 cents; or with all the silk for working, 45 cents. Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT-CAKE (an old Virginia recipe).—Take two pounds of dried and sifted flour, two pounds of butter, a pound of sugar, an ounce of ground mace, three grated nutmegs, half a pound of blanched almonds, chopped fine, a pound each of dried currants, stoned raisins and sliced citron. Break fifteen eggs, separate the yolks and whites. Cream the butter and sugar together, add alternately the flour, yolks of the eggs and the frothed whites; beat well, mix in the spices, with a small teacupful of molasses and the fruit well floured; turn the batter into a well-greased mold, and then set in a moderate oven to bake for three hours; when it becomes cold, ornament it with white icing and bonbons.

HOLIDAY CAKE.—Beat ten eggs together. Cream a pound of butter and a pound of sugar, add the eggs, a pound of sifted flour, one grated nutmeg, half a teaspoonful each of allspice, cinnamon and mace; beat all together vigorously for ten minutes; add a pound of sliced citron, one grated coconut, half a pound of chopped figs, with the juice and grated rind of one lemon, stir well, and turn into a large,

well-greased cake-pan; set in a moderate oven to bake for two and one half hours. Ice with pink and white frosting, and ornament with holly-leaves.

CHRISTMAS TEA-CAKES (an English recipe).—Put three fourths of a pound of honey and three ounces of butter together over the fire to melt gently; mix well, add a pound of flour, three ounces of almond paste, the grated rind of half a lemon, and a little grated nutmeg; flavor with a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Dissolve in a tablespoonful of hot water half a teaspoonful of soda, and stir in, with the beaten whites of two eggs; cover this dough, and set in a cool place over night. When ready to bake, add a little more flour, roll thin, cut into fancy shapes, and bake in a moderate oven until crisp. Decorate with tiny strips of candied orange-peel, and dust with pink sugar.

FRENCH GINGERCAKE.—Beat four eggs, to which add half a pound of sugar, a teaspoonful each of ground ginger and cloves, a pinch of salt, a pound of sifted flour, two ounces of finely chopped almonds and citron each, with a pinch of soda dissolved in warm sweet milk; mix well, turn into a greased square pan, and bake in a quick oven. While hot, mark off in narrow strips; let cool, break apart, and dust with sugar. ELIZA R. PARKER.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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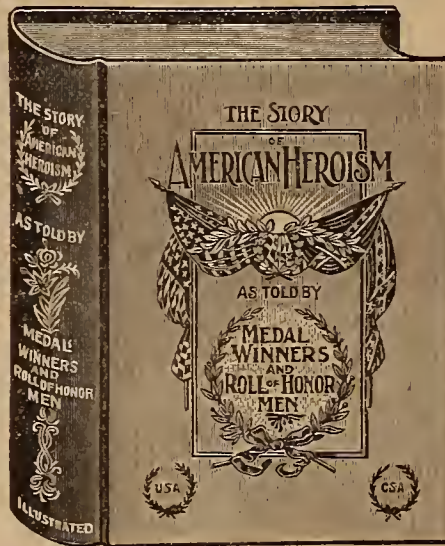
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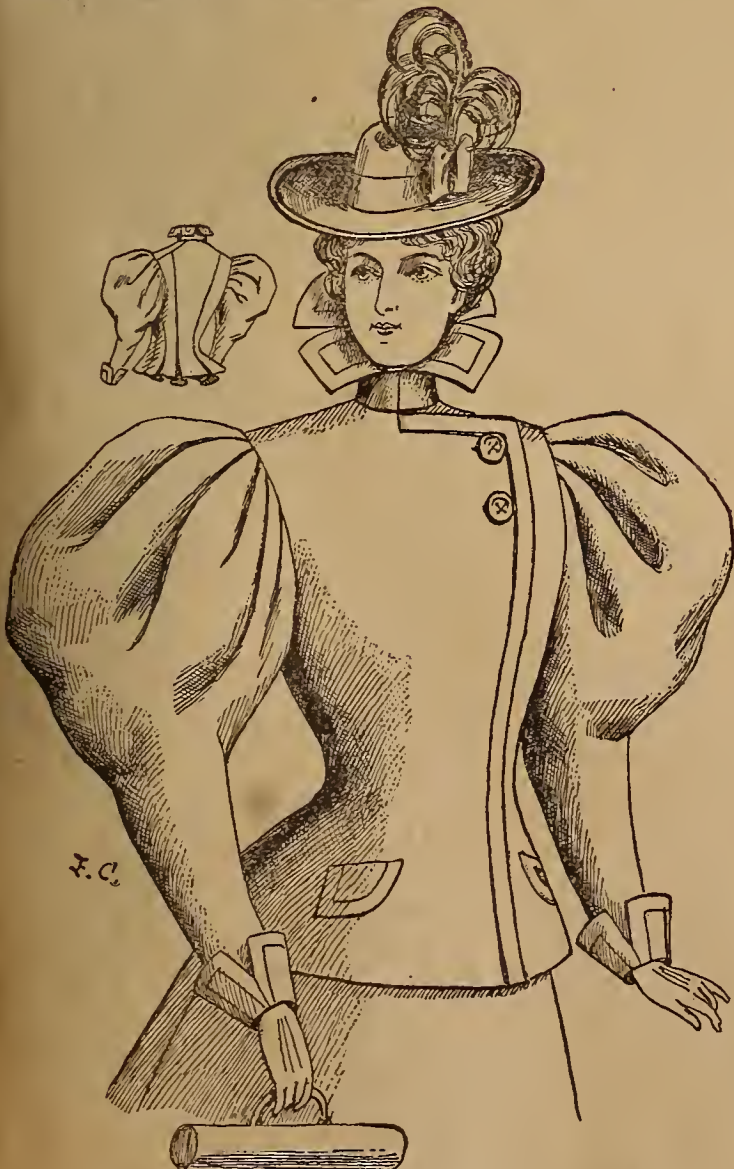
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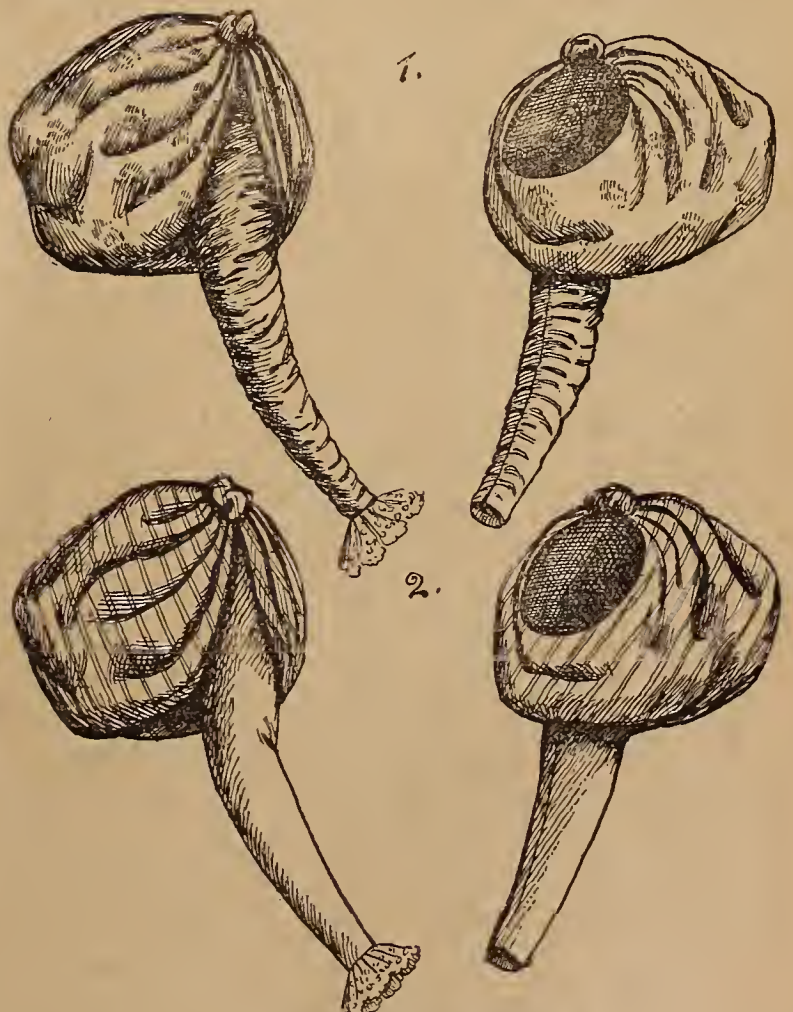
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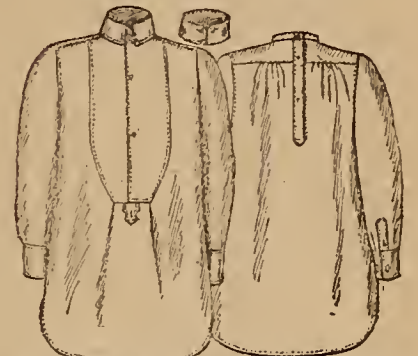
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No. 6915.—MISSSES' WAIST, WITH BOLERO FRONTS. 10 cents. Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



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FREE!

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements:

Had Catarrh ever since I can remember, often avoided company on account of the offensive discharge, hawking and spitting; throat was dry and sore, the least change in the weather gave me cold; dull pain over my eyes caused a stupid and drowsy feeling; ears began to ring and in a short time my hearing failed and grew worse until I became so deaf I could not hear one talk unless they were close to me and spoke very loud. Have used Aerial Medication eight weeks, hearing is fully restored, roaring and pain gone, and Catarrh is entirely cured. I do not see why any one should suffer from Catarrh or deafness when there is such a good cure as this.

MISS CARRIE BOWERS, Rouseville, Pa.

The late Prof. Basil Manley, of the South Baptist Theo. Seminary, Louisville, Ky., says of Aerial Medication: "I can cordially recommend its use." Write for a facsimile of his letter.



"Whereas I was deaf, now I hear."



WILLIAM RITCHIE, Derby Center, Vt.

See special free offer below.

Restored His Hearing in 5 Minutes.

My age is 63. I suffered from Catarrh 10 years. Had intense headache, continual roaring and singing in ears, took cold easily. My hearing began to fail, and for three years was almost entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Everything I had tried failed. In despair I commenced to use Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cured of Catarrh.

ELI BROWN, Jacksboro, Tenn.



I became very hot from overexertion, which was followed by chronic catarrh of the ears, nose, throat and lungs. I lost weight, became short of breath, had severe cough, continual roaring, buzzing and ringing in ears; my hearing failed, and in a short time could not understand any conversation. I used Aerial Medication in '94, in three months could hear common conversation across a room and a clock tick 30 feet. Can say honestly and candidly I am cured and have remained well over a year, and my hearing is still perfect.

THOS. J. GLASS, Estill, Mo.

Aerial Medication has triumphed and I am cured. One thousand dollars would be nothing compared to this. I have had bitter suffering from Catarrh. Since I had Lagrippe the disease settled in the back of my head, and my sufferings have been almost unbearable. I thank God I ever heard of your treatment, which has no equal. I can speak in the highest terms of Aerial Medication.

MISS E. S. ORR, E. Harpswell, Maine.

Medicine for 3 Months' Treatment Free.

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

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Our Sunday Afternoon.

NOTHING IS LOST.

To talk with God—no breath is lost;
Talk on, talk on!
To walk with God—no strength is lost;
Walk on, walk on!
To wait on God—no time is lost;
Wait on, wait on!
To grind the ax—no work is lost;
Grind on, grind on!
The work is quicker, better done;
Not needing half the strength laid on;
Grind on!

Martha stood—but Mary sat;
Martha murmured much at that;
Martha cared—but Mary heard,
Listening to the Master's word,
And the Lord her choice preferred,
Sit on—hear on!
Work without God is labor lost;
Work on, work on!
Full soon you'll learn it to your cost;
Toil on, toil on!

Little is much when God is in it;
Man's busiest day's not worth God's minute;
Much is little everywhere,
If God the labor do not share;
So work with God and nothing's lost—
Who works with him does best and most;
Work on, work on!

—British Evangelist.

THE NEED OF SLEEP.

It is probable, however, we quite admit, that the effect of night on individuals differs greatly, and that a process of natural selection is continually at work, men who cannot bear night-work avoiding it, while those to whom it is recuperative—and every journalist knows such men—throng into the professions in which sitting up, if not obligatory, is at least advantageous. There are extraordinary differences of instinct in this respect, a few men being literally unable to bear night-work, while a few others deliberately leave their whole work to be done after the sun has disappeared.

The incapacity and the faculty are connected in some way with the differences in the power of sleeping, which still remain among the perplexities of physicians. Why can some men sleep at will, and some "nervous" men, too, while others, sometimes very "heavy" men with apparently immovable nerves, are tortured by insomnia? Why, too, do some men seem to obtain sufficient rest with five hours' sleep, while others require nine? Do some men "sleep slow," as Mr. Smedley jocularly argued in one of his amusing stories, or do they actually require more sleep? We cannot answer the question any more than the doctors can, but we agree on one side of the subject most heartily with the "British Medical Journal." The popular prejudice against sleep works infinity of mischief. There are plenty of sluggards even among the cultivated class, but the sleep sluggard is in that class a very rare specimen. The tendency of the educated is to wakefulness, and the man who does intellectual work and exhibits what his friends think a disposition to oversleep, is obeying a healthy instinct. Sleep recuperates him, and he knows it. The popular notion that a young man who works with his head, yet sleeps for nine hours, is a sluggard, is popular nonsense. No man whose brain is active and who does not drink ever sleeps more than is good for him.—London Spectator.

THE DEAD WIFE.

The hour set for the funeral had come. The hearse, with its black plumes, stood at the farm-house door. It seemed a strange and foreign thing among the bright-colored hollyhocks. The commonplace sunshine, the lowing of cows in the barn-yard, and the chickens that moved about upon the green lawn before the house. The Jersey wagons of the neighboring farmers filled the road, for the Garretts were much respected.

Mrs. Garrett, who had just died, was a "home body," and saw but little of her neighbors, but her husband had grown rich by his great industry and close saving, and had pushed his children on in the world.

John, his only son, had been to college, and the girls to boarding-school, and they seemed to belong to quite another class from their mother.

They had stood with their father at the coffin to look for the last time at the woman who lay there.

"Your mother was a pretty woman when she was young," the farmer had said. It

had startled him to see how thin and withered her face was under the white hair.

"Sarah's only fifty," he continued. "She hadn't ought to look so old," he said. He had not thought of her looks when she was alive.

There was a certain sullen resentment under his grief that she was dead. How was he to do without her? She was a master hand at cooking, butter-making, laundry-work and sewing. He had never thought to ask her if she needed help. She had never complained, and to complete her work she had risen at four and had gone to bed late at night. Things always ran smoothly. She had never spoken of being ill. It stunned him when she took this cold and sank under it in two days. The doctor said that all her strength was gone. "Sarah had the strength of ten women," the husband said. "Where had it gone?"

He was amazed and indignant. Was this justice of God to take away a woman so useful in the world? It was not just!

Her daughters sobbed vehemently. She had always been so tender! They did not, it is true, feel well acquainted with her since they grew up. But between their music and their studies and their young companions, and other social occupations, their lives had been filled. They smoothed the folds of her merino gown, a little ashamed that the neighbors should see that she had no silk dress. She had insisted that each of them should have silk gowns, and had helped to make them.

Jack, her son, like his father, was shocked to see how tired and worn his mother looked. He had talked for a year or two of taking her to New York. She had never seen a great city. But he always had some engagement. He remembered now that she had made enough in the dairy to keep him in spending-money at college. He wished he had contrived that little holiday for her! They all felt now how good and unselfish she had been and how dear to them.

"Why should she be taken from us?" the old man moaned, bitterly. "It is cruel. Why has God done this thing?"

And the dead woman lying there, her lips closed forever, could make no answer save that which toil had stamped upon the thin, worn face that seemed pleading for rest.—Youth's Companion.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF.

Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body.

Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it.

Eat nothing that will hurt it; wear nothing that distorts or pains it.

Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work.

Give yourself regular and abundant sleep.

Keep your body warmly clad.

At the first signal of danger from the thousand enemies that surround you, defend yourself.

Do not take cold; guard yourself against it; if you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment.

Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. Take a vigorous walk or run, then guard against a sudden attack of perspiration.

This is the only body you will ever have in this world.

A large share of the pleasure and pain of life will come through the use you make of it.

Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that should govern it, and the pains and penalties that will surely follow a violation of every law of life or health.

THE GIRL'S LUNCHEON.

You mean the school luncheon? Let it be as nice as possible, and take pains to pack it very neatly for her, so that when the recess hour comes she may take an interest in what she eats.

A dainty box or little basket, a fine, soft napkin and some paraffin-paper are indispensable to the preparation of lunches. Sandwiches must be made of thin bread and butter, with potted meat, cream cheese or jam spread between the slices. Rough edges and crusts must be cut off, and the bread and butter be of the very best. There are many delicious crackers, some salted, some sprinkled with cheese-flakes, some sweet and crisp like cookies, which are appetizing with one's luncheon. And fruit is always in order.

If it is possible, and it usually is, to get a little boiling water, let the school-girl

make for herself a cupful of bouillon, which comes in small jars or bottles, and of which a spoonful added to a glassful or cupful of either hot or cold water makes a very refreshing drink. I prefer hot bouillon myself, but cold bouillon is very refreshing, too, and much better with bread and butter than cold water, if the luncheon is a simple affair of that.

A girl who eats her luncheon regularly, and avoids sweets, pastry and candy between meals, will have bright eyes and a good complexion. She will not look sallow and pasty, nor have pimples and other signs of indigestion on her face.—Harper's Round Table.

CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small.
No city so large.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.

They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and



tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.

The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:

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If afflicted with **SORE EYES** USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Pitting Turnips and Apples.—C. A. McG., Venango, Pa., writes: "Please give best plan of burying turnips. Would like to bury about five hundred bushels if I can do it so they will keep as well as in the cellar. Will apples need as much covering as turnips if buried for spring use?"

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—It is an easy matter to keep turnips as well as apples in pits outdoors, if you have a well-drained spot. Water must not be allowed to get into the heap, nor stand around it. If naturally drained, you can dig out a place a foot or so in depth, three or four feet wide and as long as needed to make a conical heap (as high as they will lie) of the quantity on hand. Cover with straw, say eight or ten inches, then with soil, and finally with coarse litter of some kind, so that the turnips or apples will not freeze very much. If they do freeze a little, it will not hurt them if they are allowed to remain until thawed out again. It would be safer, however, not to let them freeze, and for this purpose to make the covering heavy enough. Both apples and turnips, if stored in this way, will be of superior quality and brittleness when taken out of the pit.

Greenhouse Crops.—G. N. C., Oberlin, Ohio, writes: "Please tell us something more about growing radishes in greenhouses, and what varieties to grow. Our greenhouse man says they are 'all running to top.' Anything new in raising hot-house lettuce? Could you give me the name of a reliable commission man in Buffalo?"

REPLY BY T. GREINER:—Some varieties of vegetables are better suited for forcing than others. Seedsmen's catalogues usually name the radishes, lettuce, beans, carrots, tomatoes, etc., which seem to do especially well under glass. I have grown the "forcing radishes" of a number of seedsmen, and find them all reliable, and growing good bottoms with small tops. I usually plant Rapid Forcing (Henderson), but you can do about as well with Earliest Carmine, Olive-shaped (Burpee), Early Scarlet Erfurt (Maule), and others. Some prefer French Breakfast to all others. I do not like it. Of forcing lettuces I like the heading sorts like Landreth's Forcing, Buist's White Perfection, etc. There are many commission merchants in Buffalo that are reliable, as commission merchants go. I have dealt with Wm. Navel (Washington market, Buffalo), also with Matthew Ring, Wm. Unger, etc., and was well treated.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

SPAVIN AND RINGBONE.

Spavin, ringbone and navicular disease are not only of frequent occurrence, but also constitute the causes of more or less severe lameness in horses and mules, and thus reduce, or even annihilate, the market value of these animals. All three closely resemble each other, so far as the morbid process is concerned, and only differ in regard to their seat, which is in different joints. The morbid process, in all cases, presents peculiarities which strongly indicate a specific character, and consequently a specific cause, which, it seems, is the same in all three diseases. This cause, which must be looked upon as the exciting cause, so far has escaped discovery, but the predisposing causes or conditions which cause the parts—afterward constituting the seat of the morbid process—to become susceptible to the exciting cause, and thus enables the latter to produce the morbid process, are well known. The same consist in all three diseases in defects, congenital (most frequent) or acquired, in the mechanical proportions and supports of the respective joints—in spavin, the hock-joint; in ringbone, the phalangeal joints, especially the so-called coronet-joint; and in navicular disease, the joint between the second and third phalanges and the navicular bone—in which the morbid process takes its seat. As these defects are often congenital, or inherited from the ancestors, they are also apt to be transmitted in the future by either sire or dam to their offspring, and thus the hereditary character of all three diseases, known to dealers from time immemorial, must find its explanation. Where such defects, resulting in an unequal or unproportionate distribution of weight and concussion upon various parts of the respective joints, are absent, or where, in other words, the mechanical proportions and supports are fully adequate, there the specific (exciting) cause, whatever its nature may be, appears to be powerless, even to such an extent that, as a rule, it ceases to be active where the proportionate distribution is restored by ankylosis and consequent immobility of an affected joint.

Such being the case, it has been found that the lameness caused by spavin or by ringbone will be removed by artificially effecting a firm union between the diseased articular surfaces of the affected bones, making the diseased joint stiff or immovable (ankylosis), provided the use of the joint can be spared in the various movements a horse is required to make, and the diseased joint is not too weak to bear the weight, pressure and concussion after a distribution of the same over all its parts has

been secured by ankylosis. In cases of spavin and of ringbone in which the morbid process extends to the articular surfaces of bones of a joint that cannot be spared, or in which the diseased joint is absolutely too weak, the lameness cannot be removed, and must be regarded as incurable. Ringbone, as is well known, occurs in the joints formed between the phalanges; and as there is but one joint—the one between the first and second phalanx, the so-called coronet-joint—that can be ankylosed and he spared without perceptible damage to the movement of the animal, lameness caused by ringbone can be removed only if the morbid process is limited to that joint, and then only if the latter is, as a whole, strong enough to sustain weight and concussion. The hock-joint, in which the morbid process of spavin has its seat, is composed of what may be looked upon as four single joints. Of these, the two upper ones are very essential to the various movements and cannot be spared; and even if they could, ankylosis, owing to the almost constant motion taking place, cannot be produced, except perhaps by extraordinary and very severe means, and if produced would make the animal perfectly worthless. In the two lower joints belonging to the hock the case is different, for they are only semi-movable joints, and can be spared, and in them ankylosis can be produced by ordinary means, provided all movement is, as much as possible, prevented, and the animal has strict rest, is kept in the stable, and is not taken out of its stall for any purpose whatever until the joint has become solid or immovable. This usually requires from eight to ten weeks' time of strict rest. After the diseased joint has become firmly ankylosed, the lameness will have disappeared, unless the morbid process extends to one or both of the upper joints, or the ankylosed one, as a whole, is too weak to sustain the weight and concussion. If in the latter case a union has been effected, it will be severed again, probably by the first severe exertion the animal is called upon to make. If no rest is given, ankylosis can be produced no more than the ends of a broken bone can be made to unite without rest.

If all necessary conditions—absolute rest and sufficient strength and size of the diseased joint—are not wanting, ankylosis can be brought about by producing a moderate degree of inflammation in the affected joint. It must be just enough to cause exudation, but not enough to work destruction. This can be done in two different ways—first, by firing with a red-hot iron; and second, by repeated applications of sharp ointments. Each way has its peculiar advantages and disadvantages. Firing has the advantage of not requiring any repetition, but unless it is well done, and done in dots or points, it is apt to produce more or less conspicuous blemishes in shape of permanent scars. The dots or points should be made on the spavin elevation, or exostosis, about three fourths of an inch apart, and deep enough to sufficiently penetrate the skin to throw out, within a short time, a little exudation. Care must be taken not to fire the large vein ascending in the anterior part of the median surface of the hock-joint, and, unless the spavin elevation happens to be far back, just in front of the latter. From five to seven points are usually sufficient. I use for firing a heavy, pear-shaped iron, terminating in a conical point of about thirty degrees. It is heavy enough not only to secure steadiness, but also to retain sufficient heat until all the points—several or all of them require a repeated touch—have been fired. I described it in FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 15th of last year. Sharp salves or ointments—as the most suitable I prefer one composed of (red) biniodide of mercury, one part, and hog's lard, twelve parts, well mixed by trituration—have the disadvantage of requiring repeated applications for about eight weeks, or on an average, one application every four or five days, and are hardly as effective as firing, if the latter is in every respect well and judiciously performed; but the danger of doing too much or not enough is somewhat lessened, and no permanent blemishes will be produced, except where unsuitable and destructive sharp substances, not at all necessary, have been used. The biniodide-of-mercury salve, in the composition given, answers the purposes and leaves no blemishes. If it is chosen, a second application may be made three days after the first. Three or four days after the second application, the place where the salve has been rubbed in—with the hand, of course—will be found coated with a scab of more or less thickness, and to make another application on top of that scab would not do much good; but the same is easily removed if greased with pure lard, which will loosen it in twenty-four hours. After the scab has been removed, it is time for a new application, and as each successive application will produce more or less of a scab, which is simply a layer of dried exudates, it will each time be about five days until a new application has to be made. In about six, seven or eight weeks after the firing—or if a sharp ointment has been used, after the first application of the same—the horse will begin to indicate whether the treatment will be successful or not. In the former case, the patient will gradually cease to favor the diseased leg, and will begin to stand squarely on his four feet; but this should not tempt anybody to subject the animal prematurely to a test or trial, because such a premature test is apt to destroy the good results that may have been obtained. At any rate, no test by exercise or otherwise must be attempted until the horse or mule has not any more favored the lame leg for at least two weeks, and also not until all soreness produced by the treatment has completely disappeared. The first test, in consideration of the fact that the animal had no exercise whatever for two months, or even longer, must be nothing more than to lead the horse out of the stable and allow it to walk a distance not exceeding two hundred yards. Next day this distance may be doubled; the third day the distance should not be increased, but the gait may be increased to a slow trot; the fourth day the distance may be lengthened, and if the animal has not shown any lameness, the trial on the fifth day may consist in a trot just fast enough to show whether any lameness is yet existing or not. In about a week's time the animal may be employed for very light work in harness, but a much longer time should be allowed to pass before the same is used for hard work or under the saddle. It is in all cases very essential that the exercise is only gradually increased, even if no lameness whatever can be noticed.

One more remark may not be superfluous. Before the treatment is begun, shoes that may happen to be on the feet should be taken off, and the hoofs should be put in proper shape and be pared in such a way as will, as much as possible, effect a proportional distribution of weight and pressure upon all parts of the diseased joints. If this is not neglected, the prospect of effecting a cure, everything else being equal, will be much better. The treatment of spavin and ringbone during the summer months and in the fall, as a rule, is unsuccessful, because the flies will make a perfect rest an impossibility. For the same reason, the prospect of a cure is also very much lessened if the animal to be treated is very nervous and restless.

STRONG PRAISE OF FLORIDA.

EDITOR "REPRESENTATIVE":—Some weeks ago you published a letter from L. S. Rowell, of Dayton, Tenn., in regard to Florida, which, with your permission, I would like to review in a brief article for your columns, for in times like these, when the life of the nation is at stake, it would be a great wrong to interrupt, except briefly and for the moment, the grand educational work that "The Representative" is doing, to give place to anything else. Knowing, however, that many of your readers who are canvassing the subject of removal to Florida are liable by such articles as Mr. Rowell's to get a very wrong impression, I have thought that, in the interest of truth, and to aid in the betterment of their condition, you would be willing and anxious to give both sides a hearing.

In the fall of 1875 I went to Tallahassee, and there raised a fine crop of watermelons, with far less expense in first living than would be necessary in Minnesota, and but for dishonest commission men in Cincinnati, to whom I shipped, I should have done splendidly. Nine months after I went to Jacksonville and raised a crop of cabbage, potatoes, strawberries, etc. At both places I was surprised that with so little labor, and expense for fertilizers, so fine crops were secured.

From eighteen months' residence in Florida, and close observation, I came to a very different conclusion as to the desirability of a home in Florida from Mr. Rowell. I firmly believe that, all things considered (after residing in various parts of the country), there is no section of the United States that offers the attractions that are to be found in Florida, and especially to the laboring man. As to mosquitoes, to which Mr. R. alludes, there are much more mosquitoes in Minnesota and the Northwest, as well as much larger, than here; and the same may be said of the cliffs and fern. The government statistics, as well as from the official reports from officers of government forts throughout the country, show Florida to be absolutely the most healthful state in the Union.

So much for my personal observation. I cut the following out of the FARM AND FIRESIDE, which I have been taking for years, and which I have come to regard as of the highest authority in statements of facts, for the benefit of the farmers, and it certainly is a little strange that out of its 310,000 subscribers, scattered in all parts of the land, not a note of protest to its statements of facts in regard to Florida should appear, save this, while on the other hand hundreds of unsolicited statements fully indorsing all they have said editorially (as well as corroborative of the advertisements of the "Clark Syndicate") are to be found in nearly every leading publication of the country.

V. FELL, M.D.

Dr. Fell's several letters of recommendation of Florida. We have space to quote only the first. It is as follows:

TALLAHASSEE, IND. TER.—Editor FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio: Gents—I have been quite interested of late in reading the advertisements in your paper of Florida. Of course, I could not help but think you had things concerning that country considerably exaggerated, so myself and wife just took a trip down there to see for ourselves, and to our surprise we found everything just as you have represented, if not better. Of course, we found Florida, like all other states—found some poor country; but the Tallahassee country we thought the most delightful country that we ever saw.

I am now fifty-four years old, and have followed farming all my life, and I think I know good land when I see it, and I will just say to all the readers of your valuable paper that I don't think I ever found a better country for a poor man (or rich one, either) to make a living in than Leon or Wakulla Counties. I would say that the land is very productive, capable of raising anything that a farmer wants to raise. The country is rolling, with fine springs of pure running water the year round. I did not taste a bit of bad water while there, and a more healthful and delightful climate is not to be found any place on the earth, and a more clever and hospitable class of people are not to be found than we found in and around Tallahassee. In fact, we just fell in love with the country, and all the people, so much so that we purchased a tract of land six miles from Tallahassee, and are going there to spend the rest of our days.

(Signed) W. F. HIATT AND WIFE.

HARVEYSBURG, OHIO.

For many years I had a desire to see Florida, but never until this fall was that longing satisfied.

Father and I left Waynesville on the morning of the 6th of October, and arrived at Lake City on the evening of the 7th, leaving for Tallahassee at 11 o'clock the next morning. Most of the way was through pine forest, with now and then a spot of cleared land. As we were nearing the capital, better improvements and more cleared land appeared. The country became more rolling, many very attractive farms were seen on either side of us. When we landed at the depot, Mr. Snook, on learning we were from the North, invited us to take passage with him. Others from different states came on the same train. We were taken

direct to the office of the Company, where we were introduced to Mr. Swearingen and Mr. Taylor. After spending a short time here we went to a hotel, where we cleaned off some of the dust we had accumulated on us along the journey, after which we took a stroll over the city.

Tallahassee has a population of four thousand; is built after the style of the other old Southern cities—broad streets and pavements, with many beautiful shade-trees on each side of the streets, also in yards and vacant lots. The city is built on a hill or hills. These hills are clay of a reddish color, and extend for several miles in some directions, and are said to be very productive if properly managed. In appearance it is entirely unlike any other part of Florida—instead of being a plain of unvarying surface, it resembles some parts of Ohio. It is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, threaded by streams, and rendered picturesque by lakes which are filled with the choicest of fish.

The next morning Mr. Swearingen and Mr. Snook had two conveyances brought around, that we (ten in all) might see some of the surrounding country. The weather was everything to be desired; the drive delightful. Most of the land is cleared. What timber we saw was mostly oak, pine, magnolia, with some beech. These in places were very beautiful, with long waves of moss flowing beneath their limbs. We saw some fine-laying country, just rolling enough. A great portion of the land was not inclosed by fences.

We saw some beautiful tracts of land owned by the Syndicate, which they offer for sale at \$10 to \$15 per acre, within a few miles of the capital. I believe there can be many farms selected from the Company's large tracts that with improved methods of farming can be made very productive. In fact, I know so, for I saw some farms owned by Northern people that produced good corn, cotton and tobacco.

The tobacco industry is growing, and a fine variety of Sumatra leaf brings a fancy price. There is a cigar-factory in the city which employs quite a number of hands.

Money is being realized all the while from the dairy business, some of the dairies turning their attention now to full cream cheese, from which fancy prices are realized.

During the day we passed over a wide scope of country, and were well pleased with what we saw. The people were very sociable, much more so than in the North.

Mr. Snook took us over the Companies' railway to Carrabelle, then on their boat to Apalachicola, which we enjoyed highly. The next day we returned to Lanark Inn, where we spent a few days. This is a beautiful place to rest and regain lost health—bathing and fishing to your own satisfaction. This trip, with the exception of boarding, was free from expenses.

Before returning home we spent a short time with the Companies' agents very pleasantly. Some families from the North were moving in while we were there, bringing their goods and live stock for more than a thousand miles, expecting to spend the remainder of their days in that healthy country.

Mr. Ullom, an excellent young man from Pennsylvania, was with us during our short stay. He was so well pleased with the country that he decided to stay.

Any one intending to go South should by all means see Mr. Swearingen, Mr. Snook or Mr. Taylor. They are men to be relied upon, and they can tell you more about that country in one hour than you can find out other ways in days. I believe them to be perfect gentlemen, and will tell you nothing but the truth.

J. T. ROMINE.

EXCURSIONS TO FLORIDA.

One-way and round-trip excursions will take place from Chicago and Cincinnati on the first and third Tuesday of each month. The single fare to Tallahassee from Chicago is \$18.10; from Cincinnati, \$12.65; the round-trip fare from Chicago is \$32.80, and from Cincinnati, \$25.90. The round-trip tickets are good for 21 days. In addition to this, we have very favorable rates for round-trip excursions on which the tickets are good for a period of six months. Full particulars regarding these can be obtained by writing us. We leave Chicago over the "Monon" Route, and leave Cincinnati over the "Queen & Crescent."

If you cannot join our excursion at either Chicago or Cincinnati, go to your nearest ticket agent and get rates from him. Then if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot on your arrival. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our railroad and steamship lines during your visit in Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip over the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, or over the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston or New York, at low excursion rates, which include meals and berth on board the steamer.

For special rates by water from these Eastern points address either of the steamship companies at New York, Philadelphia or Boston, or write direct to this company. Address

CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
1013 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Our Miscellany.

AN end-of-the-century child.—"Why, Frankie, what are you reading in that book about hringing up children?"

"I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up."—Fliegende Blätter.

IT IS WELL TO GET CLEAR OF A COLD the first week, but it is much better and safer to rid yourself of it the first forty-eight hours—the proper remedy for the purpose being Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. The best family pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

SINCE the election the bicycle manufacturers throughout the country have started anew with work upon their 1897 wheels. The 1897 model will differ in many small details from the bicycle of this season. The manufacturers have become conservative in relation to how many wheels to turn out next year, in order to prevent an overflow like this season. For the past six months the mechanical experts of leading firms have been at work upon novelties for next year. The chainless bicycle will be the most radical departure from the present type of wheel, and will be manufactured largely.

It is expected that next year a close line will be drawn between the road and racing bicycle. There seems to be a general tendency among manufacturers, at the suggestion of well-known riders, to diverge from the practice of turning out roadsters ranging from nineteen to twenty-one pounds, and make this style of wheel stronger, averaging from twenty-five to twenty-seven pounds. Of course, the racing-wheel will be as light as ever, and no doubt a certain following will demand light-weight road-wheels, but it is said that the popular road-machine will be about twenty-five pounds. Brakes will be put on all bicycles for next year, unless ordered without. Next year the popular gears will range from seventy-two to seventy-six inches, and will then be considered medium, as riders are fast taking to the exceedingly high gears.—New York Sun.

THE HORSE HOLDS HIS OWN AGAINST THE BICYCLE.

For a couple of years the idea has been general that the bicycle has driven the horse largely out of existence. Philosophic mathematicians figured elaborately on the number of years which must come and go before the equine race became wholly extinct. The extensive organization known as the Horseshoers' Protective Association has made its report, and this report demonstrates that instead of a decrease in the number of horses in the country there is actually an increase, and that there are more horses in the country at the present time than ever before since the landing of the Pilgrim fathers. The figures furnished by the organization mentioned claim that there are in Ohio 19,000 more horses than there were one year ago, 17,000 more in Michigan, and 12,500 more in New York. Other states show a corresponding increase in the number of horses over twelve months ago. The statistician of the Horseshoers' Association explains this phenomenon by stating that bicycles are used chiefly by people who never did and never would own a horse. It is also asserted that while occasionally a man may sell his horse and adopt the "bike," the change is only temporary, and that as soon as the exhilarating novelty of the wheel wears off, the waste of muscular energy becomes irksome, and the two-wheeled nag is abandoned, and the four-footed nag is again installed in service and favor. Those who feared the passing of the horse can take heart and courage. He will not pass.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

THE IRISH POTATO NOT IRISH.

"The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish," observed one of the potato experts of the Agricultural Department. "The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chili, Peru and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1563. Sir Francis Drake took it to England twenty years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else, and got its name, no doubt, because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified, and classified as the Solanum tuberosum. As the winter stock is now being laid in, it may be well for the inexperienced to be able to select good potatoes.

"Cut the raw potato in two, and rub the halves together. If the moisture on rubbing is soft and liquid enough to drop, the potato will be soggy and set when cooked. Rub the halves briskly around on each other. A potato that will be dry and mealy when cooked will give out a good, rich froth, while a poor one will show only a watery froth by the same action. The pieces will stick together if the potato is a good one. Of course, the whole thing is to test the amount of starch in the potato, for the more starch, the better the potato. If, however, a person intends to lay in a very large supply, for they are cheap now, the best plan, of course, is to cook them, and there will be no chance of a mistake."—Washington Evening Star.

A QUESTION OF AGE.

A middle-aged woman entered a Woodward avenue car, and finding every seat occupied, hung on a strap, and prepared to stand. Presently another woman rose, and offered her seat.

"No, thank you," said the woman who was standing. "I will not deprive you of your seat."

"But I insist," was the reply. "I am much better able to stand than you are."

"What makes you think so?" asked the other woman, suspiciously.

"Because I am the youngest."

The gauntlet was thrown. The older woman did not hesitate to pick it up.

"There may be two opinions about that," retorted the angry passenger. "I'm sure any one can see with half an eye that you are no chicken."

The passengers were getting excited, and one man said under his breath:

"Now comes the tug of war."

Then the woman who had resigned her seat concluded to take it again, but first she sent in another deadly shaft:

"No, I'm no chicken, and don't care to be, but I would rather be a chicken than an old hen."

And she flopped into her seat, which, however, was now occupied by a smart woman who knew when to seize a bone of contention.—Detroit Free Press.

Recent Publications.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Alfred J. Cammeyer, Sixth avenue and Twentieth street, New York. Illustrated catalogue of boots, shoes, slippers and rubbers.

NORTHERN MISSOURI.—A pamphlet issued by the "Burlington Route" railway, setting forth the diversified agricultural and industrial resources of northern Missouri for the benefit of prospective home-seekers. Copies mailed free upon application to Mr. Howard Elliott, St. Joseph, Mo.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Descriptive catalogue of new sweet-peas for 1897.

Mrs. May Taylor, Hale, Mo. Descriptive circular of high-class poultry.

Sandwich Manufacturing Company, Sandwich, Ill. Illustrated catalogue of corn-shellers, corn-grinders, horse-powers, hay-presses, etc.

F. E. Dawley, Fayetteville, N. Y. Gilt-edge farm's stock and poultry circular. Specialties—Jersey cattle; turkeys, Bronze, wild and crossed; White Plymouth Rock fowls, guinea-fowls, Pekin ducks and Duroc-Jersey hogs.

Folding Sawing Machine Company, Chicago, Ill. Illustrated catalogue of folding sawing machines.

VEGETABLES UNDER GLASS.—A little handbook telling how to till the soil during twelve months of the year. Illustrated with pictures (from photographs) of cold-frames, forcing-houses, mushroom-houses and various horticultural devices. Cloth, 30 cents. Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LANDS IN WISCONSIN

Are now as desirable as any in the market. The lands, particularly in the northern part of Wisconsin, are being rapidly taken up by actual settlers.

The most salable are the timber and meadow lands now ranging in price from \$6.00 to \$12.00 per acre. A few months hence their value will be greatly increased.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. Wisconsin is one of the banner states of the West.

For further information address or call upon W. E. POWELL, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

Parker's Arctic Sock, Best for RUBBER BOOTS. Absorbs perspiration. Recommended by Physicians for house, chamber and sick-room. Made in Men's, Women's and Children's. Ask shoe dealer or send 25c, with size to J. H. PARKER, 103 Bedford St., Boston, Mass. Room 12. Take no substitute. Parker Pays the Postage.

SPEX BIG MONEY IN SPECTACLES. Send for our Optical Catalogue—just out. New goods. Cut prices. F. E. BAILEY, Chicago, Ill.

Scroll Sawyer.

On receipt of 15 cents I will send, postpaid, the pattern of this THREE-SHELF BRACKET, size 13x21, over 300 beautiful MINIATURE DESIGNS for SCROLL SAWING, and my Illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Catches, Clock Movements, etc.; or send 6 cents for Catalogue and Miniature Designs.

A. H. POMEROY,
Division F,
98 Asylum St.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN for

Ball Bearing Weather Strip. Positive novelty. Sure seller. Simple, cheapest, best fuel saver. Used by U. S. Government. Large profits. Sample sent by mail, 35 cents. Give size of window. Circulars free. MARCH WEATHER STRIP CO., 1331 Arch St., Philada., Pa.

WONDER BUTTON-HOLE LAMP.

Cutest thing out. Wear it in your button-hole. You will make a sensation. Burns four hours. Makes a bright light seen for blocks. Boys go wild over it. By mail, 20 cents. Big Catalog Free. BATES LAMP CO., Box 1540, Boston, Mass.

BUTTER in 2 min. \$150 Per Month Easily Made

test stations. Sells at eight, every woman wants one when she sees the butter come and gathered in two minutes; agitates the cream a thousand times more than the old dasher churn, more and better butter, easily cleaned, a scientific wonder, great chance for agents to make money; make butter in two minutes before six people, five will buy; any agent can make \$10 to \$15 a day. We want a few good men and women who want to make money and who are not afraid of work; unlike any other churn. Send for illustrated price list. The Queen Butter Maker Co., Cincinnati, O.

OUR BUG BOOTJACK GIVEN FREE



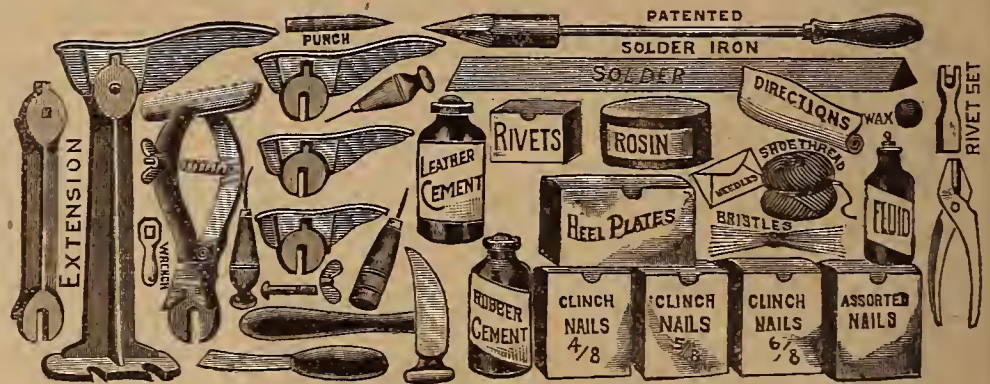
All who send their orders for a cobbling outfit during the month of December will receive this bootjack extra and without charge.

Positively, the bootjack will not be put in outfits ordered after December. The bootjack is 4½ inches wide and 10 inches long, and is thoroughly practical and reliable.

HANDY COBBLING OUTFITS

Free for a Club. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

This is the latest, neatest, cheapest, and, we believe, the best Home Repairing Outfit ever invented. It ought to pay for itself many times over this winter. If the tools were purchased separately in retail hardware-stores they would cost from \$6 to \$9. We sold 578 of these outfits in one month, and have received stacks of unsolicited testimonials.



Premium No. 281 consists of 40 first-class, full-sized tools and materials, as follows: 4 Iron Lasts (10, 8, 6 and 4 inches), 1 Iron Standard, with Base, 1 Iron Extension (patented), 4 Packages of Wire Clinch-nails, 6 Pairs of Heel-plates, 1 Box of Slotted Rivets, 1 Rivet Set, 1 Steel Punch, 1 Pegging-awl (complete), 1 Awl-wrench, 1 Sewing-awl (complete), 1 Stabbing-awl (complete), 1 Shoe-knife, 1 Shoe-hammer, 1 Bottle of Rubber Cement, 1 Bottle of Leather Cement, 1 Harness and Saw Clamp, 1 Ball of Wax, 1 Ball of Shoe-thread (No. 10), 1 Bunch of Bristles, 4 Harness-needles, 1 Pair of Pliers, 1 Soldering-iron, 1 Bottle of Soldering-fluid, 1 Box of Resin, 1 Bar of Solder. Directions for using.

Premium No. 292 consists of 33 first-class, full-sized articles, as follows: 4 Iron Lasts (10, 8, 6 and 4 inches), 1 Iron Standard, with Base, 1 Iron Extension (patented), 4 Packages of Wire Clinch-nails, 6 Pairs of Heel-plates, 1 Sewing-awl (complete), 1 Pegging-awl, 1 Wrench for Pegging-awl, 1 Stabbing-awl (complete), 1 Shoe-knife, 1 Shoe-hammer, 1 Bottle of Rubber Cement, 1 Bottle of Leather Cement, 1 Ball of Wax, 1 Ball of Shoe-thread (No. 10), 1 Bunch of Bristles, 3 Harness-needles, 1 Pair of Pliers. Directions for using. The No. 292 outfit contains the same articles as the No. 281 excepting the harness and soldering tools.

Premium No. 281, and this paper one year, Three Dollars.

Given Free for 8 yearly subscribers at the single subscription price; or for 16 yearly subscribers at the clubbing price, 30 cents each, without premium.

Premium No. 292, and this paper one year, Two Dollars.

Given Free for 6 yearly subscribers at the single subscription price; or for 12 yearly subscribers at the clubbing price, 30 cents each, without premium.

SHIPPING DIRECTIONS.—Outfits are sent by freight, charges to be paid by the receiver. Weight of outfits about 20 pounds each. Give name of your freight station when different from your post-office address.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

SAVE MONEY.



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selling exclusively to the general public direct, at factory cost—the only firm where you get the Real Exact Value for your money. There are no Agents', Dealers' or Middlemen's profits added. **CASH or on EASY PAYMENTS.**

to suit your circumstances. Pianos and your own home under our special warrant **qu岸 in advance. Safe delivery to purchase.**—Our bank, your bank, any bank, the editor of this paper, or any of the multitude of patrons who have purchased millions of dollars worth of instruments from us during the past 35 years. Our new book "The Heart of the People," containing a thousand recent references, sent free. Don't fail to write at once to

Organs shipped on thirty days' trial in for twenty-five years. No money re-chaser guaranteed.

TERMS: No Satisfaction, No Pay.

NOTE.—As an advertisement we will sell to the first purchaser in a place one of our fine PIANOS, specially fitted and finished for only \$160, or one of our latest PARLOR ORGANS for \$25. All Extras for each instrument FREE.

ESTABLISHED 35 YEARS.

CORNISH & CO., Piano and Organ Makers. Washington, N. J.



Smiles.

AN OPEN LETTER.

I INTEND to write a story which shall be unlike all other stories ever written; and in order that all publishers may have equal opportunity to secure this prospective marvel of literature, I invite their bids. Among the startling innovations that will be introduced in this work of literary art which I intend to introduce will be found the following:

No male character, on whom the duty may devolve to narrate something necessary to supply a link in the story, will "light a fresh cigar," either before he begins or in the course of his remarks. If it becomes absolutely necessary for him to light something, he will have to light a stub or a pipe. Fresh cigars are barred.

At no stage of the proceedings will any female character be represented in a position where she "reeled and would have fallen had not the strong arm," etc. Any woman who reels in this story will have to recover herself or else keep right on with her falling. There will be no strong arm to save her.

The principal male character will refuse, absolutely, to become separated from the woman he loves, through the machinations of the villain. Under no circumstances will he be induced to go "far, far away, to forget."

There will be no bicycle admitted to the story.

No "new woman" will be permitted within the narrative.

None of the characters will converse in dialect.

If any female character is found to have a past concealed about her person, she will be ejected from the story summarily.

All realism will be thoroughly disinfected and deodorized by means of a patent process.

In view of the character of this story, no bid less than one dollar a line will be considered, and I reserve the right to make the number of lines as large as I please.—Puck.

WANTED TO BE SURE.

It was not necessary for the men in line at the bank to turn their heads in order to be informed that a good-looking young woman was approaching. The winsomely bland smile which flowed across the countenance of the clerk at the window conveyed the information swiftly and conclusively.

"Excuse me," she said, as she took her place at the head of the procession—a place which strong and brave men could have reached only by wading through gore—"I would like to ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"Are times really hard?"

"There isn't any use of trying to conceal it. In a good many branches of industry the depression is very serious."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," she responded, and turned to go away.

"If you were worrying about any particular investment I might be able to give you some advice."

"No. It wasn't about anything special. I just wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard. I don't really wish to annoy my husband with my expenses, and I thought the best thing to do was to come and find out for certain whether times are hard or whether it is merely the same story that he has been telling me every year when the fall styles come in."—Washington Star.

A CASE OF BUCK-FEVER.

Two amateur hunters in the northern woods, not long ago, saw a deer, and both fired at once.

"That is my deer," said A. "I shot it."

"No, you didn't," hotly replied B. "It's my deer, because I killed it."

A third party was approaching from the opposite direction, with fury in his eye and a club in his hand.

"Which of you two rascals shot my calf?" roared the farmer.

"That fellow just told me he did," said A.

And B, now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, answered:

"He lies. He shot it himself. I saw him do it, and I'll swear to it."—The Interior.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

She—"Do you get on better with your wife nowadays?"

He—"Oh, yes; we have arranged that one of us shall always be out when the other is at home. We are very happy."—Vogue.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SUNDAY FAMILY READING.

The next Sunday issue of our paper will consist of the most paper and ink that we have ever put in any one of our copies. Your newsman will take it into your home on a wheelbarrow, charging only the usual price.

It will be especially fitted for Sunday reading, and we recommend that heads of families hide all the hooks, magazines and other ordinary mediums of mentality, and if possible have inmates attend only one church service during the day, so that they may have ample time to extensively partake of the great intellectual and moral feast which we will spread before them.

One of our very best things will be a word match between those two great exponents of the manly art—Corbett and Fitzsimmons; each will be given full license to say what he thinks about the other, and some elegant language may be expected. It will aid your children in their own little family fights.

The portrait of a bicyclist's legs will be one of the prominent features of the number. No one can afford to miss a view of this wonderful pair of human motors, with the head and body left off. Five cents.

A man who tries to kiss all the women he meets in the night, and hence is called "Jack the kisser," will be so fully and accurately described that he cannot help being known if met anywhere in the dark.

All the divorce cases that have happened during the week, both in this country and in Europe, will be compiled, with their details. You cannot afford to let your daughters miss it.

One of the wedding-boots of a prominent statesman recently married will be pictured in full, and occupy a good share of one page. Every one of the six buttons upon the same will be accurately reproduced, and the edges of the soles will be particularly lifelike and realistic. A long article will accompany this wonderful creature of art, containing a full description of the leather comprised in these boots, and of the feet which they are to contain. The description of the big-toe nails and of a soft corn between the left little toe and the one contiguous to it will be found peculiarly interesting.

Two thousand six hundred and eighty-seven columns of advertisements will come on the wheelbarrows, along with the rest of the things. These are always very interesting reading—to the business manager. They will include every department of want, from the innocent voicings of a street flirtation to wines, brandies and other remedies for the nerves. Only a nickel, and no family should be without it.

There will also be long accounts of how we managed to get our lady reporters to visit all sorts of uucanny places—such as burial-vaults, crematory-chambers, diving-bells, insane asylums, prisons, etc.

No crime of any description whatever that has occurred in the whole civilized or uncivilized world but that will be depicted with full details all ready for your family to read. Those of the previous week you will find in last Sunday's issue.

This paper is bitterly opposed to flash novels, and warns fathers against allowing any of them in the house. They cultivate bad tastes in the children, and often produce the committing of crimes, merely by the elaborate way in which they narrate them.

Subscribe for the Sunday "Horse-Blauket," or order it of your newsdealer in advance. Five cents to families—everywhere.—Daily Horse-Blauket.

A PAINTER'S BILL.

A French scene-painter who had been employed to touch up the old paintings of an old church in Belgium was refused payment until he had rendered his bill of particulars. Accordingly, after going over his work in a most conscientious manner, he sent the following bill:

Corrected the Ten Commandments.....	5.12
Replumbed and gilded the left foot of the guardian angel.....	4.18
Renewed heaven, adjusted the stars, cleaned the moon.....	7.15
Reanimated the flames of purgatory and restored souls.....	3.06
Revived the flames of hell, put a tail on the devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the damned.....	3.02
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him.....	3.02
Mended the shirt of the prodigal son and cleaned his ears.....	4.00



We have regular employment for an active man in every locality, at \$15.00 weekly, (no fortune hunter need apply) will guarantee permanent employment, if right; if interested apply promptly, address "Benefactor," P. O. Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

I WANT A MAN

In every city or township to look after my business, on salary or commission; steady work and liberal pay the year round. One man cleared \$140.45 last week. Places for a few ladies. Don't delay or bother to send stamps, but write at once to J. W. JONES, Springfield, Ohio. Mention this paper.

You may as well know what chimney to get for your burner or lamp.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, for the "Index to chimneys."

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

LEARN RETOUCHING

and Photography. Pleasant, profitable and permanent business; catalog free. Pioneer school of America. School of Retouching and Photography, Oberlin, O.



FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, **Altman Medical Dispensary,** Dept N.B., Box 779, Cincinnati, O.

RUBBER STAMPS. Best made. Immense Catalogue Free to agents. The G. A. HARPER Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.

WATCHES and Jewelry cheaper than any house. Send for cat. T. Freter & Co., Chicago.

WRITERS WANTED to do copying at home. Law College, Lima, Ohio.

YOU CAN make money distributing Circulars and Samples. Salary and expenses in travel. No canvassing. Resident 2c. **ADVERTISERS' BUREAU,** No. 113 W. 31st St., New York.

\$8 PAID PER 100 FOR DISTRIBUTING SAMPLES of Washing Fluid. Send 6c stamp. A. W. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

LARGE CIGAR Firm wants permanent Agents everywhere \$15 per WEEK TO BEGINNERS. EXPENSES ADVANCED. SAMPLES FREE. ADDRESS with stamp, P. BOX 1210, CHICAGO.

HELP WANTED Good position at home for Lady or Gentleman. If you want employment write at once. A. U. Betts & Co., 112 Water St., Toledo, O.

Salesmen to sell Cigars to dealers. \$100 to \$150 monthly and expenses. Experience unnecessary. Reply with stamp. **CLINTON CIGAR CO.,** CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell to dealers. \$100 monthly and expenses. Experience unnecessary. Enclose stamp. **Acme Cigar Co.,** Chicago

BIG PROFITS To men or women, boys or girls. Easy work and big pay. No money required to carry on the business. Address **FARM AND FIRESIDE,** Springfield, O.

WANTED NOW Hustling Agents in each town, gentleman or lady. Sole control strictly legitimate; no risk; \$800 a year. Box 228, Augusta, Maine.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON,** Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

LOOK! IMITATION DIAMOND PIN and 25 pieces Fancy Silk for patch work by mail on receipt of 10 cents in silver. M. Phillips, 4 Eldridge St., New York City.

We sell **WATCHES AND JEWELRY** cheaper than any other reliable house on earth. Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE. **BAZZETT & UHER,** Chicago, Ill.

FREE OUTFIT We will send, free of charge, to agents everything necessary to start in a profitable agency business. Address **FARM AND FIRESIDE,** Springfield, O.

\$ MADE EASILY—by any one—25 DAILY sure. Our Plan is entirely new, most liberal known. Demand never filled. Write for full information and Catalogue—How to start making money at once. **ALUMINUM NOVELTY CO.,** 335 Broadway, New York.

PLAYS—**SPEAKERS**—For Home and School. New Catalogues FREE. **DE WITT, ROSE ST., N. Y.**—**DIALOGUES**—

\$18 a Week Easy You work right around home. A brand new thing. No trouble to make \$18 a week easy. Write to us quick, you will be surprised at how easy it can be done. Send us your address any way. It will be for your interest to investigate. Write today. You can positively make \$18 a week easy. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,** Box T-H, Detroit, Mich.

Will \$500 Help You Out? If so, you can have it! We offer you the Sole Agency for an article that is wanted in Every Home and Indispensable in Every Office, something that **SELLS AT SIGHT.** Other articles sell rapidly at Double the Price, though not answering the purpose half so well. You can make from \$500 to \$700 in three months, introducing it, after which it will bring A Steady, Liberal Income, if properly attended to. Ladies do as well as men, in town or country. Don't Miss this Chance. Write at once to **J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.** Mention this paper.

BANKRUPT STOCK BICYCLES each. New, High-grade '96 models. **\$20** Must be sold. Write at once. **E. F. Mead Cycle Co.,** Wabash Av., Chicago

Button Craze! Something entirely new in Buttons. Send 10c. in stamps for 5 Sample Buttons and 32 page catalogue, over 300 illustrations. Address **WHITEHEAD & HOAG CO.,** Newark, N. J. **Motto Buttons!**

AMERICAN GOLD FILLED CASES

Warranted 20 Years, are the best for service money can buy. Return this advt. with order and we will send by express prepaid, this beautiful filled-hunting case, full jeweled, Elgin style, stem wind and set watch which you can sell for \$25.00. If worth it pay express **\$6.50** and keep it; otherwise have it returned. We only ask your promise to go to express office, examine and hny, if as represented. **These Watches** are equal to those sold by certain dealers from \$12.50 to \$25.00. A guarantee with every watch. You see all before you pay. Give your full name, express and P.O. address. State which wanted, ladies' or gent's? size. If you want Watch sent by mail send cash **\$6.50** with order. For 60 days a Gold and Platina Rolled Plate Prince Albert Double (Kope Pattern) Chain given **FREE** with each Watch. Chains of this style are sold from \$3.00 up. A Customer Writes: February 5, 1895—Watch received. Better than expected. Would not sell it for 1/2. If I could not get another. E. SHORTER, Washington, Pa. Address **KIRTLAND BROS. & CO.,** 111 Nassau St. N. Y. Mention this paper.

Big Pay and Sure Pay

FOR CANVASSERS working our new plan, on extra terms for season of 1896-97. New material, which to reliable persons we send **FREE**, and guarantee best success in its use. Ladies do nearly as well as men. **NO CAPITAL REQUIRED.** No time lost in long correspondence or experimenting. Large orders are coming in from workers equipped only one or two weeks ago.

WRITE AT ONCE, stating age, health and experience, and, on request, obtain Free Outfit by return post, with instructions, etc., in full. Address

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LAUGHING CAMERA, 10C.

The latest invention in cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons, your thin friends like Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leatherette case. The latest mirk-maker on the market creates bushes, etc. of sport. Catalogue of 1,000 novelties and sample camera 10c., 3 for 25c., 12 for 90c. mailed postpaid. Agents wanted. **ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,** Dept. No. 16 65 Cordland St., N. Y. **MY! OH MY!!**



ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

ELASTIC TRUSS Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. **C. H. EGLESTON & CO.,** 1208 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO. Mention this paper.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box **MAILED FREE.** Address, **Dr. E. M. BOTOT,** Augusta, Maine.

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 50 LOVELY CARDS, assorted, no 2 alike; Forget-Me-Not, Rose Chromo, Motto Cards, etc., also 1 SOU. **VENIS ALBUM, 1 Ring, 1 set Joker's Cards,** also a great Budget of Jokes, Conundrums, Riddles, etc., regular Side Splitters & Button Busters, Fun for a year. All for 10 cents, postage 4 cents. **X. L. BIRD CARD CO.,** Clintonville, Conn.

CARDS The FINEST SAMPLE BOOK of Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards ever offered for a 2 cent stamp. These are **GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH.** **UNION CARD CO.,** COLUMBUS, OHIO.

CARDS FOR 1897. 50 Sample Styles and LIST of 400. **PAID BY MAIL** FREE. **HAVERFIELD PUBLISHING CO.,** CADIZ, OHIO.

700 Sample Styles of Silk Fringe Cards, Hidden Name Cards, Love Cards, Scrap Pictures, Games, Puzzles, Album Verses, The Star Puzzle, The 13 Puzzle, and Agents Sample Album of our latest Cards. Send a two cent stamp for postage. **Banner Card Co.,** CADIZ, OHIO.

8 CENTS We will send by mail this beautiful Friendship Ring. An emblem of union and prosperity. Suitable for lady or gentleman. Warranted 18 k. Solid Rolled Gold, and our grand Catalogue of Jewelry, all for 8 Cents. Postage stamps taken. Pin to letter piece of paper size of ring wanted. Address **LYNN & CO.,** 48 Bond St., New York.

GOLD RINGS FREE! We will give one half-ronnd Ring, 18k Rolled Gold plate and warranted to anyone who will sell 1 doz. Indestructible Lamp Wicks (need no trimming) among friends at 10cts. each. Write us and we will mail you the Wicks. You sell them and send us the money and we will mail you the Ring. **STAR CHEMICAL CO.,** Box 455, Centerbrook, Conn.

TWO BEAUTIFUL PINS FREE Send six cents, stamps, to help pay for this advertisement and we will send you prepaid these elegant gold plated Bangle pins and our illustrated holiday catalogue. **CURTIN JEWELRY CO.,** Park Street, Attleboro, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED Something new. Big profits. No money required. Outfit **FREE.** Send quick. **FARM AND FIRESIDE,** Springfield, O.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15 lbs. a month, any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., says, "I lost 60 lbs. and feel splendid." No starving. No sickness. Sample box, etc., 4c. **HALL & CO.,** B., Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge; no saline; no suppository. Remedy mailed free Address, **J. H. REEVES,** Box 695, New York, N. Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my Invisible Tubular Cushion. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by **F. Hiscox,** 833 B'way, New York. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

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FITS A Great Remedy Discovered. Send for a trial package and let it speak for itself. Postage 5 cents. **DR. S. PERKEY,** Chicago, Ills.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. Trial Free. No Pain. Comp'd Oxygen Ass'n, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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SOFTENED EYES **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

PILES absolutely cured. For free sample address **HERMIT REMEDY CO.,** Dept. L, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Standard Gold Watch, \$6

Consisting of a Guaranteed Gold-filled Case and a New York Standard 7-Jeweled Movement.



Price \$6.00

Men's Watch.

A \$15 WATCH

This identical watch sells in jewelry-stores at retail for fifteen dollars and upward, usually eighteen and twenty dollars. As jewelers aim to make 100 per cent profit or more on watches, it is evident that they only pay about \$7.50 for this watch at wholesale, and then they buy in small lots of a dozen or so, and on credit; so, of course, they do not get near as low wholesale prices as the firm which buys ten thousand watches at a clip.

BOUGHT AT PANIC PRICES

For a long time we negotiated with big manufacturers for just such a watch, but they seemed to have about all the business they wanted selling to jewelers in small lots at high prices, so would not come down to the prices which we offered. But finally the panic came, and came so suddenly that it caught the manufacturers with big stocks on hand. Soon they began to cut prices, which went down and down. Here was our chance, and by arranging for an enormous quantity we got the lowest prices ever known for American gold-filled watches.

A SUPERB CHRISTMAS PRESENT

We want to have most of these watches sold before Christmas day, and in order to run them out rapidly, we offer them to readers at a very little profit over what we had to pay for them. Our prices are less than half jewelers' prices, and absolutely the lowest prices at which standard gold watches were ever sold at retail, and it is likely to be many a day before they are offered as low again. While we have a great number for sale, yet they are certain to go fast, so all who want gold watches for Christmas presents should not delay in ordering. We will not sell them to jewelers, or more than six watches to any one person. No discount or commission allowed to any one—we can't afford it.

The manufacturers of these watch-cases and movements are among the LARGEST and OLDEST concerns in America. They have an ESTABLISHED REPUTATION for turning out only HIGH-GRADE WORK; hence, under NO CONDITION would they dare to send out a poor article. The watches are ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE and perfect IN EVERY RESPECT, and backed by the manufacturers' guarantees.

Description of the Cases

They were manufactured by the Philadelphia Watch-case Company. Each case is numbered and registered, and their guarantee is placed on the inside of every back. These cases are made like those of all standard gold watches now, that is, by laying two sheets of solid gold over a hard composition metal, called gold-filled cases, and warranted to wear equal to solid gold and to give perfect satisfaction. All are "Hunting" cases, beautifully engraved.

Description of the Movements

The movements were manufactured by the New York Standard Watch Company, and are as fine as skill and brains can make. They are stem-wind and stem-set, have seven jewels, nickel-finished works, hard enamel dials; in short, they are perfect movements, and guaranteed to keep accurate time. It is estimated that ten movements of this identical pattern are sold to one of all other kinds. Among jewelers it is known as the standard watch movement of America.

Price of Men's Watch, Six Dollars. Price of Ladies' Watch, Six Dollars and Fifty Cents.

These watches are good enough for a present to any one on any occasion, though it be to a sweetheart on her wedding-day. To pay more is wasteful. A \$50 watch will not look any better, will not keep any better time, and for all practical purposes will not be any better. This is a rare chance to present yourself and friends a gold watch which will make you glad as long as you live. It is marvelous, but true.

FREE BY EXPRESS

To those who wish to see the watch before they buy, we will send it to your express office and let you examine it. If you want it, send us \$6 (if a ladies' watch send \$6.50) through the express agent; if you don't want it, the agent will return it to us. It costs you nothing to examine it with your own eyes. We pay express charges on the watch.

The cases are engraved in different designs—Stag, Shell, Starred, Fancy and Engine-turned. When no choice is made, we will send one of our own selection. A year's subscription given with each watch.

Either watch given free as a premium for a club of 20 yearly subscribers to this paper at 50 cents each; or for a club of 50 yearly subscribers at 30 cents each, without premiums to the subscribers.

Sheet Music

\$2.00 WORTH FOR 15c.

Each piece consists of from four to eight pages of full-size Sheet Music, printed on fine, heavy paper, and is

THE SAME AS IS USUALLY SOLD AT FROM 30c. TO 50c. A COPY.

WE have made arrangements with a great Boston music-house to furnish our readers with full-size, complete and unabridged Sheet Music. The quality is the very best, and all by the most famous composers. None but high-priced copyright pieces and the most popular reprints. It is printed on regular sheet-music paper, from large, clear type, and is in every way first-class. Satisfaction guaranteed.

No.	Music for Voice and Piano or Organ.	No.	Music for Voice and Piano or Organ.	No.	Music for Piano or Organ.
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708	Flossie. Waltz Song	35	754 Musical Dialogue. Duet	35	722 In Hoc Signo Vinces. Knight Templars' March
710	The Sweetest Song	35	756 Precious Treasure. Song and Dance	40	724 Over the Waves Waltzes
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714	An Outcast. Character Song	35	760 Old Gloy. National	40	729 Sweet Long Ago. Transcription
716	Ben Bolt. Of "Trilby" Fame	35	762 Your Mother's Love for You	30	731 Song of the Voyager
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721	Keep the Horseshoe Over the Door	35	766 For You We are Praying at Home	35	745 March Winds Galop
723	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	30	768 Lovely Little Nellie Dwyer	40	749 Full of Ginger. March-galop
725	Lurline. Do You Think of Me Now?	35	770 Dear Heart, We're Growing Old	45	751 Bluebird Echo Polka
727	Ave Maria. From Cavalleria Rusticana	35	772 Ellaline	30	753 Greeting of Spring. Op. 21
728	Juanita. Ballad	30	774 In Sweet September	40	755 Decoration Day March
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738	True to the Last	45		50	765 Bells of Cornville. Potpourri
740	Love Ever Faithful	40		35	767 Bryan and Sewall March
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744	The Beautiful Face of Jennie Knott	35		40	771 Crystal Dew Waltz
748	Little Boy Blue. Solo or Duet	35		30	773 Storm Mazurka
				35	775 Scherzettino. Op. 48

Price 3 cents apiece, if 5 or more pieces are ordered at one time.

Postage or expressage paid by us in each case.



Price \$6.50

Ladies' Watch.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FREE

This fashionable berry-spoon, with an elegantly engraved silver-plated handle and gold-plated bowl,

Will be given FREE AS A PREMIUM for 3 yearly subscribers to this paper at the single subscription price; or for 5 yearly subscribers at the clubbing price, 30 cents each, without premium.

A Satisfying Present

This beautiful spoon is admirably adapted for serving berries, jelly, salad, ice-cream, canned fruit, etc. It makes a rich and exquisite present.

The silver and gold plating is excellent. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or money refunded.



SELL IN STORES FOR 75 CENTS EACH.

Our price, 40 cents; or with this paper one year, 60 cents.

Prem. No. 180.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

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Samantha at Saratoga; or, Racin' After Fashion

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A Bushel
of Fun in
Every
Chapter.



Laugh
Until You
Cry.



ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Over 100,000 Copies of this Book were Sold at \$2.50 Each. But at the price at which we offer it we cannot, of course, furnish it in the expensive binding that was used on the agents' edition, but it is printed on good paper, contains all the reading, and is neatly bound in cardboard.

This book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America. The book takes off Follies, Flirtations, Low-necked Dressing, Dudes, Pug-dogs, Tobogganing, and all the extremes of fashionable dissipation, in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style, yet written in a vein of strong common sense as pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, and keeps the reader constantly enjoying an ever fresh feast of fun.

The Book Contains Many Pictures
Which are Just Killing



ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The book contains 325 pages, and each succeeding chapter is funnier than the other, if that be possible. You commence to laugh upon reading the preface, and never stop until the end of the book is reached; then you will think about it and laugh again.

OPINIONS OF CRITICS

So ex-cruciatingly funny we had to sit back and laugh until the tears came.—*Weekly Witness*.
Delicious humor.—*Will Carleton*.
Unquestionably her best.—*Detroit Free Press*.
Exceedingly amusing.—*Miss Cleveland*.
The bitterest satire, coated with the sweetest of exhilarating fun.—*Bishop Newman*.



This Paper One Year and
Samantha at Saratoga, 60 Cents; or



ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A Club of 3, \$1.20

In this case each of the three persons gets the book, and this paper one year, all for \$1.20; but when this offer is accepted, the names cannot be counted in another club toward a premium.

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA, Agents sold them for \$2.50, but say	-	-	\$1.00
LIFE OF WASHINGTON, As good as some \$3.00 books, but say	-	-	1.00
FARM AND FIRESIDE One Year, Cheap at	-	-	.50
LADIES HOME COMPANION One Year, Better than One Dollar papers,	-	-	.50
Total Value,	-	-	\$3.00

To all those who send now, we will give

All 4 for One Dollar

But when this offer is accepted, the names cannot be counted in a club toward a premium.

Any one who does not want the above-named premiums may choose substitutes from the following: No. 26, "Gems from the Poets;" No. 30, "Beauties and Wonders of Land and Sea;" No. 15, "Life of Lincoln;" No. 28, "History of the United States;" No. 11, "People's Atlas of the World;" No. 180, Berry-spoon.

Postage paid by
us in each case.

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FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

A CURE FOR THE INCURABLE

CATARRH and RHEUMATISM for 30 YEARS

Never mind how many years you have suffered, or how many physicians have given up your case, or how many medicines you have tried, "5 Drops" cannot fail to cure you. Read carefully the following letters:

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.

DEAR SIR:—I would like to thank you for your great remedy, "5 Drops," and tell you what it has done for me. I had Rheumatism in every joint and in the heart, and I had Catarrh of the head for 30 years. I was so poorly that I lost the use of my legs and arms, and could not move without pain. I was so crippled that I had done but little work for seven long years, and our family physician, a good doctor, told me that my Rheumatism and Catarrh were incurable, and I believed him. But now, after using "5 Drops" only two months, I can truly say I have not felt so well for seven years. This medicine does more than is claimed for it. At this time my Catarrh is much better, and I have scarcely any Rheumatism at all and the heart weakness and pain are gone. My hearing is now good and my eyesight is much better. I have gained more than 10 pounds of flesh and can do a full day's work. It is the best medicine I ever saw to give a mother who has a young child, for it has the same effect on the child as on the mother. It wards off Croup and cures the hives of the child and causes sweet and refreshing sleep to both young and old.

Yours respectfully,
JAN. 29, 1896. W. M. KELLEMS.

By recent mail we have received a letter from Mr. J. J. Wilson, of Omaha, Ill. Mr. Wilson has been for many years an invalid, and reading the above letter which was published, wrote Mr. Kellem, asking if his endorsement was genuine, and received the following reply, which he forwarded us:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of recent date at hand. The testimonial you speak of is genuine. The company who manufactures and sells "5 Drops" published my testimonial just as I gave it to them, and every word of it is true, and I could swear to it and prove it by many witnesses. The company did not ask me for this letter. I sent it to them last January for publication in order that poor sufferers, incurable as I once was, and as you are, might be cured. Get "5 Drops" and use it and it will cure you as it has cured me. I have received many letters like yours, and it is a pleasure to me to answer all who write. Tell all your neighbors what I have written about "5 Drops." I know how to sympathize with those who are afflicted, for though I suffered so long, it is nearly a year now since I have felt any pain. Dr. S. W. Kellem, my brother, uses "5 Drops" in his practice, and says for a case like yours it is a positive cure.

MR. W. M. AND DR. S. W. KELLEMS.
Sept. 21, 1896.

If you have not sufficient confidence after reading these letters to send for a large bottle, send for a sample, which is sent prepaid by mail for 25c.

Already without a failure "5 Drops" has cured hundreds of thousands, and if among others it has cured one who has suffered so terribly and so long, how can it fail to cure you? It gives quick relief and permanently cures.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis and kindred diseases.

If suffering don't delay, but write to-day. "5 Drops" is the name and dose. Large bottle (300 doses), \$1.00. Six bottles for \$5.00. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents.

Agents wanted. Write for terms.
Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co.,
167 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
Mention this paper.

Special X-Mas Offer



FREE WIND FREE
To get you started selling our goods we will send with first order our \$8.00 stem wind watch, gents' or ladies' size, overlaid with 14k. gold outside and inside over solid German silver richly engraved and fitted with good jeweled nickel works; a reliable time-keeper warranted 10 years. 1 set new pattern silver plated tea spoons, \$3.00; 1 Sparkling Java diamond stud, \$2.00; 1 genuine meerschum pipe, \$1.60; 1 14k gold plate chain and charm, \$1.50; 1 fine fountain pen, \$1.25. This whole lot sent C.O.D. with privilege of examination; if you are pleased pay express agent only \$3.30 and expressage and it is yours. Big money made selling our goods, try it. Costs you nothing to see the goods. This great offer should bring us 5,000 new customers.

INSURANCE WHOLESALE JEWELRY CO.,
85 Washington St., Chicago.

Mention this paper.



14 KARAT GOLD
CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office; and if you think it is a bargain pay our sample price \$2.75 and express charges and it is yours. Its magnificent engraving and equal in appearance to genuine Solid Gold watch. A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch; write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gents' or ladies' size.

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Mention this paper.

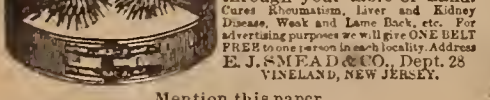


14 K GOLD FILLED
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Good for 20 years wear.

Produced by highest class workmen in the finest watch factory in America, making only high grade watches. Look for the 14K gold watch, will run as well and KEEP GOOD TIME, has nickel plates, compensation fully jeweled balance, patent safety pinion, and all latest improvements. Return this advertisement with your order, and we will ship you this watch in 10 days. Express C.O.D. Price \$3.95 and express charges, or in 14k solid GOLD filled, richly engraved, hunting case warranted to keep its color, Price \$7.50 and express charges. Stem wind and set. Ladies' or gentlemen's size. Free and each in full with order. We PAY the EXPRESS CHARGES and give free with each watch a \$2.50 rolled gold chain guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Immense catalog free.

OXFORD JEWELRY CO.,
300 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Mention this paper.



Agents Wanted Both
The electricity from the batteries will turn a needle through your table or hand.

Cure Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Disease, Weak and Lame Back, etc. For advertising purposes we will give ONE DOLLAR to the person who sends us the name of a person who has been cured by our medicine. Address E. J. SMITH & CO., Dept. 28, VINELAND, NEW JERSEY.

Mention this paper.

Humor.

LONG AGO.

She—"I wonder where the custom of mothers taking their daughters to watering-places originated?"

He—"In the days of Abraham. Rebekah got her husband at one."—Truth.

MONSTERS.

Brown—"I hear that some anarchists on the east side have been caught with infernal machines in their possession."

Robinson—"What kind of machines?"

Brown—"Accordions."—Puck.

DOING HER A KINDNESS.

"I did not send for you to tune my piano," said Mrs. Selfy to the man who called for that purpose.

"No, madam; but your next-door neighbor sent me."—Detroit Free Press.

HER OFFENSE.

Magistrate—"What is the charge against this lady?"

Officer—"Impersonating a man."

Magistrate—"In what way?"

Officer—"She stood on the further crossing and waved her hand for the car to stop."—Detroit Free Press.

A DIAGNOSIS.

First tramp—"Let's try in there."

Second tramp—"Naw! She give me somethin' yesterday, an' I haven't the nerve to go back so soon."

First tramp—"Yer haven't the nerve, eh? Have yer got an attack of nervous prostration?"—Puck.

HALF A LOAF.

The baron—"Well, she won't marry me. She has accepted my rival, the count."

His friend—"You seem quite cheerful, however."

The baron—"Oh, yes! The fact is, the count and I pooled our issues. Our understanding is that if she marries either, we divide the money."

THERE, NOW!

"Did my singing disturb you yesterday?" said the musical young woman.

"Were you singing?" asked the impolite boarder.

"Why, of course. Didn't you hear me?"

"I believe it was your voice I heard. But I thought you had seen a mouse."

SHE EXCITED NO ENVY.

"It is too bad," said Gobang, "that it should have rained the first time you wore your new dress and spoiled it."

"I don't mind spoiling the dress so much," said Mrs. Gobang, "but the rain kept all the other women at home, and not one of them saw my dress."

UNSELFISH.

A small boy belonging to a family of five came into the house one day with five stones, which he cheerfully explained were to be tombstones for each member of the family.

Later his little sister, counting them, said: "Here is a tombstone for father dear! Here is one for mother! Here is brother's! Here is the baby's; but there is none here for Katie, the nurse." Then she quickly added: "Oh! well, never mind; Katie can have mine, and I'll live!"—Life.

FREE TO ALL READERS—THE NEW CURE FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, ETC.

As stated in the last issue, the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, is proving a wonderful curative in all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys and urinary organs. The "New York World" publishes the remarkable case of Rev. A. C. Darling, minister of the gospel at North Constantia, New York, cured by Alkavis, when, as he says himself, he had lost faith in man and medicine, and was preparing himself for certain death. Similar testimony to this wonderful new remedy comes from others, including many ladies suffering from diseases peculiar to womanhood. The Church Kidney Cure Co., of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, who so far are its only importers, are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. All sufferers are advised to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

Potash

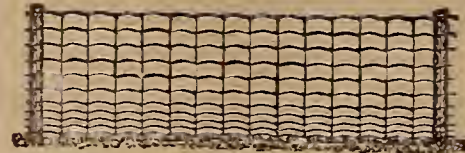
is a necessary and important ingredient of complete fertilizers. Crops of all kinds require a properly balanced manure. The best

Fertilizers

contain a high percentage of Potash.

All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

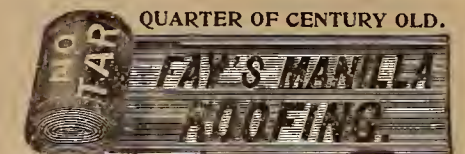
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93 Nassau St., New York.



A Zoological Clearing House.

We are not only fencing the animals in the leading parks but furnishing specimens, when needed, and buying their surplus. In this way whole droves of deer, elk and buffalo have changed hands and the Page keeps right on holding them.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.



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CHEAP WATER PROOF, Not affected by gases. No RUST nor RATTLE. Outlasts tin or iron. A Durable Substitute for Plaster on walls. Water Proof Sheathing of same material, the best and cheapest in the market. Write for samples, &c. The FAY MANILLA ROOFING CO., Camden, N. J.

VICTORY FEED MILL

Grinds corn and cob and all kinds of small grain. Made in four sizes, for 2, 4, 8 and 10 horse power. Send for catalogue and prices.

THOS. ROBERTS,
Box 91, Springfield, Ohio.



THOMPSON'S BANNER
ROOT CUTTER
(Hand & Power.)
Cuts all kinds of roots & vegetables for STOCK FEEDING. The only machine made with self feeder. Warranted to do Perfect work. Feed left in shape to prevent all danger of choking. Used everywhere, Catalog FREE. Address O. E. THOMPSON & SONS, 12 River Street, YPSILANTI, MICH.

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We advise the immediate purchase of the following stocks, for either a speculation or investment:

Independence Extension,

Just south and within 300 feet of the world-famous Independence mine. Now selling at 10c.

Bull Hill Golf Tunnel Co.,

A tunnel site through Bull Hill, running under many shipping mines, at 3c. per share.

The Mutual Benefit Mining & Leasing Co.

Has a three years' lease on Oldest Tunnel Site in Cripple Creek, containing 100 acres, between the Anchoris Leland and C. O. D. mines, also the Lelia mine, containing 10 acres. 700,000 shares out of 1,100,000 still in the Treasury. \$7,000 plant of machinery, etc. This stock is now selling for 5½c.

Write or wire us for further information.

THE MEGHEM INVESTMENT CO.,

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Mention this paper when you write.

\$25.00
and up.

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We have the largest manufactory in the world from which we sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices, thus saving the profits of the dealer and the commissions of the agents. No money required until instrument has been thoroughly tested in your own house. Shipped on 30 days' trial.

FREE

Sold on instalments. Easy payment. Send for catalogue at once if you want to obtain the greatest bargain ever offered. Write your name and address plainly, and we will send by mail same day letter is received. Positively guaranteed every Organ and Piano twenty-five years.

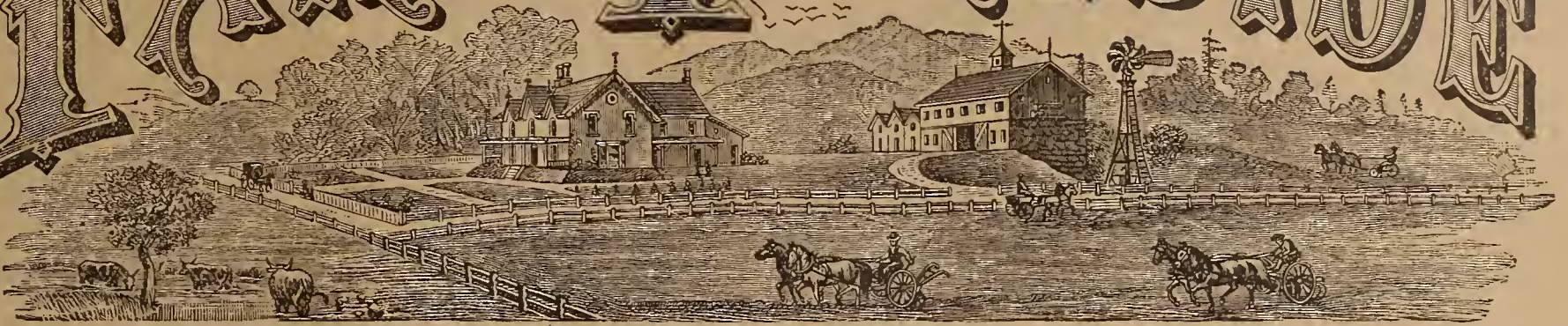
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\$160.00
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FARM AND FIRESIDE

RECEIVED
DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE
JAN 13 1886



EASTERN EDITION

Entered at the Post-office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class mail matter.

VOL. XX. NO. 6.

DECEMBER 15, 1896.

TERMS { 50 CENTS A YEAR.
24 NUMBERS.

To Our Readers

Here is a way you can get a valuable premium and your subscription renewed without sending us one cent of your own money:

If you will go out and get us two subscriptions, with premiums, at the regular price, 60 cents each, we will give you, in payment for this work, a year's subscription, with a premium, FREE OF CHARGE.

In this case each subscriber gets FARM AND FIRESIDE one year and any one of the premiums named below, and you get FARM AND FIRESIDE one year and any one of the premiums for sending us the club of two at 60 cents each, one dollar and twenty cents (\$1.20) in all.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.
SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA.
LIFE OF LINCOLN.
LIFE OF WASHINGTON.
THE BERRY-SPOON.

For additional list of premiums
SEE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK ON PAGE 12.

If you want to be very kind to your two friends or neighbors and give them the advantage of this offer, you can collect 40 cents from each of them for their subscriptions and premiums, and then pay 40 cents yourself for your subscription and premium; but all three must be ordered at the same time.

The full amount of money required for the three subscriptions and any three of the above-named premiums is One Dollar and Twenty Cents (\$1.20).

During the coming year Farm and Fireside will give to each subscriber, in addition to the regular paper, four or more elegant pictures in colors, size 11 by 16 inches. These beautiful Gems of Art ARE ALONE WORTH MORE THAN THE PRICE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION. They are executed in the highest style of art, on fine paper, in many pretty colors, and are worthy of a rich frame, and a place in the finest parlor. They are very expensive to produce, and we hope our readers will show their appreciation of our efforts to give them the very best and the most ever given for the money, by inducing their friends and neighbors to subscribe. See subscription blank on page 12.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Annapolis, Maryland. In the following year he left Annapolis and became a member of the first faculty of the Illinois State University, which was opened for students in 1868. Before completing his first year of service at Champaign, he accepted an urgently repeated offer of the newly established chair of history, political economy and constitutional law in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, which he occupied nearly fourteen years.

While at Rutgers, Dr. Atherton not only vigorously maintained the professional work of the class-room, but was active in all matters pertaining to the general interests of the institution, and engaged in a great variety of public duties. His connection with an institution receiving the benefits of the United States Land-grant Act of 1862 led him to an examination of its provisions and underlying principles, which thoroughly convinced him that it was a measure of far-reaching wisdom for higher public education peculiarly in keeping with the genius of our system of institutions. An unsuccessful effort made in Congress in the winter of 1872-73 to increase the endowment of the colleges established under the Morrill Act led Dr. Atherton to make a careful study of the results already accomplished by it. These results he presented in a paper read before the National Educational Association, at the Elmira meeting, in 1873. The array of facts showing what the colleges had already accomplished was a surprise to friends and opponents alike. Since then he has taken an active interest in government support for a higher education, and a most influential part in shaping and securing congressional legislation on this

appropriation of over six hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the legislature has given the college a substantial equipment of the buildings and apparatus required for its work. The foundations of future growth have been laid on so broad and comprehensive lines that it is rapidly taking a place among the leading technical institutions of the country.

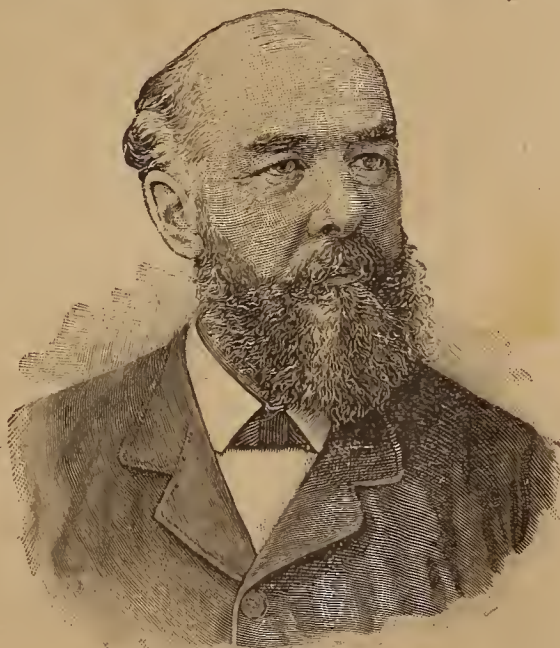
THE secretary of agriculture concludes his fourth annual report with a comprehensive review of the condition of the American farmers, of which the following is an abstract:

Seventy-two per cent of the farms in the United States occupied by their owners are absolutely free from mortgages or other encumbrances. Out of each 1,000 farms but 282 are mortgaged, and three fourths of the money represented by the mortgages is for the purchase of the farms or for money borrowed to improve them. Secretary Morton refutes the idea prevailing that the farms of the West and South are more heavily burdened with mortgages than those of the East and Northeast. States along the North Atlantic, he says, are quite heavily encumbered with farm mortgages, and New Jersey carries a debt of this kind greater in proportion to its farm valuations than any other state in the Union. The frequent claim that the farmers are almost universally in debt, despondent and suffering he declares to be without any foundation, a belittlement of agriculture and an indignity to every intelligent and practical farmer.

Referring to the stress of competition which the American farmer is compelled to endure, Mr. Morton calls attention to the nearly 2,000,000 of farms of eighty acres each given away by the government under the homestead act of 1866, during the past thirty years, and to the amount donated under the timber-culture law, equivalent to over 550,000 more farms of the same size. Lands long tilled and rendered partially infertile could not, of course, enhance in value and sell in competition with virgin soil donated by the government. No legislation relative to the public domain has been so directly inimical to the farmers who had bought and paid for the lands upon which they lived and labored. It was impossible for farmers in the old states to profitably sell their products in competition with those of the newer states grown upon lands which cost their owners nothing.

During the fiscal year just ended exported products of American farms aggregated \$570,000,000, an increase of \$17,000,000 over the preceding year. In spite of this there was a falling off in the percentage of agricultural products exported to the total exports, but this was due to the unprecedented sale abroad of American manufactured goods. The largest market for our products is admitted to be the home market, but the export trade is the regulator, the balance-wheel, for domestic trade.

Secretary Morton asks if a nation which, like the United States, possesses the greatest power and facilities for producing and manufacturing things which the world demands, is not destined to monopolize the markets of the globe. With the most favorable conditions for varied and successful agriculture and the lightest burden of national taxation, what country, he asks, can compete with this in developing the best results of human toil with a minimum of human effort? With our wonderful labor-saving contrivances applied to nearly every avenue of production, the wages paid in the United States, in the production of wheat and cotton, for instance, are fifty to one hundred per cent higher than in the countries with which we compete, so the wages paid in manufactures from metals are from twenty-five to one hundred per cent higher than the wages paid workers in the same industries by other nations.



GEORGE W. ATHERTON, LL.D.

subject. The passage of the Hatch Act of 1887, under which fifty or more agricultural experiment stations are now in operation, is probably more largely due to him than to any other single individual outside of Congress. The passage of this act was followed by the organization of "The American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations," and Dr. Atherton was chosen as its first president.

In 1882 he became president of the Pennsylvania State College. At that time the institution had less than one hundred students and a meager equipment, with a public sentiment either hostile or indifferent. To the task of building it up and making it worthy of so rich and powerful a commonwealth as Pennsylvania Dr. Atherton devoted himself with wonderful courage and enthusiasm, and the results have been far greater than the most sanguine friends of the college had dared to anticipate. A total change in public sentiment has shown itself in a steady increase in the number of students, and the

WITH THE VANGUARD

GEORGE W. ATHERTON, LL.D., president of Pennsylvania State College, was born in Boxford, Massachusetts, June 20, 1837. At the age of twelve, by the death of his father, he was left to earn his own living and to contribute in part to the support of a mother and two sisters. By work in a cotton-mill, on a farm, and later by teaching, he made his way through Phillips Exeter Academy, and in the fall of 1860 entered the sophomore class of Yale College. The War of the Rebellion temporarily diverted him from his purpose of obtaining a collegiate education. He entered the army as first lieutenant of a company of volunteers, served with distinction, and was promoted to a captain. Impaired health following a protracted and nearly fatal illness led to his resignation in the summer of 1863. After several months of recuperation, he was appointed to a professorship in the Albany Boys' Academy. While teaching there he completed the branches of collegiate study omitted during his absence in the army, and passed final examination at Yale in June, 1864. During the next three years he continued teaching in Albany, and then accepted a professorship in St. John's College,

FARM AND FIRESIDE

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The above rates include the payment of postage by us. All subscriptions commence with the issue on press when order is received.

Subscribers receive this paper twice a month, which is twice as often as most other farm and family journals are issued.

Payment, when sent by mail, should be made in Express or Post-office Money-orders, Bank Checks or Drafts. WHEN NEITHER OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. DO NOT SEND CHECKS ON BANKS IN SMALL TOWNS.

Silver, when sent through the mail, should be carefully wrapped in cloth or strong paper, so as not to wear a hole through the envelop and get lost.

Postage-stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar, if for every 25 cents in stamps you add one-cent stamp extra, because we must sell postage-stamps at a loss.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid. Thus: Jan 97, means that the subscription is paid up to January 1, 1897; 15 Feb 97, to February 15, 1897, and so on.

When money is received, the date will be changed within four weeks, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

Feeding

the Farmer.

The term "balanced ration" has been used very freely recently in FARM AND FIRESIDE, as well as in all other farm papers, and at farmers' institutes and other farmers' and stock-raisers' gatherings. But too much has not yet been said, and there is still need of "line upon line." Indeed, the half has never been told. I shall refer to the subject again very soon, so far as the proper feeding of farm stock is concerned; but at this time I am tempted to say something about the half that has not yet been told—at least in farm papers—about the balanced ration for supposedly "rational" beings. The suggestion comes to me from a circular advertising the great merits of "sbredred wheat biscuits" (by the way, a very excellent thing if you can get them cheap enough) as an article of food. The following are some extracts from it:

* * *

"The staple bread-making cereal is wheat. . . . The numerous properties of the whole wheat-berry comprise the very best blood-making, muscle-making, nerve-building and brain-sustaining food—a food exceedingly nutritive and easy of assimilation. . . . The starch, the gluten and the bran constitute all the food there is in the wheat-berry. . . . The use of fermentatives, chemicals and other foreign substances in making bread from fine white flour is not all that is detrimental. The great damage exists in the fact of eliminating the pure gluten and clean bran, which contains the nitrogenous elements (the muscle-makers) and the phosphatic elements (the bone and nerve builders and brain-sustainers), leaving little else than pure starch, an insoluble mass, which is innutritious and hard to digest when thus disassociated."

* * *

Faulty Nutrition

and Bad Teeth.

In many of the farming districts of western New York, and perhaps elsewhere, the majority of the people have bad teeth. There we find plenty of mere children—boys and girls twelve to fourteen years of age—who

have dentist-made sets in their mouths. A really good natural set of teeth is a rare exception in these districts. It will not do to put the blame on God Almighty. He never does a bad job, or anything by halves. He gave to the race good teeth at the beginning. There must be local causes for the early decay of people's teeth in a whole section, and these causes are not hard to find. What constitutes the regular daily bill of fare of these people? Potatoes, fat pork, the whitest kind of wheat-bread, sometimes corn-bread or "Johnny-cake," and pies, cakes and other pastry made chiefly of white flour, sugar and lard, cream or butter. With almost fiendish ingenuity every bit of bone-forming substance is left out of, or eliminated, from the daily rations. I myself followed this senseless fashion for a number of years earlier in life, and during that period my teeth, naturally a splendid set, had to suffer. Like others around us, we starved our farm animals by making them subsist all winter long on a one-sided ration, and we likewise starved our children and ourselves in the same way. Myself and family have reformed in this direction, and so we have no more trouble with our teeth. But for the unfortunate ones all over the country who yet live on the exclusively fattening diet, as already mentioned, I think it is high time for the appearance of some Dr. Smead who will preach the gospel of "balanced ration" for human beings, as well as for farm stock. The tendency to early decay of the teeth can be outbred (or rather, out-fed). To do it in the children, the parents will have to begin by a thorough reform in their food selection; in other words, by "balancing the ration" for themselves, as well as for the future generations.

* * *

Milk the

Salvation.

Fortunately, milk is almost as free as water in these same districts. It is in itself a perfectly balanced food, and many, who having a natural liking for it, and therefore having used it freely in various ways, cooked or uncooked, owe to it, to a greater degree than they may imagine, their comparatively perfect nutrition and the comparative soundness of their teeth. Show me a confirmed, habitual user of milk, and I will show you the owner of a good set of teeth. Milk and its abundance is the only redeeming feature in the list of foods used in thousands of farmers' families. It cannot be used with too much freedom for the good of the otherwise ill-fed race. It adds the material to make bone and muscle, nerves, blood and brain, which is utterly absent in the whole list of materials which constitutes the every-day bill of fare for a large portion of our farmers—in potatoes, white flour, fat pork and lard, starch, sugar, etc.

* * *

Wheat

and Meat.

For years I have been telling about the good results which I obtained by feeding whole wheat to poultry, from the chick two days old to the laying old hen. Undoubtedly wheat is "the grandest of all cereal creations." It deserves this title especially because it is a complete, a "balanced" food. It contains the bone and muscle makers, as well as the heat and fat generators. If we could make the entire wheat a considerable part of our food, we would have almost an ideal balanced ration. As it is, we can greatly improve our bill of fare by incorporating in it dishes like cracked wheat, wheatlet, the already mentioned "shredded wheat biscuits," etc. In animal nutrition wheat-bran has had a good deal of a boom during recent years, as a corrector of faulty rations. I have used it largely, even when I had to pay sixteen dollars and upward a ton for it. This fall I have laid in a good supply at eight dollars a ton. If it is a good thing to correct the one-sided rations for farm animals, why should it not perform the same service for ourselves? The difficulty is to make the corrected food palatable. Some people like Graham bread; others do not. But it seems there should be some way to make a palatable bread out of coarse flour; that is, of flour in which a good portion of the outer coverings of the wheat-berry, the bran, etc., is left. People who like Graham bread, or who can eat it for the sake of the benefits derived from its use, namely, for the preservation of their teeth and of general good health, should eat it as freely as possible. But those who will not take to it should eat more

freely of oatmeals, wheatlet, milk, lean meats, etc.

* * *

It is only the great excess of fat in the pork as usually eaten in these districts that is objectionable. A fair proportion of it would do no harm, and the sound, fresh lean pork is not to be despised as an article of food for human beings. Our methods of raising pork are faulty. We starve our hogs by giving them one-sided rations. By stuffing them with clear corn we turn them into almost inanimate lumps of grease, without blood and muscle, and then we starve ourselves by trying to subsist on the fatty accumulations. Better blood and sounder meat can be made by feeding a balanced ration, and wheat-bran again will come handy to correct the one-sidedness of the exclusive corn diet for hogs. Make and eat more lean meat. As for myself, I prefer lean beef, and let others eat hog. But any lean meat, as mutton, poultry, eggs, etc., is good material with which to balance the ration for the human animal. The correct feeding of farm stock surely is a subject that deserves all the attention and thought that has been bestowed upon it, and all the ado that has been made over it all these years, and much more. Should not the correct feeding of the farmer himself, and of his family, deserve as much?

* * *

Bird Day.

I am heartily in favor of this new idea of having a national "bird day." I love birds, and like to watch them. All birds that come on my place are made welcome, even if they occasionally help themselves to a few berries, cherries or grapes. I also try to instill love for the birds into the hearts of my children. To me a landscape looks desolate without bird life. Now, why not impress our young people with the value and loveliness of bird creation by having some sort of doings in the public schools on a certain day, similar to arbor-day celebration? But if we wish to teach our children to love and protect the birds, and study their interesting ways, we must first of all turn about in our own tracks and abstain from abusing and persecuting birds. Some people are growling all the while about the damage that birds are doing them. I think we can afford to feed our song-birds occasionally for the benefit we derive from them. Even the English sparrow has its good traits. It feeds its young on insects. It eats large numbers of grubs and May-beetles, and in winter feeds largely on insect eggs and weed-seeds. But it is fashionable to decry the bird as "without a redeeming feature."

T. GREINER.

SALIENT FARM NOTES.

A few days ago I saw a man covering a large mound with manure.

"What have you in that mound?" I asked.

"Potatoes," he replied.

"Why are you covering them with manure?"

"To keep 'em from frost."

"Why don't you cover the mound with straw, and spread the manure where you need it?"

"Manure is a heap better for covering potato-pits than straw. Frost will go right through straw, but the natural heat of the manure will keep it out. There is lots of heat in manure. See how it smokes?" He had covered the heap of potatoes with four inches of straw, then with about twelve inches of soil, and was now finishing off with a six-inch coat of "warm" manure, which he declared would remain warm until spring. Doubtless some will smile at the man's idea, but it is a fact that many really believe as he does.

* * *

When I was a small boy and lived in the northern part of this state, I used to help father "pit" potatoes—sometimes two or three hundred bushels—every autumn. He would select a spot where drainage was good, and dig a pit four feet wide, fifteen inches deep and as long as necessary. This was filled heaping full, then carefully covered with six inches of dry straw and fourteen inches of earth, and over all a jacket of straw or damaged hay, which was held in place with rails. This outer covering was intended to prevent the earth covering from being washed off by rains, and also to aid in keeping the temperature of the pit as steady as possible.

His uniform success in keeping his potatoes sound and firm until planting-time proved that this method was good enough.

* * *

The question that is now uppermost in the mind of the average farmer is, Shall he sell his corn or hold it? The price per bushel has been averaging seventeen cents, and it takes a great deal of corn at such a price as that to bring one hundred dollars. In fact, seventeen cents is no price at all, and everybody knows it. Of course, some poor fellows are obliged to sell to get money to pay rent, but there are thousands of others who can hold their corn, and I would advise such to hold it. Except in a very dry season, corn is not fit to market until midwinter. It is not dry enough to lie in bulk even a few days without heating to the point of destruction, and grain dealers are obliged to take this fact into consideration. It costs money to keep corn moving, and if farmers will sell before the grain is really marketable, they must expect to take a low price. All conditions are favorable for a good rise in price before planting-time comes again, and I would advise all who can to hold the crop.

* * *

I notice that the production of sugar in some of our western states is likely to receive quite a boom. There is every indication that several immense beet-sugar factories will be erected in the next few years, and for each factory several thousand acres of beets will be required. Every acre devoted to sugar-beets will be one less for corn, wheat and oats, and thus the immense area devoted to the production, or overproduction, of these cereals will be cut down to some extent. The United States is paying foreign countries about a hundred million dollars a year for sugar, every pound of which could be produced on our own soil. The farmers in this state—in fact, throughout the entire West—will hail with delight the expansion of this new industry. We can easily spare a few million acres for sugar-beets, and we will be glad to have our sugar made right here at home. Let us encourage the building of the factories and the growing of the beets by every means in our power.

* * *

Just at this season of the year it seems that rats and mice unite their forces and make a grand assault on the farmers' cribs, bins and granaries. Once let them get fairly installed, and it is a very difficult matter to oust them. The other day I saw a neighbor's wife coming out of the cellar with a mouse-trap in her hand. As she opened it, and took out a mouse, she triumphantly exclaimed, "That makes eighty-two in the last five weeks! I'll get all of them yet." One night I noticed that a rat had burrowed a hole under a poultry-house. I set a steel trap in it at once, sprinkling a little loose soil over it, and next morning took out one of the largest rats I ever saw. The only way to prevent rats and mice from taking almost full possession of the farm buildings is to wage incessant war against them. Keep a few well-baited mouse-traps in the places where mice are most likely to congregate, and have two or three good steel traps for the rats, and be prompt about using them whenever you see rat signs. A couple of good cats about the barn, and a lively rat-terrier at large, will generally keep the rat and mouse tribe so reduced that they will do little damage. Keep the cats at the barn, and feed them there, and feed the dog just enough to keep him in good condition. A fat pet dog or cat is of very little practical use.

* * *

Back in a new orchard I found a colony of field-mice. They had gnawed off all the clover for a space of several feet, and fairly honeycombed the ground with holes. I decided that it would be unsafe to poison them, because some of them might die outside of the holes, and the poultry would get them. I finally concluded to try a new scheme. With a post-auger I bored a hole thirty-eight inches deep right through the midst of their tunnels, covered it with a bunch of hay, and in three days caught fourteen of them, and broke up the colony. The hole was a little larger at the bottom than at the top, and they were unable to climb out.

FRED GRUNDY.

Our Farm.

FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE.

HEALTH ON THE FARM.—A few years ago the writer saw a cartoon giving two views of the effect of country and city life upon health. It was hardly true to the facts—cartoons never are—but there was some unwholesome truth in it. At ten years of age the city boy was lank and pale, while the country boy was robust and ruddy. Fifty years afterward the city boy had developed into a straight-backed man of aldermanic proportions, while the robust country boy had become a crooked and rheumatic old mau. We farmers are prone to disregard the laws of health, making serious mistakes both in "theory and practice." By the courtesy of a physician's daughter, I have the manuscript of an interesting and practical paper on "Health on the Farm," prepared by her for a farmers' institute, and the privilege is granted me of making extracts from it for FARM AND FIRESIDE readers. They are practical, and can be made more helpful than anything the writer could say.

"LOCATION OF HOME.—Many causes which produce diseases are more or less under our control, and may be modified, prevented or avoided. All our efforts to have health by observing all the rules of hygiene will be of no avail if we are compelled to live in a house which stands on an unhealthy spot, with unhealthy surroundings. The home should be located on high or dry grounds that require no drainage. If such a location cannot be had, then the drainage of not only the cellar, but of the surrounding ground, should be the first thing done, and thoroughly done.

"DRAINS.—The drain from the kitchen door should not be simply a covered ditch, but should be made of drain-pipe which will carry everything to the end without leakage, and empty far away from the house. This drain should be washed out occasionally by allowing the water from the roof to run through it. No waste wash-waters of any kind should be emptied near the house or near the well.

"DANGER FROM DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—The house should be inclosed by a fence, to exclude all domestic animals. All farm animals, including fowls, are subject to diseases that may infect the human being. This is especially true of the cat. It is subject to consumption, diphtheria and sore eyes. Any such animal showing the least sign of sickness should be immediately killed and cremated. It may avoid much trouble to know that the cat and the dog have been the medium of carrying contagious diseases from one member of the family to another, and from one house to another.

"POOR TEETH CAUSE DISEASE.—To eat properly we should have good teeth, and poor teeth are very often the cause of indigestion and its train of miseries and distresses. The parents and the older members of the family should keep a lookout for decay in the teeth of the younger members, or better yet, they should be taken to the dentist at least once every year to have their teeth examined and repaired.

"WHAT WE DRINK.—Bacteriologists tell us that we take many disease germs into our systems through the water or milk we drink, and that the germs are more numerous as the water in wells and springs gets low in dry weather. During epidemics of diseases, especially during periods of low water, all the water for drinking purposes should be boiled. When we have springs or wells that receive no drainage from filthy surroundings, we are comparatively safe from disease germs from this source.

"FRESH AIR.—It is during sleeping hours that we suffer most from vitiated air. With the close walls—almost air-tight—and close-fitting windows of modern houses, we must arrange for ventilating our sleeping-rooms before retiring. There should be two openings to every bedroom for the circulation of air. Drafts should be avoided. When the wind blows, a window raised

one inch will give as much pure air as it would entirely raised during a calm. If the wind blows directly against an open window, a screen should be used to prevent it from blowing over the bed.

"THE BATH.—Many neglect the bath because they do not fully understand its object. Too many of us think that we need to bathe only when the work we are engaged in, or the surroundings, is such that foreign matter comes in contact with our bodies and lodges there. While for common decency this matter should be washed from the surface of our bodies, yet it is the least harmful which lodges there. The excretions from the pores of the skin are much more poisonous and harmful. We must bathe regularly from childhood to old age to keep the pores of the skin open, if we would be healthy.

"WARM FEET.—During the fall, winter and spring months every one should wear stout shoes that will prevent the feet from becoming wet or cold. This part of the body should receive the most careful attention, as it is the part most exposed to cold and dampness. While every other part of rooms is warm and dry, the floors are cold and exposed to drafts.

"Finally, cheerfulness, good humor and contentment are aids to good health. Health is wealth, and thus may we be wealthy, though farmers." DAVID.

ONLY A WEED.

We are apt to look upon the ordinary trees, plants and weeds which grow in profusion all around us with indifferent eyes. Unless the bloom of a plant is peculiarly handsome or has some striking feature, we are inclined to give it but little notice.

Trees are only part of the landscape to many eyes, and while grateful for the shade they impart on the warm days of summer, they receive little thought beyond. The weeds are simply weeds, and to the ordinary observer prominent only in their unattractiveness and general worthlessness.

If we will but stop for a moment's thought, we will first remember that all things were created for a purpose, and that the Creator designed that each should have a part to enact in life. Remembering this, we are possibly inclined to go deeper into the uses of these seemingly unimportant bits of nature.

How many of us know that in the United States alone, growing wild, or cultivated in our gardens, there are over two hundred trees, shrubs, plants or weeds which are



LOBELIA.

known to possess curative powers, and all more or less used in the treatment of diseases? This number, of course, does not include the many varieties not found in this country. Let us go briefly over the list, or part of it, and see for ourselves how important a part some of these "worthless weeds" play in our lives.

Lovers of flowers are familiar with that dear old garden-flower, the common marigold, with its profusion of beautiful yellow flowers. But how many of us remember that under its botanical name of calendula it is highly prized by the medical fraternity? The tincture which is produced from the leaves and flowers is one of the most valuable remedies for use on fresh cuts, bruises, etc., and is the standard homeopathic remedy in such cases.

In the lobelia (*Lobelia inflata*), also called eye-bright, Indian-tobacco, colic-weed, etc.,

one of the wild flowers growing in most parts of this country, we have another valuable plant with medicinal qualities. This is an old Indian remedy, and records show that its value was first discovered in the last century by the Penobscot tribe of Indians, residents of New England. By them it was considered a standard remedy for colic, hence its common name of colic-weed. In modern medical practice it is considered a standard remedy, and one authority goes so far as to pronounce it "unquestionably the best, most effective and safest emetic known." It is used with



ARNICA.

great effect in asthma, colic, croup and in acute pleurisy. It has also been found most efficient in hydrophobia. By itself it is used as a tea, and also as a tincture. Leaves, seeds and blossoms are all used. Lobelia is also often used in connection with ipecac or bloodroot.

Bayberry (*Myrica cerifera*), well known throughout this country as wax-myrtle, is claimed to be one of the best of remedies for scrofula affections, applied in the form of a poultice made from the bark of the shrub. In New England, where the bayberry grows in great profusion, it is used in the form of a tea as a remedy in scarlet fever, and also a gargle in cases of putrid or ulcerated sore throat.

Nearly every one has had occasion to use arnica, and knows the relief it gives to wounds, sprains, etc., yet few of us can think of it as a common wild flower. It is a native of the mountains of northern Europe, but is quite often found cultivated in the old-fashioned gardens in this country. The flowers are the part used, and with alcohol is made in a tincture for external use, and is a standard remedy for both schools of medicine. As an internal remedy it is also largely used in homeopathic practice in cases of internal bruises or injuries.

Fireweed (*Erechtites hieracifolia*) is a rank weed growing freely in all the northern and western states. It doubtless takes its common name from the fact that it grows freely in places where the ground has been burnt over. The whole plant possesses medicinal qualities, though the leaves are mainly used. It is considered valuable in all affections of the stomach, bowels, lungs and urinary organs. It is also used with good effect in cases of dysentery, cholera and the milder forms of summer complaints. It is essentially a blood-purifier, and it is so valuable in this respect that it is used as a basis of a certain so-called "patent medicine" widely and favorably known.

Veratrum, or black hellebore, is well known under the common name of Indian-poke, and grows freely in many parts of the United States, usually in swamps or low, damp ground and on the banks of streams. The root is the part used in the form of a tincture or extract. It is a valuable remedy in diseases of the heart, and is also used with good effect in affections of the lungs, especially valuable in pneumonia.

Digitalis (*Digitalis purpurea*), the common foxglove of our garden, though a native of southern Europe. A pretty plant, growing from two to three feet high, with a spike of beautiful bluish-purple flowers. It is used both in the form of a tincture and a powder made from the leaves. It is a narcotic poison, but like most narcotic poisons is very valuable as a medicine when properly used, which, of course, should be only under the directions of a physician. It is a valuable remedy in dropsy of the chest, when connected with diseases of the heart or kidneys. It has also been found valuable in palpitation of the heart, in severe inflammatory fever, epilepsy and spasmodic asthma.

Burdock is valuable in the form of a tea for diseases of the kidneys. It is also used extensively for the alleviation of dropsy, rheumatism and all diseases of the skin.

Catnip, or catmint, makes an excellent drink in fevers. GEORGE R. KNAPP.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM EGYPT.

Clover and cow-peas benefit the soil by shading it, thus preventing the escape of nitrogen by evaporation; they reach down deep into the ground and bring up useful elements which have been washed from near the surface too deep down for most crops to reach them; they furnish humus; they help the mechanical condition of the soil, and last, but perhaps most important of all, they catch nitrogen from the atmosphere and charge the soil therewith. Let us, then, give the legumes more attention. If the soil is too thin to grow clover at the start, begin the work with cow-peas, seeding heavy, say from a bushel to a bushel and a half an acre; either let them mature and decay on the surface, or else turn them under when pretty well advanced in growth. Follow this up two or three years, and undoubtedly the ground will have so improved as to make clover "bounce" when sown. Feed the soil, and it will feed the owner. Each one should make it a study how this may best and most handily be done. No one need ever fear overdoing this. Instead of getting too much plant-food into the soil—or even enough where nature has not been bountiful—not enough will always be the difficulty.

Two Kafir-corn enemies have this season made their appearance on my place. One is an insect, and the other is a black mildew. The insect bores a hole into the kernel about the time it is half grown, and the mildew begins about the same time also on the grain. They cause the grains to shrink to less than half their normal size. The reason they are considered as two distinct enemies, they appear separately, and therefore independent of each other. Has any one else had like experience this last summer? My seed-turnips set out last spring were nearly eaten up by an insect new to these parts. His shape is somewhat like the "stink-bug," but soft-bodied like a young Colorado potato-beetle. His color is black, yellow and red. He was found later on mustard and cabbage. Is any reader acquainted with this insect? My sacaline has matured a few seeds. It is thus far showing up finely. The crowns have formed for next year's growth and look vigorous.

Redtop is a good crop for "Egyptian" farmers to grow. I'm told that but few localities can mature the seed—that while the grass thrives as a pasture, and hay, grass everywhere, no seed will form except in "Egypt" and a small location in New Jersey. I know that the seed is high-priced, and if those places mentioned are the only ones where the seed will succeed, they will remain high-priced, and therefore will pay well to raise. The great drawback to the meadows, though, is the English sorrel. If your place is clear of that noxious weed, strive, O "Egyptian" farmer! to keep it clear. When purchasing seed, see to it that they are clear of foul seeds. Here is a case where a stitch in time not only saves nine, but ten thousand million as well. When that hateful weed has a good hold, there is no way to get rid of it without spoiling the ground, or digging up the dirt ten feet deep and sifting it to get the roots. J. D. CHEELY.

Digest

What you eat and gain strength and vigor. Indigestion and dyspepsia cause great suffering. Overcome these troubles at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which stimulates the stomach and digestive organs, creates an appetite and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Our Farm.

NOTES FROM GARDEN AND FIELD.

ABOUT CELERY-GROWING.—I am told that less than a hundred miles from the place where this paper is published there is a tract of marsh-land of about 20,000 acres or more, some of which has been used for growing onions and potatoes. The land has about three and one half feet fall to the mile. It has attracted the attention of a reader of FARM AND FIRESIDE who believes that it could be utilized for growing celery with greater profit than for growing onions or any other crop. He writes me: "On top the land on which I propose to make a first trial is almost like an ash-heap in color; down six or seven inches, and for the length of a hoe-handle, it is black and damp, and in the middle of summer we can almost squeeze water out of the soil taken from a foot deep. . . . Last year a crop of fifty bushels of corn to the acre was raised on this ground, without fertilizers or manure of any kind. Ground on the same farm thirty-five rods away (which looks exactly like the other) raised six thousand bushels of onions this year on eleven acres."

There is little doubt in my mind that here is a splendid chance to raise first-class celery; but to what degree the wholesale production of the crop can be made profitable will all depend on man and management. Production must be cheapened so as to leave a margin of profit even at our ordinary low prices. The profitable disposal of the crop will probably be the more difficult part of the transaction, and this must be managed with the shrewdness of a good business man. Kalamazoo, Mich., is not the only place in the world where good celery can be profitably raised and marketed. I am sure, too, that the crop under such conditions can be made far more remunerative than onions.

EARLY AND LATE CELERY.—The chief difficulty in growing the early, or summer, crop of celery will be the production of good plants. They have to be started under glass, before the first of March, and once transplanted, either into flats in the greenhouse or into flats or beds in cold-frames. It will require quite a little glass, during April and early May, to grow plants enough to plant an acre. I would not crowd them closer than about fifty plants to the square foot, or say 600 plants to the ordinary hotbed sash (six by three feet). As it will take about 20,000 plants for an acre, the number of sashes must come pretty close to thirty-five. But no storage facilities are needed. Just as soon as the crop is fit for use it is to be sold, and will bring the early money (during July and August). Blanching by boards is a simple process. A great many boards will be needed, but they can be of the very cheapest kind, and be used over and over again, perhaps for blanching three or four different lots the same season. Where boards cannot be had cheaply enough, banking with soil has to be resorted to. Even this, in the nice, clean black soil, is not a formidable task, especially when we make use of the new celery-killing devices, such as the attachment to the Planet Jr., or the machine recently patented by Mr. Maurice M. Ranney, of Michigan.

It is rather an easy matter to grow the plants for the later crop, at least when you know how. I always grow them outdoors; but I want a very rich, warm piece of ground. I like a well-protected spot for it, somewhere on the south side of a tall, tight fence, of a building, an evergreen screen, or a piece of woods, or orchard; and this spot should be laid up in ridges in the fall, in order to get the surface well weathered (acted on by frost, etc.) and to dry out early in the spring. It can hardly be made too rich. I usually give it a good coat of poultry manure (which, of course, must be fine, evenly scattered over the surface, and then thoroughly mixed in), also an application of nitrate of soda just before or after the seed is sown (say several hundred pounds to the acre). Just as early in spring as the ground can be properly fitted, seed is sown in shallow furrows a foot apart, rather thinly; then lightly covered and well firmed. The plants will usually start all right in ordinary seasons. Should it be abnor-

inally, excessively dry, we may have to apply water or mulch. Be sure the plants are properly thinned in good time, say to stand from twenty-five to fifty to the foot of row, and kept scrupulously free from weeds. If tops grow too rank, cut them back with a sickle once or twice, so as to make them short and stocky, with good roots. These plants will be fit for setting out during July, and perhaps early August. The first lot is to be blanched, by boards or earthing, during September, and a good share of the crop can be marketed before winter, needing no storage facilities whatever. A good deal of it can be worked off for Thanksgiving. The later plantings will be fit for use during the winter and in early spring. The plants will have to be stored in trenches, or better, in celery-houses, and, of course, require a good deal of room, and careful handling right along. Usually the best prices can be secured for the very latest celery; namely, that to be marketed toward spring, when the supplies run short.

EARLY SPRING CROPS.—What I said about the preparation of a piece of ground for celery-plants applies also to any piece of ground on which we wish to grow early vegetables of any kind. By a little foresight in the fall we can get a selected piece of ground in best shape for planting early cabbage, lettuce, radishes, peas, bunch onions, and many other things, days and perhaps weeks earlier in spring than ordinary land can be planted. This, of course, would mean a supply of vegetables days and weeks earlier than other people would have them to use or sell. Select your warmest and driest spot, and make this as rich as the crop to be planted may need it. Plow it during the fall, in narrow beds, leaving deep furrows between, and best chances for drainage. Then in early spring you will be ready in time. If you cannot do better, have at least a little spot in some warm corner prepared in this way to raise extra early radishes and lettuce for home use. You can fix it so that you may be able to put on a little frame with a sash or two, and thus grow some of these early vegetables for the table. It can be done with but little trouble, and they will come very acceptable.

T. GREINER.

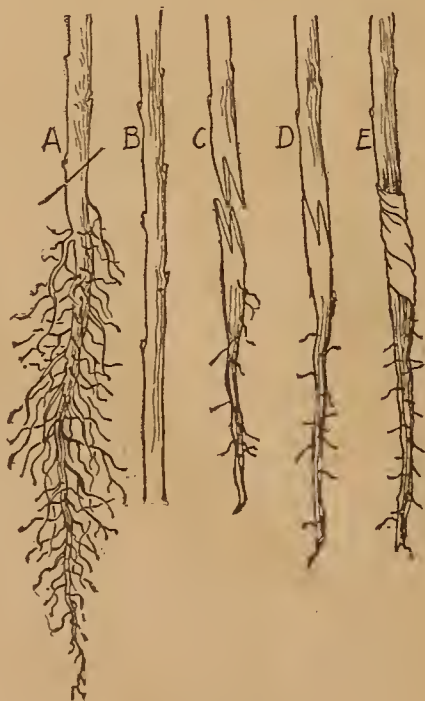
ORCHARD AND SMALL FRUITS.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

ROOT-GRAFTING THE APPLE.

The common apple is grown almost entirely by what is termed root-grafting, although it may be grown by budding and cleft-grafting. Root-grafting is done during winter as follows:

Seedlings which are dug in autumn, and packed in moss or sawdust in a cold cellar, are taken as needed to a warm room and



the scions grafted upon them just below the collar; that is, the place where root and top are joined. The kind of graft made is here illustrated, showing the successive stages of the work. A shows a seedling apple-root with top removed, which is to be cut off and grafted at the cross-line; B shows scion; C, scion and stock prepared for being united, but with the cut held open. This cut is made by the knife-blade, and no wood is removed from it. D, the same united; E, the union wrapped with a strip of paper or cloth which has previously been covered with grafting-wax.

Some prefer waxed string for this covering. The grafts should be about eight inches long. When completed they should be tied in bundles and put away, packed very firmly in sand or light soil, in a cold cellar. A cave is best for this purpose. Early in the spring they should be planted in the nursery, about six inches apart, in rows three feet apart, setting all but the upper bud of the scion below the surface of the ground. It is important to plant the scion deep, so as to encourage it to throw out roots, as the trees are then more hardy than when they depend entirely on the seedling root for support. Great care should be taken to have the soil very firm and solid around the base of the root and at the union. This may be secured in several ways. Some nurserymen attain this end by the use of a large dibber, having a guard on the side to prevent its going too deep. With this a hole is made sufficiently wide and deep to permit the insertion of the graft easily so that not more than one or two buds project above the ground. To do this work most expeditiously the grafts should all be of the same length and free from side branches. Two persons should work together—a man who uses the dibber and a boy who carries the grafts. The man makes a hole with the dibber, the boy puts in a graft; when the man immediately makes another hole by the side of and two inches away from that containing the graft, and pressing toward the graft, packs the soil firmly around it. After each row is finished in this way, the man should turn back on the row and press firmly by the side of each graft with the ball of the foot.

Another method of planting root-grafts, which is as applicable for planting cuttings on a small scale, is as follows. It is not a fast method, but a very excellent one for a few grafts. The thoroughly plowed land is smoothed off, a line stretched and walked where the row is to come, and then thrown to one side. With a spade throw out a furrow along the line, leaving the edge straight and smooth. Against this place the grafts, and then with a hoe turned bottom up, push a little earth against the lower part of the root of each graft, and afterward draw three inches of soil into the furrow around the grafts and then press firmly against each graft with the ball of the foot. Fill the trench full, and repeat the footing process again. A more expeditious way is to plow out a furrow instead of making it with a spade, and then fill the trench with a plow. In this way the work may be successfully done if the soil is not dry and the season is favorable. But it pays well to do good work, and where one has only a few hundred or a thousand grafts to plant, the spade method is most certain. In planting in a dry time, the great key to success is to have the land firm and solid around the root and the union so that there will be no air space. This is very important. In two or three years from the root-graft the trees will be large enough to be transplanted to the orchard.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Best Time to Prune Grape-vines.—G. E. L., Staruer, Ohio. I prefer to prune in mild weather; the latter part of winter in your section.

Blackberry-vines.—J. E. W., El Dorado, Cal. Blackberry-vines may be set in fall or spring; or, in fact, during winter if the land is in good order for working. The sprouts that come up around old plants are good for setting out new plantations. They should be dug with a good piece of root to each plant.

Grafting and Budding.—W. C. C., Hookstown, Pa. Root-grafting of the apple will be found illustrated in this number of FARM AND FIRESIDE. Cleft-grafting is probably what you most wish. This is performed early in the spring, and will be illustrated in FARM AND FIRESIDE before it is time to perform the operation. The peach is budded in August, in the same manner as FARM AND FIRESIDE for November 1st described rose-budding.

Box-elder Covered with Ants—Trimming Vines and Shade-trees.—G. F. N., Oshkosh, Wis. I never knew a box-elder tree to be injured by ants, and hardly think they will hurt your trees. You should know that while ants sometimes are injurious to fruits and to fruit and other trees, they more often are found in trees on account of there being many lice in the trees. The lice are sometimes called the "ants' cows," from the fact that the ants, by stroking the lice with their antennae, encourage them to exude a sweetish fluid, which the ants eat. This nectar-like excretion is sometimes produced so abundantly as to drip from the trees to the ground. It is then called "honey-dew." In seasons when flowers have little nectar in them the bees often gather it in large quantities, but it is not very desirable as honey.—Grape-vines and shade-trees may be pruned in autumn, during mild weather in winter, or early in the spring before the sap starts. Any wounds over three quarters of an inch in diameter should be covered with grafting-wax. Light pruning may be done in the early summer. Rose-bushes (outdoors) should be pruned in spring.

A New Shrub that Cures Disease.

Wonderful Healing Properties of the New Botanical Discovery, the Kava-Kava Shrub—Will be Sent Free to our Readers.

In our preceding issue a description was given of the new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub, or, as botanists call it, *Piper Methysticum*. Like many other remedies, notably quinine and opium, the medical properties of the Kava-Kava shrub were probably known to the natives for centuries before the white missionary or traveler brought it to the notice of civilized man. A great scientist once said that Providence has provided a remedy in Nature for every disease, if man only had wisdom to select it, and the discovery of the Kava-Kava shrub seems proof of this statement. The intense tropical heat acting on decaying vegetation renders the marshy jungles of the Ganges river, East India, the most unhealthy district on earth. Miasma and low fevers assail the system, the blood becomes deranged and the kidneys clogged up and diseased, thus obstructing the excretive functions of the system. White missionaries, soldiers and natives alike suffer. Then when death seems at hand, the native finds in a decoction of the Kava-Kava shrub the natural remedy which sets the kidneys in healthy action again, and clears the system of disease. It is this special action on the kidneys which makes the value of this new botanical discovery, and it is this property which in so short a time has given Alkavis (which contains the medical properties of the Kava-Kava shrub in a concentrated form) its world-wide reputation. It is a sure specific cure for kidney and other diseases caused by disorders of the kidneys. We have letters from many well-known persons in various places restored to health by this wonderful remedy when all other means had failed. They cover most extreme cases of kidney and bladder diseases, with kindred ailments, such as rheumatism, etc., caused by failure of the kidneys to excrete the uric acid and other impurities of the blood.



THE KAVA-KAVA SHRUB.
(*Piper Methysticum*.)

Of all the diseases that afflict mankind, Diseases of the Kidneys are the most fatal and dangerous, and this being the case, it is but natural that the discovery of the Kava-Kava Shrub—Nature's Positive Specific Cure for Diseases of the Kidneys—is welcomed as a gift to suffering humanity. We do not think any better proof can be given of the value of this new discovery than is found in the following letters.

Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vermont, writes that Alkavis quickly cured him of Kidney and Bladder disease of many years' standing, and speaks of it as a splendid remedy.

Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Ind., was cured by Alkavis of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years' standing. He writes: "I have been treated by all our home physicians without the least benefit. My bladder trouble became so troublesome that I had to get up from five to twelve times during the night to urinate. In fact I was in misery the whole time and was becoming very despondent. . . . I have now used Alkavis and am better than I have been for five years. I know Alkavis will cure bladder and kidney trouble. . . . It is a wonderful and grand, good remedy."

Hon. F. D. Jackson, Ex-Governor of Iowa, testifies to the remarkable powers of Alkavis in curing severe Rheumatism, and calls it a wonderful remedy.

Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., Editor of the *Religious World*, writes of the wonderful curative effects of Alkavis in his own case, and states that it cured him when all his doctors had failed.

Mrs. Alice Evans, of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Mary A. Layman, of Neel, West Va., twenty years a sufferer; Mrs. Sarah Vunk, Edinboro, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. Copeland, Elk River, Minn., and many other ladies join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis, in various forms of Kidney and allied diseases, and of other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood. In such cases of disorders peculiar to women we do not care to publish testimonials at large, but ladies interested therein can obtain full information from a descriptive book which is furnished free by the importers of Alkavis. The good results of using this new botanical discovery in such cases are indeed most remarkable.

Rev. Thomas Smith, Methodist minister of Cobden, Ills., was relieved of nearly one hundred gravel stones by two weeks' use of Alkavis.

Perhaps even more remarkable than any of these cases is that of the well-known minister of the Gospel, Rev. A. C. Darling, of North Constantia, Oswego County, New York, cured by Alkavis, after, as he says, he had lost faith in man and medicine. He writes as follows:

"I have been troubled with kidney and kindred diseases for sixteen years and tried all I could get without relief. Two and a half years ago I was taken with a severe attack of La Grippe, which turned to pneumonia. At that time my Liver, Kidneys, Heart and Urinary Organs all combined in what to me seemed their last attack. My confidence in man and medicine had gone. My hope had vanished and all that was left to me was a dreary life and certain death. At last I heard of Alkavis and as a last resort I commenced taking it. At this time I was using the vessel as often as sixteen times in one night, without sleep or rest. In a short time, to my astonishment, I could sleep all night as soundly as a baby, which I had not done in sixteen years before. What I know it has done for me, I firmly believe it will do for all."

Alkavis has indeed proved a wonderful remedy for every form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Cystitis, Gravel, Female Complaints, and Irregularities, or other afflictions due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. The Church Kidney Cure Company, of No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, are so far the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to make it known that they will send a Large Case of Alkavis by mail free to every reader of THE FARM AND FIRESIDE who is a sufferer from any of the above diseases. All sufferers should accept this generous offer, and send their names and address to the company. Alkavis is sent to you entirely free to prove its wonderful curative power.

Our Farm.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

WE are now at the time of the year when all creatures, man included, will find the most comfort on the sunny side.

Around the farm buildings the groups of hens and chicks in sunny corners bill their feathers, and talk low in a subdued, satisfied chuckle. There must be a language among all animals—among fowls, else why do they chatter, complain and laugh among themselves? A few weeks ago when the mercury was down nearly to the freezing-point, I visited the Vanderbilt farm, a few miles out of Newport.

All the fowls kept on this farm, except the pheasants, are of the Plymouth Rock variety, and they roam at will over finely kept lawns. The lawns, indeed, the whole farm, is divided and subdivided by hedges where the fowls not only find shade, but also dusting-places. There were hundreds of fowls there, but no damage was done to the lawns. At this time, a cool, breezy day, long rows of hens and chicks were formed on the sunny side of the hedges—a blue and white line between the dark green of the lawn and the fading green of the hedge.

And the farmer finds the stove and the fireplace good company. The summer is the time of growth and enjoyment of all living things, and the question is, or ought to be, how to carry summer into winter, and make winter, as cold as it may be, as much like summer as possible. Every farmer knows that unless he does make summer in some respects for his flocks in winter, the result will be a loss of profit. To be cold and hungry is to be as miserable as a man can be. Horses, cows and poultry are human in this respect at least; namely, they may endure cold and live if fed well, but cold and hunger together are destructive not only of bodily comfort, but also of future profit.

The work-animals and the milk-cows will be fed on any farm, but all may not be protected from the cold. Many a horse is driven home at a quick pace in zero weather, and then, covered with perspiration, left to stand all night without blanket, while the owner sits by his cozy fire-side and adds another blanket to his bed when he retires. Still heard in the land is the voice of the wise man who talks about the "hardening" or "toughening" process. Let these men try a little of their own medicine and stand all night in a cold room in their shirt-sleeves.

Others who wish to keep their money declare that the horse and every other animal puts on a thicker coat in the winter, and therefore needs no blanket. It is true that a horse puts on a winter coat, but that does not prove that he is prepared for extremes of cold. Two men accustomed to outdoor life may wear the same weight and thickness of clothing, and yet one may endure more cold and exposure than the other. No two horses are alike; one horse may have a thick hide and a thick coat, and another horse may have a thin hide and a thin coat, and no amount of "hardening" will give him a thick hide or a thick coat.

A thick-skinned horse may stand unblanketed in a cold stable and not suffer, but he will be more comfortable, more useful and live longer if he be a little warmer; but a thin-skinned horse in a drafty stable without covering when the mercury is below zero (or some distance above) will suffer torture, and, in fact, may rapidly lose vitality, wear out, and become an old horse, stiff and worthless, long before his time.

Every one thoughtful of the welfare of animals must shiver when he thinks of the young stock now beginning the struggle for existence during the winter on farms where such stock is neglected. Apparently some farmers think that it is necessary only to keep young stock alive from fall feeding to spring grass, therefore the stock is fed on the refuse from the milk-cows' mangers, on swale hay, salt hay, corn-stalk butts—anything that no other animal, unless starved to it, will eat.

And thus fed, or rather, nearly starved, they are merely kept alive, often half sheltered, standing with the back bent like a hoop, and the feet so near together that all might go into a peck measure. Now, it ought to be plain to any farmer that stock treated like that is generally worthless in the spring. A farmer sold

out by auction in the fall. His young stock was in good condition then, because they had been to pasture all summer; but the neighbors knew that the stock had been nearly starved during the previous winter, and hence the stock sold at about half its value or the value that animals of that age ought to be worth.

Every farmer who neglects his stock, young or old, is not only an agent of cruelty, but also he is robbing himself. No man can abuse or neglect any animal on his farm without paying the cost. How can any reasoning being enjoy the warmth of his snug fireside when any animal on the place stands shaking and shivering (and shrinking in value) through the long winter nights. (GEORGE APPLETON.)

GOOD ROADS AND BICYCLISTS.

In our anxiety to promote good farming there is no danger that the subject of good roads will be overlooked. When a man gets the spirit in him to improve his farm, his crops and his live stock, the spirit of progress cannot be checked there, but necessarily it must be extended to his buildings and fences. Who ever knew a farmer to erect a substantial fence along the highway who would not also cut down the unsightly bushes along the margin, see where drainage is needed and how the roadway could be improved, and then resolve that it shall be done at the first opportunity? A good farmer is always a good-roads advocate.

Just now many things are conspiring to assure good roads in the near future. A few years ago the road-scraper on wheels came into vogue. A law was enacted to permit a few adjoining road districts to unite and purchase a scraper to be used in common, as it is an expensive piece of machinery, and rarely a single district could afford to purchase one alone. Now these machines are common all over the state, and through their means road improvement has made rapid strides. It is not necessary to describe all their good points, for every one knows them. I will mention only one, and that is the smooth, hard paths it makes for pedestrians at either side of the wagon-track. Otherwise they would have to travel in the grass and weeds, which is disagreeable, especially if wet or damp.

When the road-machines came into use, nobody had thought of bicycles. A better machine could not have been invented, especially for the purpose of making bicycle paths. What would bicycling on country roads be now were the old style hand road-scrappers still in use? In removing earth from the gutters into the wagon-track they left two small ridges along the space they traveled, and these were seldom leveled. If a wheel could travel them at all, they would certainly go "bumpity-bump." Bicycles rarely have a clear course in a traveled wagon-track, for there are more or less narrow ruts, and horses' feet are apt to cut up the paths in which they have to travel continuously.

The modern road-machines, where used for some time, have had the effect to cut off the shoulders of the roads and place this dry, solid earth in the center of the track, picking it up so water will run off at the sides, as it should do, instead of following ruts, as formerly. I know a certain hill road extending to the railroad station that was always bad. Its surface was broad, stony and full of ruts. The wheeled scraper has made it the model road of the township, and the district is proud of it. There was a very steep, ascending grade from a hollow ten rods from the railroad-track, with a knoll at one side. The road tax for the year had been worked out; but notwithstanding, as the spirit of improvement was on, neighbors volunteered and spent nearly two days with teams and tools, and removed the most of that bank into the road where it ought to be. A neighbor who could not work gave necessary drain-tile. The railroad company, not to be outdone in public spirit, furnished seven car-loads of gravel, and men to handle it, and now the grade is easy and the surface graveled. This is recited to show that the spirit of improvement is contagious, and when aroused, the work will be perfected.

A few years ago the legislature of New York passed an act requiring pathmasters to remove the loose stones from the traveled portions of the highways at stated periods. This was also done before bicycles were invented, just as though their advent had been foreseen. Now, if one thing more than another troubles the bicyclist, it is small, round, loose stones in the path; but as a rule the roadmasters are very delinquent in performing the prescribed duty of removing them. As a hint to bicyclists, I know of several cases where wheelmen have told pathmasters that unless they attended to this duty properly, they would be complained of, adding by way of emphasis that if any loose stone in the track, even the smallest, should be the means of throwing and injuring a rider, damages could be collected either of them or of the township. This sets them to thinking, and they generally conclude that their safety lies in keeping the track clear of these obstructions. If a horse stumble over a loose stone and break his leg, somebody would be liable for damages, and so would they if a bicyclist should take "a header" over a loose stone and receive an injury in consequence.

GALEN WILSON.

PICKED POINTS.

An acquaintance, whose sole business it has been for twenty years to make butter, and to teach others how to make it, asserts most positively that a first-class article cannot be made where the buttermilk is worked out and salt in with a hand-ladle. This implement breaks the grain, and the mass of butter manipulated with it is made salty and sticky; hence, so much poor butter on the general market, as most of that found in country stores has been "worked" with a ladle. The gentleman is correct. The buttermilk should be washed out with pure cold water as soon as grains have formed the size of wheat-kernels, and then the salt be added, and the churn be revolved slowly until the salt is dissolved; then place it in a tub or butter-bowl, with a wet cloth beneath it, let it stand until next day, and then gently press the surplus brine out, and it is ready for packing.

We learn something every season about crimson clover. Heretofore I have taken the ground that this clover will not flourish in northern corn-fields. By the light of ocular demonstration on a neighbor's farm this season, I must qualify the ground taken. It will not flourish here when sown at the last working of corn, but it will succeed to do as this neighbor did. He first cut a crop of red clover for hay, turned the sod, harrowed, and drilled in corn for fodder, and at the same time sowed crimson-clover seed. The clover germinated first, and got well rooted and a fair start before the corn grew enough to shade it. Come to cut the corn fodder, which is a heavy crop, the clover covers most of the surface of the ground, and this fifteenth of October it would make most excellent grazing for the flock of lambs which are to be turned on when the corn fodder shall be drawn away. This is intensive farming—three crops the same season on the same land—clover hay, corn fodder and crimson clover grazing. And there will be further grazing next spring unless the clover is allowed to grow for seed before turning the sod again for a grain crop. But a late crop of grain could be grown after the seed comes off.

GLORIFYING THE HEN.—My next neighbor, who is an old crippled soldier, and who has run a poultry-farm of four hundred hens for twenty years for eggs, and made and saved money by it, thus glorifies the hen in writing, at my request for his views upon the subject: "Eggs are always cash. They are ready for market the minute laid, and the sooner they are got to market the better. Nothing that the farm produces sells better. They require no cultivation, pruning, churning or harvesting, but are at once in salable condition. With plenty of eggs on the farm there are a host of good things in the kitchen and money in the family purse. Gathering up eggs is like picking up dimes and dollars. Great is the hen that produces them. When everything is dull in winter, the egg-basket has wonderfully helped out many a poor farmer. The crops may be poor, the provisions low, the family cow dry, with a long wait for

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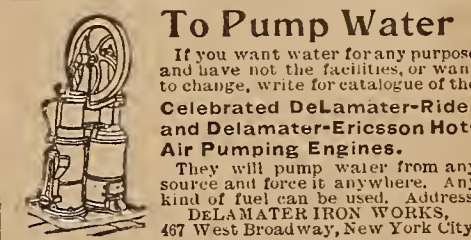
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the next growing season; but the hen comes up smiling, and is ready to get a pound of tea or a sack of flour. If treated well, she will respond as readily when the snow is on the ground as when the fields are green. She is a friend to the poor and rich alike."

DR. GALEN WILSON.

THE HUNTERS' AND FISHERMEN'S PARADISE.

Thinking that many readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE would like to visit a section where hunting and fishing are good, and at the same time easily accessible and in a genial winter climate, I have taken the liberty to address your readers the following:

While we have plenty of quail in the cleared fields and wood lands within a few miles of Tallahassee, yet the big game, such as deer, bear, wild turkeys, geese, ducks, squirrels, coons, opossums, etc., are found in the pine woods, and along the lakes and streams, ten or more miles southward and adjoining the Gulf of Mexico. In these vast tracts the game is free to any one who secures it during the lawful season, extending from October 1st until April. Those who have recently been over a portion of this territory report the game more plentiful than in many years. This favorable outlook for sport is due in a great measure to the absence of Northern hunters for a year or more, who did not come because their favorite hotel, "The Leon," was closed. However, this famous hunters' and tourists' home is now open under experienced Northern management.

Trained dogs, together with properly equipped horses and guides, are readily obtained. However, those who wish to bring their own trained animals can secure proper kennel accommodations for them.

The fishermen can have rare sport, as the fresh-water lakes and streams abound with a variety of gamey fish, while at the Gulf, near "Lanark Inn," and protected by a sand-bar and islands from the heavy seas, the fishermen can indulge in still fishing, trolling or sailing, even when the sea is running high outside this sheltered influence. At this point many species of fish are very plentiful. An amateur, only a few weeks since, caught eight species of the finny tribe in one hour's time, and those who do not return from each trip with a long string of fish are very few.

Should any brother hunter or fisherman desire additional information relating to this topic, a stamp inclosed will bring a reply.

L. D. SNOOK.

November 23, 1896. Tallahassee, Fla.

Our Farm.

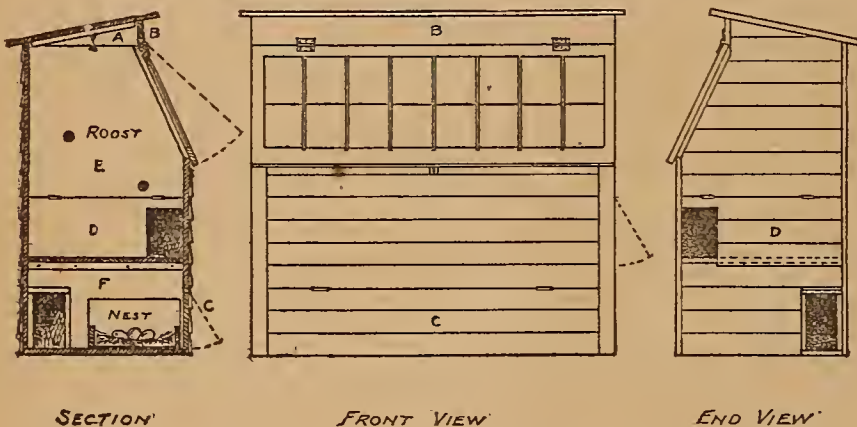
THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

A NOVEL POULTRY-HOUSE.

THE design for poultry-house is for a small flock, the house being detachable and removable, and is from Mr. E. S. Hubbard, Washington, D. C., who describes it as follows: "For the benefit of those who want to keep a few hens, and like myself have only a city back yard, allow me to submit a sketch of my hen-house, which for cheapness, compactness and convenience deserves to take a prize. It is simply an upright piano-box, fixed up as described, resting upon two-inch scantlings to keep it off the ground. The boards at the top and on the sloping part of the box are removed and a wedge-shaped board (A) nailed to the top at each end, and a narrow piece (B) across the front, in order to give a pitch to the roof, which is made separate, and hooks down on the inside, being covered with three-ply tar-paper. Some of the boards at the front (C) and at one end (D) are hinged as shown, giving access to the upper, or roosting, compartment (E), and the lower, or laying, room (F). A tight, movable floor, resting on cleats at each end, separates these two rooms.

"The outside of the box was covered with three or four thicknesses of heavy



paper, then clapboarded, using 1x3-inch strips at the corners to finish against. For the sloping top (which has a southern exposure) I made a sash for 8x10-inch glass to fit, and this is provided with hinges, hasp and padlock. A short ladder or couple of steps are necessary for the hens to reach the roosting-entrance. The nests are common grocer's boxes with the ends cut away, as shown, and slipped in on the lower floor, which is just dark enough to please the hens. So much for the compactness; now for the conveniences: The long door (C) in front is raised to remove the boxes or eggs, the end door (D) is raised to hoe out the droppings; and when desired, the entire roosting-floor can be removed, the two roosts lifted out, and the roof also removed, so that in five minutes you have nothing but the empty box, into which you can climb with a whitewash-brush as often as you like. The adjoining yard, or run, is inclosed, top and all, with wire netting, so arranged as to be covered with some old sash in cold weather to keep out snow and most of the rain. The small openings, admitting the hens to the roosting and laying rooms, are entered from this yard, and are always open. The outside can be painted as desired."

WEAK LEGS AND DUCKS.

Ducks must be handled very carefully at this season to get eggs. Avoid too much corn-meal, or they will have weak legs. Cut clover very fine and sprinkle bran over it for a morning's meal, and give as much as they will eat. They will need nothing at noon. At night give cooked potatoes or turnips, adding a pound of ground meat to every half peck of cooked food, with a quart of ground oats mixed in. Ducks are not partial to whole grains. A box of ground charcoal and one of ground oyster-shells should be convenient. Always have a trough of clean water near them when feeding them. Keep the floor of the duck-house well littered with cut straw, and do not allow it to become filthy. The yards must also be kept clean if they are confined. After the flock is laying, a noon meal may be given, to consist of the same food as the evening meal. Weak legs are nearly always due to overfeeding, and especially when only grain is used.

LICE IN WINTER.

There is a belief that when the cold season comes there will be no lice, and many confidently look forward to that source of relief instead of destroying them while the season permits of doing so advantageously. During the winter lice are not all destroyed, hundreds finding places of refuge. If they hide in the nest-boxes, the warmth from the bodies of the fowls brings them into sufficient activity to annoy the hens, and they also remain on the fowls, where they are kept warm, as the birds cannot so readily get rid of them as during the warm days of summer. Before the winter sets in, the poultry-house should be thoroughly cleared of lice; and to do this, drench the house three times a week with kerosene emulsion, adding a gill of crude carbolic acid to every quart of the mixture of soap and kerosene before the water is added. Also, once a week rub melted lard well on the skin of the heads and necks, and a little under the wings and around the vents.

UTILIZE ORCHARDS FOR POULTRY.

Any farmer who has an orchard and does not keep a large flock of hens upon it is wasting valuable space which could be profitably utilized with advantage. It does not take anything from the fertility of the soil when an orchard is used for poultry, but on the contrary the hens will, to a certain extent, enrich the land. It is also beneficial to the orchards to keep a flock on the ground by the large number of

injurious insects which are destroyed. A dozen guinea-fowls will search every square yard of a ten-acre field carefully, and many times over, during a season, as they are active, ever on the alert, and can subsist without assistance. Ducks and geese are very partial to young and tender weeds that are just coming out of the ground, and the goose will get down to the very roots of some plants. Every pound of poultry or dozen of eggs procured from a flock of hens in an orchard should be clear profit. If they are not fed, but made to find their food, the hens will soon adapt themselves to circumstances, and use insects, seeds, grass, etc., while the trees on the land may at the same time be giving an abundant crop of fruit.

DORKING FOWLS.

The Dorking is used in England as a special table-fowl, but the English people depend on Hamburgs, Red Caps, Leghorns, etc., for eggs, not regarding the Dorking as a special breed for eggs. In this country the farmers desire to secure a breed that ranks high for both eggs and the table, thus depriving themselves of the best table-fowls. The Dorking chicks are somewhat tender, but the adults are hardy. It does not equal some breeds for laying, but the fact that it has been used in England for a century as the best of all breeds for the table entitles it to favor in this country, also.

SMALL AND LARGE FLOCKS.

A comparison of the results obtained from large and small flocks will demonstrate that in proportion to the numbers in the flocks there is a larger proportionate profit from the small flock than from the other. This fact leads to the consideration on the part of some of the feasibility of attempting to keep large numbers by giving them the same condition to which smaller flocks are subjected. A glance over the field will show that this has been attempted over and over again, but the large flock never equals the other. This is because the large flock cannot secure the variety of food within the limits of a small one. Where but a dozen hens are together, they have more food proportionately, and

in the late fall, when the frost has destroyed the vegetation, there will always be a portion left which provides the small flock with the green food that it requires, but which would be insignificant for large numbers. The table-scrap also serve an important purpose with a small flock. They are composed of a variety of foods, and greatly assist in inducing laying, but they are of no value at all for a large number of fowls.

KEEPING EGGS FOR HATCHING.

As many of our readers may desire to save eggs from certain hens for hatching, so as to use the best in the flock, it may be done in this manner: Wrap each egg in tissue-paper and lay it in cotton, in a box. Three times a week turn the eggs over, or rather, half over, and keep the box where the eggs will not freeze. They must not be in a warm place, but kept at a temperature not lower than forty degrees or over sixty degrees. Do not use extra large eggs, or those very small or misshapen; and it may be mentioned that eggs laid by hens will produce stronger chicks than those from pullets. Eggs kept in the manner mentioned should hatch, even when they have been laid three months, as it is known by experience that such has been the case.

MILLET-SEED FOR POULTRY.

Millet-seed should be a regular diet for the laying hens, and it should be kept on hand and in a convenient place for use. When you go into the yards and the hens run to you for food, which they will do if fed frequently, even when they are not hungry, scatter millet-seed for them and let them seek the seeds. Mustard-seed, hemp-seed, or any small seed will answer. A tablespoonful of seed is sufficient, as it is not intended so much as a portion of the ration as to keep the hens busy.

SELECTING A BREED.

For a cold climate, the breed selected should not be the "best layer," for that depends on circumstances, but choose one that has small combs, is heavily feathered and of large size. To improve the flock, take the best laying hens and mate them with a male that is young and vigorous, noting the hardiness of the chicks while raising them. The male will impress his characteristics on the chicks more than will the hens.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Brown Leghorns.—E. R. E., Stockton, N. J., writes: "What is the proper color of the breast and tail of a Brown Leghorn male?"

REPLY:—The color of both breast and tail should be black.

Hatching Broilers.—M. E. R., Athens, Ohio, writes: "When should broilers, to be sold in spring, be hatched?"

REPLY:—The broilers that bring the best prices in spring should be hatched at any time from now until about the middle of January.

Sitting Hens.—S. G. P., Macon, Mo., writes: "Is it advisable to allow the hens that become broody to hatch chicks this winter?"

REPLY:—Not unless you have excellent accommodations for the hens and chicks, as chicks are difficult to raise during very cold weather.

Keeping Large Numbers.—E. B. F., Rock Island, Ill., writes: "Can a young man, by giving his whole time thereto, keep 1,000 hens on ten acres and make a paying business of it?"

REPLY:—It has been discussed in these columns frequently. It is not possible to succeed with so large a number unless experienced. One must begin with a few and gradually increase. Disease and overfeeding have been the chief obstacles.

Purple Combs.—L. H., Knauston, Kan., writes: "Our fowls have black or purple combs; they eat, but seem weak, suddenly falling over."

REPLY:—The color of the comb is only an indication that they are ill. The cause is probably indigestion, from overfeeding. Cease all food except an ounce of lean meat once a day, and add a teaspoonful of tincture of nuxvomica to each quart of drinking-water for a week.

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Our Fireside.

FROM WIDDLETON TO WADDLETON.

When we set out a-journeying, my baby girl and I,
It really is a wonder how the way goes fleeting by;
The course is from the sitting-room, her charger is my
knee,
And the minstrel music with us is her little laugh of
glee.

"Oh! from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen
miles,
But from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles
(Which is just a freak in distance which my con-
science reconciles)
With the theory that baby songs are full of tricks and
wiles—
Oh! from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles."

We never have arrived at where we set about to go,
For always on the journey baby's curly head drops
low;
And then I draw her closer, closer, closer to my
breast,
And the steed is turned to pasture and its rider is—
undressed.

Still from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles.

And from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles,
And the breezes bring a murmuring from drowsy
afterwhiles,
And a little prayer is offered for a life to know no
trials—
Oh! from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles.

A COHUTTA ROMANCE.*

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "From Clue to Climax," "Almost Persuaded," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "White Marie," "A Mute Confessor," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



Two weeks later, Westerfelt had almost wholly recovered from his illness. Going to the stable one night after his supper at the hotel, Washburn gave him a letter. It was addressed in Sue Dawson's handwriting. Westerfelt's heart sank as he lighted a candle at the wick of Washburn's lantern, and went up to his room.

"I'll never read another line from that woman," he said. "I can't. She'll run me crazy!"

He threw the letter, unopened, on the table, sat down, and clasped his hands over his knee, and remained motionless for several minutes. Then he picked up the letter, and held one corner of it in the candle flame. It ignited, and the blue blaze began to spread over the envelop. Suddenly he blew it out, and tore open the letter. The margins of the paper were charred, but the contents were intact. The letter was as follows:

John Westerfelt, I heard you Come Nigh meetin yore Death. The Lord let you live to make you Suffer. The worst sufferin is not in the body But in the Soul. You will likely live a long time and never git over yore guilty sufferin. I have been findin Out more About yore history. My Pore child was not the only innocent girl you would Not trust. You have been mistrustful of every woman you ever had dealings with. You begun when a Boy and the Habit has growed on you tell you would doubt one of God's own angels ef yore intrust wuz at stake. The Report has gone out that some gal over thar tuk care of you while you wuz down in Bed. Well, it would be jest like you to try yore skill on her. God Help her. I dont know her nor nothin about her, but she ort ter be warned. Ef she loved you with all Her soul you would pick a Flaw somehow. Mark my words. You will live to see Awful Shapes when nobody else does. Yore Hell Has begun. It will Go on foreverlastin.

SUE DAWSON.

He put the letter into his pocket, and went to the window and drew down the shade. Then he locked the door, and placed the candle on the mantelpiece, and an open book before it so that his bed was in the shadow. He listened to hear if Washburn was moving below, then knelt by the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, God!" he groaned. "help! help! help! Oh, mother, if you are anywhere near, help me! Help me! Help me! My hell has begun! Keep me from wanting her! Oh, God, I want her! I know I would always mistrust her, and yet my desire for her is burning me up! Oh, God! is this my punishment? I deserve it, but pity me! I am sorry! I repent as much as a man can!"

He rose, sat on the edge of the bed, and clasped his hands between his knees. The room was in darkness, except for the spot of light on the wall behind the book. Below he heard the horses crunching their corn and hay. He took from his pocket Sue Dawson's letters and the one from Sally, and wrapped them in a piece of paper. Then he looked about for a place to hide them. In a corner overhead he saw a jutting rafter, and behind it a dark niche where the shingles sloped to the wall. It was too high for him to reach from the floor, so he placed his table beneath the spot, and mounting it, he pushed the packet tightly into the corner. Then he got down, and removed the table cautiously, that Washburn might not hear him, and sat on the bed again. He then re-

mained motionless for twenty minutes. Suddenly a rat ran across the floor with a scrap of paper in its mouth. He stared at the place where the rat had disappeared as if bewildered; then rose, placed the table back against the wall, secured the packet, and put it into his pocket.

The hours passed. He could not sleep. Seeing the moonlight shining through his window, he decided to take a walk. He went below. Washburn sat in a little circle of candle-light mending a piece of harness.

"Has the hack come in yet?" asked Westerfelt, remembering that he had paid little attention to business that day.

"Yes," answered Washburn; "it's down at the store unloadin' the mail."

"I thought I heard it turn the corner. Any passengers?"

"No."

"I'll be back soon," and Westerfelt went out.

The November air was dry and keen as he walked briskly toward the mountains. The road ran through groves of stunted persimmon and sassafras bushes, across swift-running mountain streams and through dense tangles of wild grapes and muscadine vines. In a few minutes he reached the meeting-house on a little rise near the roadside.

It had never been painted, but age and the weather had turned it gray. Behind it, inclosed by a rail fence, was the village graveyard. The mounds had sunk, the stones leaned earthward, and the decaying trellises had been pulled down by the vines which clambered over them. He sat down on the steps of the little building. He had no idea what time it was when he rose to retrace his steps. The road gleamed in the moon-

"It is reported that you saw them with their load of whisky night before last on the mountain when you were looking for your stray mare."

"I did see them," answered Westerfelt, "and asked them if they had seen my mare."

"Then when you passed on you met the revenue men that afterward arrested the party."

"Yes. They tried to make me tell them if I had met such a party, but I refused to do so."

"Mr. Westerfelt, Toot Wambush has made them—his gang—think that you reported the men. They are coming to-night to take you out. The others don't mean to kill you; they say it's just to whip you, and tar and feather you, and drive you out of the place, but he—Toot Wambush—will kill you if he gets a chance. He would not let you get away alive. He has promised the others not to, but he will. He hates you, and he wants revenge."

Westerfelt put his hand on the bellows-pole, and the great leather bag rattled and gasped, and a puff of ashes rose from the forge.

"How do you happen to know this?" he asked, coldly. She shrank from him, and then stared at him in silence.

"How do you know?" he repeated, in the same tone.

She drew the shawl with which she had covered her head more closely about her shoulders.

"Toot hinted at it himself," she said, slowly.

"When?"

"About an hour ago."

"You met him?"

he came to see me so often that the other young men stopped coming. I had to go with him or stay at home. But he took to drinking, and got troublesome. I did not know how to stop his coming. You don't know how weak a woman is—"

"Yes, I do." He released her hands, and leaned against an anvil behind him. A hammer fell into a tub, and the water splashed on her dress, but neither of them noticed it. "Ah, yes! I do," he went on, bitterly. "But you ought to have nothing more to do with him, and—never marry any man unless—unless you tell him everything, and he is willing after he knows."

Her eyes glittered in the moonbeam, as she suddenly shrank from him. She twisted a corner of her shawl nervously in her hands, and for a moment seemed speechless. Suddenly she caught her breath. "You know—"

"What you think I do not know?—yes."

She stared at him; her hands hung down at her sides.

"How did you know?"

"Never mind how, but I know; that's enough."

She raised a corner of her shawl to her face.

He caught her hands. "Don't cry," he said. "That won't help it. I'd give my life if everything was different. No, let me hold your hands just this once—it won't make any difference. I have never touched you before."

"That's why you've been so indifferent, and avoided me so much since you got well?" she asked, allowing her hands to stay in his.

"If you want the truth, yes."

"I don't blame you," she said, with tragic calmness. "You are right. I am not fit for you. I had made up my mind never to—marry, even before I ever saw you, but when you were down helpless through his cowardice, I began to hate him, and—then I knew what real love meant. There's no use trying to hide it; you know I do love you; I've shown it a hundred times. I would not say it, but—now you think I am awfully foolish—but sometimes I think you care a little for me."

She covered her face with her hands. He impulsively put his arm around her, and started to draw her to him, but suddenly released her. He remembered that she was Toot Wambush's accomplice in crime, and that she had broken the law for his sake. How could such a woman be true to any man long at a time?

"I'm not ashamed of it," he said. "I've had a lot of experience with women, but I have never felt this way before. It seems to me if I was to live a thousand years I'd never feel like you was the same as other women. Maybe you love me real deeply, and maybe you'll change again, but I'll never want any other human being like I want you. I have been a bad man. Ever since I was a boy I have played with love. In consequence of what I have done I suffer as no mortal ever suffered. Repentance brings contentment to some men, but they ain't like me. I don't do a thing from morning to night but brood over my past life."

"I knew you had had some trouble," she put out her hands toward him, but he seemed not to see them.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"You talked in your delirium. That's why I first took pity on you. I never saw a man suffer so much in mind. You rolled and twisted the first two or three nights, and begged for forgiveness, often so loud that I was afraid others in the house would hear."

He opened his palms before her. "These hands are stained with human blood—innocent human blood," he said, in a low tone. "I don't deny it; if it would do a particle of good, I'd tell every soul on earth. I won a young girl's love, and when I got tired of her and left her, she killed herself to escape the misery she was in. Nobody on earth knows that she took her own life, except me and her mother, and she is now my mortal enemy. She never gives me a minute's rest—she writes to me constantly that I'll never get forgiveness—never see a minute's happiness, and she is right; I never shall. She predicted when I first came over here that I'd love a woman that I could not marry, and she spoke the truth, for I do." For a moment he was silent, then he went on:

"We must separate. I will not make another woman unhappy, and I could never marry you—my God, never! I'm not that sort of a man. I'm too weak—too suspicious. Loving you is my punishment, and I'll bear it. When I'm gone, you'll soon forget me."

"Oh, don't say that!" She was beginning to cry.

She leaned toward him, and put out her hands. He held them for an instant, then gently pushed her from him. "No, we must part," he said, resolutely. "Some men have married women under such circumstances and been happy, but I am not that sort; I'm too suspicious. I make mountains out of mole-hills. I love you—I want you, but I'd never be—be satisfied."

She moved a step backward, and stood staring at him, mutely. There was a sound of barking dogs over toward the mountain.

"Go, quick!" She caught her breath. "Don't wait! They may come any minute. Don't let them kill you!"



HE TURNED SUDDENLY, AND IMPULSIVELY GRASPED HER HANDS.

"I'LL NEVER READ ANOTHER LINE FROM THAT WOMAN."

light as it stretched on to the village. He would go back to bed, though he felt no inclination to sleep.

As he approached the stable, walking in the shadow of the trees on the side of the street, he saw the figure of a woman come out of the blacksmith's shop opposite the stable. For a moment she paused, her face raised toward his window, and then disappeared in the shop. It was Harriet Floyd. He stepped behind a tree, and watched the door of the shop. In a moment she reappeared, and looked toward his window again. He surmised that she was waiting to see him, so he stepped out into the moonlight, and advanced toward her.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I've been waiting to see you. I—I must tell you something; but it won't do to stand here; somebody will see us. Can't we—come into the shop a minute?"

Without speaking, he followed her into the dark building. She led him past piles of old iron, wagon-tires, plowshares, tubs of black water, anvils and sledges, to the forge and bellows at the back of the shop. She waited as if expecting him to speak, but he only looked at her, questioningly.

"I came to warn you, Mr. Westerfelt," she began, lamely. "You saw the party of moon-shiners that were arrested and put in jail last night, didn't you?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Yes."

"Would he have told you if he thought you would tell me?"

"I reckon not—why, no."

"Then he considers that you are in sympathy with his murderous plans?"

"I don't know; but I want you to keep out of their way. You must. Oh, Mr. Westerfelt, you must go! They will come down the Hawk-bill road; you could ride off toward Dartmouth and escape. Don't wait!"

"I see," he answered; "you want to keep him from committing a crime."

"I want to keep him from killing you."

"Do you think he would take advantage of a helpless man?"

"Yes; I know it."

"Then you acknowledge he is a coward?"

"Yes." Her voice was almost a whisper. She moved into a moonbeam that streamed through a crack in the roof. Her face was like white marble. He looked away from her. The handle of the bellows creaked, as he leaned on it. He turned suddenly, and impulsively grasped her hands.

"You are a good girl, anyway," he said. "You have been the best friend I ever had. If I don't treat you better, it is owing to my bad nature; I can't control it. I am sorry you love such a fellow. But some women—"

"I do not love him," she looked into his eyes steadily, and went on in a trembling voice: "I fancied him a little at first, and

He did not stir. "You'd better go home," he said, calmly. "I don't care a straw what becomes of me. I've had enough of the whole business. I have got as much right to live as anybody else, and I will not be driven from pillar to post by a gang of outlaws, headed by a coward." He drew a revolver, and half cocking it, twirled the cylinder with his thumb. "I've got five thirty-two caliber shots here, and I think I can put some of them where they belong."

She pushed it down with her hand. "No, no!" she cried; "you must not be reckless—"

"I am a pretty good shot," he went on, "and Toot Wambush shall be my first target if I can pick him out. Then they may do what they like. You must go home. It will do you no good to be seen with me."

She caught his arm. "I'll stay with you if you don't go. Husb! Listen! What was—Great heavens, they are coming! Go! Go!"

She glided swiftly to the door, and he followed her. Coming along the Hawk-bill road about one eighth of a mile distant they saw a body of horsemen, their heads and shoulders dressed in white. His revolver slipped from his fingers, and rang on a fallen anvil. He picked it up, mechanically. He was not a coward, and yet the sight unnerved him, as things touching the supernatural will many brave men.

"Run! Get out a horse!" she cried. "Washburn is in the stable; he will help you! Go, quick, for God's sake! I shall kill myself if they touch you."

He stared at her an instant; then he put his revolver in his belt.

"All right, then, to oblige you; hurry home!" He hastened across the street, and rapped on the office door.

"Who's there?" called out Washburn.

There was a sound of bare feet on the floor inside, and the door opened.

"What's up?" asked Washburn, sleepily.

"I want my horse; there's a gang of Whitecaps coming down the Hawk-bill, and they are after me, I reckon."

"My heavens!" Washburn began fumbling along the wall. "Where in thunder are the matches? Here's one!" He scratched it, and lighted his lantern. "I'll git him out, Mr. Westerfelt," he cried. "Stand still, an' ef I ain't quick enough, make a dash fur that strip of woods over thar in the field. The fences would keep 'em from followin', an' you might escape."

When he had gone into the stable Westerfelt looked after Harriet. She had walked only a few yards down the street, and stood under the trees. He stepped out into the moonlight, and signaled her to go on, but she refused to move. Even in the face of danger the realization of his love came upon him with a strange sweet force. He heard Washburn swearing inside the stable, and asked what the matter was.

"I can't git a bridle that'll fit your boss," he answered.

"Hurry! Anything will do."

The Whitecaps had left the mountain-side, and were now in sight on the level road. A minute more, and Westerfelt would be a captive. He might get across the street unnoticed, and hide himself in the blacksmith's shop, but they would be sure to look for him there. If he tried to run through the fields, they would see him and shoot at him, or run him down.

"Heer you are. Which door, back or front?" cried Washburn.

"Front; quick! I've got to run for it."

Washburn slid the big door open, and led out the horse.

"Git up, quick! They are at the branch. Darn it, they heerd the door—they are a-gallopin'!"

As Westerfelt put his foot into the stirrup he saw Harriet Floyd glide into the blacksmith's shop. She had determined not to desert him. As he sprang up, the girth snapped, and the saddle and blanket fell under his feet.

"By George, they are on us!" cried Washburn. One of the gang raised a shout, and they all came on with increased speed.

"Up! up!" cried Washburn, kicking the saddle out of his way. "Quick! What's the matter?" Westerfelt seemed unable to mount. He was limp all over. Washburn caught one of his legs, and lifted him on his horse. Westerfelt spurred his horse furiously, but the animal plunged, stumbled and came to his knees. The foremost of the gang was now within twenty yards of him.

"Halt, thar!" he yelled. Westerfelt drew his horse up, and continued to lash him with his bridle-rein.

"Shoot his horse, but don't tech him!" was the next command.

Several revolvers went off. Westerfelt's horse swayed at the rump, and then ran sideways across the street, and fell in a fence-corner. Westerfelt alighted on his feet. He turned, and drew his revolver, but just then his horse rolled against his legs and knocked the weapon from his hand. It struck the belly of the horse, and bounded into the middle of the street.

"Ha, we've got ye!" jeered the leader, as he and two or three others covered Westerfelt with their revolvers.

CHAPTER IX.

The gang formed a semicircle around Westerfelt and his groaning horse. They ap-

peared ghostly and hideous in their white caps and cloaks, as they looked down at him through the eye-holes of their masks. One of them held a coil of new rope, and he swung it back and forth before Westerfelt's face.

"You must go with us up the Hawk-bill road fur a little moonlight picnic," he said. "We've picked out a tree up thar that leans spunk over a cliff five hundred feet from the bottom. Ef the rope broke, ur yore noggin slipped through the noose, you'd uever kuow how come you so."

"He's got to have some'n to ride," suggested another muffled voice. "You fellers have done his horse up."

"Weil, be's got plenty; he won't need 'em atter the picnic," laughed the man with the rope. "You-uns back thar thar bairn't doin' nothin' but lookin' purty, you go in the stable and trot out some'n fur 'im to ride; doggoned ef I want 'im to straddle behind me. His spook ud ride with me every time I passed over the Hawk-bill."

"Bill Washburn's in thar," said a man in the edge of the crowd. "I seed 'im run in as we rid up."

The leader, who sat on a restive horse near Westerfelt, called out:

"Hello, in thar, Bill Washburn; git out some'n to put your man on! Hurry up, ur we'll take you along to see the fun!"

Washburn opened the office door and came out boldly.

"What do you say, Mr. Westerfelt? It's yore property; I'll be hanged ef I move a peg agin the man thar I work fur ef ever! Whitecap in christendom orders it."

"Careful, careful, young man; none o' your lip!" said the leader, half admiringly.

"Give them the lot!" It was the first time Westerfelt had spoken.

Washburn made no reply, but went at once into the stable.

Westerfelt's horse raised his head and groaned. A man near the animal dismounted and drew his revolver.

"What do you say?" said he to Westerfelt, "hadn't I better put 'im out o' his misery?"

"I'd be very much obliged if you would."

Westerfelt turned his face away. There was a moment's pause. The man waited for the horse's head to become still. Then he fired.

"Thanks," said Westerfelt. He looked around at the crowd, wondering which of the men could be Toot Wambush. He had an idea that he had not yet spoken, and was not among those nearest to him. Through the open door he could see Washburn's lantern moving about in the stable.

"Hurry up in thar," cried a tall figure; "do you think we're gwine to—" He began to cough.

"How do you like to chaw cotton, No. 6?" asked a man near him.

"The lint gits down my throat," was the reply. "I'd rather be knowed by my voice'n to choke to death on sech truck."

From far and near on all sides came the dismal barking of dogs, but the villagers, if they suspected what was being enacted, dared not show their faces. Washburn led a horse through the crowd, and gave the bridle to Westerfelt. He hesitated as if about to speak, and then silently withdrew. Westerfelt mounted. Two horsemen went before him and two fell behind. The leader gave the order, and the gang moved back toward the mountain. As they passed the shop, Westerfelt saw within the form of a woman lying on the ground just out of the moonlight that fell in at the door. Harriet had swooned. When they passed the shop, Westerfelt reined in his horse, and looked over his shoulder at Washburn, who stood in front of the stable. All the others stopped, and Washburn came quickly forward.

"Any directions you want to give?" he asked.

"I saw you looking over the account-book," answered Westerfelt, significantly. "I was in the blacksmith's shop to-day, and left it on the forge."

Washburn stared blankly for an instant; then he said, slowly, "All right."

"You'd better get it to-night," added Westerfelt.

"All right. I'll attend to everything."

"Cool as a cucumber," laughed a man. "Next thing you know he'll give orders 'bout whar he wants to be buried, an' what to 'ave cut on his grave-rock."

The whole gang laughed at this witticism, and started on again. When they had gone about a hundred yards Westerfelt glanced back. He saw Washburn cross the road and enter the blacksmith's shop, and the next instant the shop was hidden by a sudden turn in the road. They passed the meeting-house, and began to ascend the mountain. Here and there along the dark range shone the red fires of chestnut harvesters. The blue smoke hung among the pines, and the air was filled with the smell of burning leaves.

In about twenty minutes the band reached a plateau covered with dry heather. They went across it to the edge of a high precipice. It was perpendicular as a wall. Below lay the valley, its forests of pines and cedars looking black in the clear moonlight.

"Git down, men, an' let's tend to business an' go home," commanded the leader. "I have a hankerin' atter a hot breakfast."

Everybody alighted except Westerfelt. The

leader touched him with his whip. "Git down, or do you want to be drug off like a saddle?"

"May I ask what you intend to do with me?" asked Westerfelt, indifferently.

The leader laughed. "Putt some turkey-red calico stripes on that broad back o' yorn, an' rub in some salt an' pepper to cure it up. We are a-gwine to teach yer thar new settlers cayn't run this community an' coolly turn the bluecoats agin mountain folks."

Westerfelt looked down on the masks up-turned to him. Only one of the band had a revolver in sight. Westerfelt believed him to be Toot Wambush. He had not spoken a word, but had been one of the two that had ridden close behind him up the mountain. One of the white figures unstrapped a pillow from the back part of his saddle. He held it between his knees, and grunted as he gashed it with his knife.

"By hunkey, they are white uns," he said, as he took out a handful. "I 'lowed they was black; ef my ole woman knowed I'd took a poke uv 'er best goose-feathers ter dab on a man she'd git a divorce."

Two or three laughed in their masks. Another laugh went around as a short figure came from the bushes with a bucket of tar which had been left near the roadside.

"Heer's yore gumstickum." He dipped a paddle in it, and flourished it before Westerfelt, still on his horse. "Say, mister, you don't seem inclined to say anything fur yore-self; the last mau we dressed out for his weddin' hegged like a whipped child, an' made no end o' promises uv good behavior."

Westerfelt got down from his horse. "I'm in your power," he answered. "I won't heg any man nor gang of men living to give me my rights. I suppose I am accused of having reported those fellows to the revenue men. I have simply to say that it is a lie!"

"Uh, uh!" said the leader, "careful! careful! Don't be reckless."

"I say it's a lie!" Westerfelt stared straight into the mask of Toot Wambush. Wambush started, and half raised his revolver, but quickly concealed it under the sheet that hung below his waist. Everybody was silent, as if they expected a reply from Wambush, but he made none.

"The pore mountain men lyin' in the Atlanta jail said so, anyway," said the leader. "They ain't heer to speak up; it's a easy thing to give the lie to them."

"They were mistaken, that's all," said Westerfelt. "Nobody but the revenue men themselves could tell the whole truth about it. I did pass the wagon—"

"An' eavesdropped on the two men—oh, we know you did, kase they heerd a sound, an' then as you didn't come for'ard, they 'lowed they had made a mistake; but when you finally did pass they knowed it was you, and that you had been listenin'."

"That's the truth," replied Westerfelt. "I had been warned that it would be dangerous for me to go about in the mountains alone. I heard the men talking, and stopped to find out who they were before I approached them. I did not want to run into an ambush. As soon as I found out who they were and got the information I wanted, I passed by."

"At the stable, though, young man," sneered the leader. "at the stable, night fore last, when the bluecoats fetched the men an' the plunder in they told you that they'd found the men an' wagon right whar you said they wuz."

"You het he did. What'n the thunder's the use a-jabberin' any longer?" The voice was Wambush's, and his words seemed to fire the others. Westerfelt started to speak, but his words were drowned in a tumult of voices.

"Go ahead!" cried several.

"Go ahead! Are you gwine to hold a court an' try 'im by law?" asked Wambush, impatiently. "I 'lowed thar p'int was settled."

Westerfelt folded his arms, calmly. "I've no more to say. I see I'm not going to be heard. You are a gang of cold-blooded murderers."

The words angered the leader.

"Shuck off that coat an' shirt!"

"Westerfelt took off his coat, and threw it across his saddle, and began to unlace the bosom of his flannel shirt. "I'm glad to say I'm not afraid of you. If you have got human hearts in you, you'll kill me, though, and not let me live after the degradation you are going to inflict. I know who's led you to this. It is a cowardly dog who never had a thing against me till I refused to let him have credit when he already owes me an account that's been running for two years. He tried to kill me with a pistol and a knife when I was unarmed. He failed, and had to get you to help him. You are not a bit better than he is. I'm no coward. I've got fighting blood in me, if you'll give me a chance to show it. Some of you'd acknowledge it if I was to tell you who my father was. I am pretty sure that there are three men in this gang who fought side by side with him in the war, and were with him when he was shot down tryin' to hold up the dag at the battle of Chickamauga. He once carried one of the dirty cowards off the field when he could hardly walk, with a bullet in his own leg!"

"What regiment wuz that?" broke in a voice in the edge of the crowd.

"Forty-second Georgia."

For a moment no one spoke; then the same voice asked:

"Who was your father?"

"Alfred Stone Westerfelt, under Colonel Mills."

The tall, slender figure of the questioner pushed into the ring. Without a word he stood near Westerfelt, and unpinned the sheet that was around him, and slowly took off his mask. Then he put a long forefinger into his mouth, prized out two wads of cotton, and threw them on the ground.

It was old Jim Hunter. He cleared his throat, spat twice, wiped his mouth with his hand, and slowly swept the circle with his eyes.

"I'm the feller that was toted out," he said. He cleared his throat again, and then went on:

"Boys, if thar's to be any whippin' ur tar-rin' an' featherin' in this case, I'm agin it tooth and toe-nail. Alf Westerfelt's boy sha'n't have a hair o' his bead tetched on seeb evidence as we've had while I'm alive. You kiu pnt that wad in your mouths an' chaw on it. I've got too much faith in the Westerfelt stock to believe that a branch of it 'ud spy ur sneak."

Two others pushed forward, taking off their sheets and masks. They were Joe Longfield and Weston Burke.

"We are t'other two," said Longfield, dryly. "The Yanks killed off too many o' that sort o' stock fur us to begin to abuse it at this late day. Ef t'is feller's tetched, it will be over my dead body."

"Yore a-talkin' fur me," said Burke, simply, and he put his hand on his revolver.

"We've been a leetle too hasty," went on Jim Hunter. "We've 'lowed Toot Wambush to inflame our minds agin this man, an' uow I'll bet my hat he's innocent."

"Thar's a gal in it, anyway, I'm a-thinkin'," opined Weston Burke, dryly.

"Men," cried the leader, "thar's a serious disagreement. We've always listened to Jim Hunter; what must we do about it?"

"Send the man back to town!" cried a voice in the edge of the crowd. "He's the right sort to the marrow; I'll give 'im my paw au' wish 'im well."

"That's the ticket!" chimed in the man with the rope.

"I 'low myself that we've been basty," went on the leader.

"Putt down that gun! Drap it!" cried Jim Hunter, suddenly turning on Toot Wambush. "Ef you dare to cock a gun heer you'll never live to hear it baug!"

Wambush started to raise his revolver again, but Hunter knocked it from his hand. Wambush stooped to pick it up, but the old man kicked it out of his reach.

"You don't work that trick on this party," he said, hotly.

"I wasn't tryin' to draw it," muttered Wambush.

"You lie!" Then Hunter turned to the leader: "What d'ye think orter be done with a mau like that? Ef I hadn't 'a' been so quick, he'd 'a' shot Westerfelt, an' before the law we'd all 'a' been accomplices in murderin' a innocent man."

"I move we give the dirty whelp six hours to git out'n the county," said Joe Longfield.

"That would be too merciful," said Burke.

"Boys," the leader cried, "Wambush has broke a rule in tryin' this thing on us. You've heerd the motion; is thar a second?"

"I second it," said Jim Hunter.

"It's heen moved an' seconded that Wambush be 'lowed six hours to git out o' the county; all in favor say yes."

There was a general roar.

"All opposed say no."

No one spoke for a moment, then Wambush muttered something, but no one understood what it was. He turned his horse around and started to mount. He had his left foot in the stirrup, and had grasped the mane of his horse with his right hand when the leader yelled:

"Hold on, thar! Not so quick, sonny. We don't let anybody as sneakin' as you are ride off with a gun in yore hip-pocket. Search 'im, boys; he's jest the sort to fire on us an' make a dash fur it."

Hunter and Burke closed in on him. Wambush drew back, and put his hand behind him.

"Stand back, blast you! Don't touch me!" he threatened.

The two men sprang at him like tigers, and grasped his arms. Wambush struggled and kicked, but they held him.

"Walt thar a minute," cried the leader. "He don't know when to let well enough alone. You white sperits out thar with the tar and feathers, come for'ard. Wambush ain't satisfied with the garb he's got on."

A general laugh went around. With an oath Wambush threw his revolver on the ground and then his knife. Hunter and Burke allowed him to mount his horse.

"Don't let him go yet," commanded the leader. "Look in his saddle-bags."

Wambush's horse snorted, kicked up his heels and tried to plunge forward, but Burke clung to the reins and held him.

"He dug his spur in on this side like thunder," said a man in the crowd. "It's a wonder he didn't rip him open."

"Search them bags," ordered the leader, "and if he makes another hodge before it's done, or opens his mouth for a whisper, drag 'im right down an' give 'im 'is deserts."

Wambush offered no further resistance. Hunter fumbled in the bags. He held up a quart flask of corn-whisky over his head and then restored it. "I hain't the heart to deprive 'im of that," he said as he walked around the horse. "He won't find any better in his travels." On the other side he found a forty-four caliber revolver.

"That 'nd he a ugly customer to meet on a dark road," he said, holding it up for the others to see. "By hnnkey, it 'ud dig a tunnel through a rock mountain. Say, Westerfelt, ef he'd 'a' got a whack at yer with this yore pieces 'ud never come together ou the day o' judgment."

Westerfelt made no reply. A man had handed him his coat, but he had not put it on.

"Now let 'im go," said the leader. "Ef he dares to be seen in this connty six hours from now he knows what will come of 'im. We refuse to shelter 'im any longer, an' the officers of the law will nab 'im."

The ring of men and horses opened for Wambush to pass out. He said nothing nor turned his head as he rode down the mountain into the blue haze that hung over the valley.

"What do you say, boys?" proposed Jim Hunter to Longfield and Burke, "let's ride down the road a piece with Westerfelt."

"All right," both of them said. There was a general scramble of the hand to get mounted. Westerfelt got on his horse, and started back toward the village, accompanied by the three men. When they had ridden about a hundred yards, Westerfelt said:

"I'm taking you out of your way, and I think I'd rather go alone."

"Well, all right," said Hunter, "hut you've got to take my gun. That whelp would do anything to get even with you."

"I know it," Westerfelt put the revolver in his pocket. "But he'll not try it to-night."

"No, I think he's gone for good," said Longfield. "I guess he'll make for Texas."

At a point where two roads crossed a few yards ahead of them Westerfelt parted from the three men. They went back up the mountain, and he rode slowly homeward.

(To be continued.)

BEASTS AS MIND-READERS.

"Do you think animals communicate together?" was asked of the Hagenbeck lion-tamer.

"They put their heads close together and seem to have a sort of sign language. They express such simple thoughts as 'I'm tired,' 'Get out of the way,' 'Stand back,' 'Are you well?' quite plainly, to my observation, among each other."

"The language of animals seems quite plain to me," continued the famous lion-tamer, earnestly. "Men have a considerable ability to communicate by facial expression and gesture, but school themselves to repress these natural expressions of rage, fear or friendship, and say by oral language what their wisdom dictates, often quite the opposite of what they feel."

"Animals, on the other hand, are too simple to make believe, and this gift, which men misuse, is their regular mode of communication. Notice how quickly a dog scents rage or sorrow in his master's face. We can't see the expression of a lion's face except of rage, but his companions can."

"I have also thought that animals have the gift of thought-reading instead of power to speak. Did you ever see one animal fail to understand another? I never saw such an instance. The range of their thoughts is limited. I do not think they can read men's thoughts, except very imperfectly, because they are so extensive and complex and beyond their comprehension. I am inclined to think that what we call mind-reading is mere survival here and there of the lost sixth sense which was probably common to primitive man, and which animals possess to this day."

SOME OLD TREES.

The oldest tree of which there is authentic record is the Soma cypress, of Lombardy. It is known to have been in existence in 42 B. C. There are, however, many trees for which a vastly greater antiquity is claimed; some of the Senegal baobabs are said to be five thousand years old. The So tree of Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, is perhaps the oldest specimen of another very long-lived species. It is held sacred upon the ground that it sprang from a branch of the identical tree under which Buddha reclined for seven years while undergoing his apotheosis. The oak is well known to live long, and there are specimens still standing in Palestine of which the tradition goes that they grew out of Cain's staff. The hawthorn sometimes lives to be very old. There is said to be one inside Cawdor castle of an "immemorial age." The cedars of Lebanon may also be mentioned; and there are, according to the late Dean Stanley, still eight of the olives of Gethsemaue standing, the gnarled trunks and scanty foliage of which will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in and about Jerusalem.

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THE HABIT OF THRIFT,	Andrew Carnegie.
BECOMING A DOCTOR,	Dr. Austin Flint.
HOW LINCOLN EDUCATED HIMSELF,	Jesse W. Weik.
FORESTRY AS A PROFESSION,	Gifford Pinchot.
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A HUT USED BY WASHINGTON.

While hundreds of pilgrims daily crowd the shrine of Mount Vernon, one of the most interesting relics of Washington remains unknown and unnoticed, and is rapidly falling into decay. This is a small cabin which was used by Washington when a young man engaged in surveying the lands of upper Virginia. The house is located in Clarke county, the district being formed in 1830 from Frederick, and named for the illustrious General George Clarke, of early days.

Near Berryville, in Clarke county, General

Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, built a handsome home, which he called "Soldiers' Rest." About two hundred yards from the site of this manor is located the cabin, which is regarded with almost religious veneration by the people of the neighborhood, and which is being slowly eaten by the tooth of time.

The house is twelve feet square, and there are but two rooms, one on the ground floor and one for a garret. Beneath the building flows, or rather did flow during the last century, a small stream, which was used for cooling purposes. The upper chamber is

lathed and plastered; only one window lights it, while a rough door gives access to the visitor, who must mount by a ladder. Here it was that Washington was accustomed to keep his instruments when on a surveying expedition.—New Haven Morning Journal.

INSTEAD OF TRIFLING WITH A BAD COLD use Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will loosen the phlegm, subdue inflammation, and certainly save your lungs and throat much dangerous wear and tear. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

Our Household.

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux,"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men;
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun,
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know:
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the live-long day.

They thought not at all of the style of their
clothes,

They never imagined that boys were "beaux;"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they,
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or
"style."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SOME PRETTY GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

WELL, Mary, who is always devising something original and dainty, has latterly been doing herself proud. I went into her room one day and found her busy on Christmas presents. The first one that I saw was a stationery-pocket, so pretty.

She had taken a piece of cardboard twelve inches long and nine inches wide. Over this she had stretched plain gobelin-blue silk, with a layer of sheet cotton underneath to soften the effect. Being of an artistic temperament, she had decorated it with graceful designs. Upon the back a windmill, its great Dutch arms standing out on either side, a little Dutch boy bent over a little wooden table, laboriously working on a letter, presumably to his sweetheart. On the second back, with a few bold strokes she had sketched a little Dutch girl carrying a little Dutch ink-bottle and pen from a little wooden cupboard. Through the tiny diamond-paned window a glimpse of the arms of a huge windmill might be seen. Inside, on each of these respective covers, full pockets of white silk were fastened. Into one a package of the most exquisite note-paper was slipped, while the other held the envelopes. Neat ribbon hinges joined the backs, and a delicious breath of violets permeated the lovely thing.

She next offered for my inspection a pretty little affair of bronze leather and white satin. It proved to be a scissors-pocket. It was exactly six inches long. The back was cut of cardboard, covered with bronze leather and lined with dull blue silk stitched down with great precision. An outer piece, also of the morocco, silk-lined, fitted over this. A small

A number of mats for a chamber-set she showed me next. They came in varying sizes, and were crocheted in a star design, showing seven points, so easy to reproduce, it is unnecessary to give the stitches. These mats, cut square from soft linen or crash, and outlined with flowing scroll or rosebud design, add much to the appearance of a wash-stand.

A pasteboard box six inches square and three inches high had been converted by her nimble fingers into the daintiest of handkerchief-boxes. White satin, with cotton underneath, formed the lining for bottom and sides, and the rim of the box being cut off; it, too, was lined with the white satin. The outside was covered with delicate pink. From the pink shimmer of the lid a full ruffle of delicate lace depended, while a large brass ring formed the lift. Redolent with the perfume of roses, no daintier nest for dainty handkerchiefs could be found.

Then there was an oblong cushion of white linen, over which a graceful cluster of forget-me-nots fell and drifted, and around which there ran a full drapery of pretty lace, headed by pale blue baby ribbon.

From a scrap of crash she had fashioned the prettiest of head-rests. It was barred in yellow. In the center of each white square a maple-leaf was outlined in yellow floss. A ruffle of white dimity finished it.

From the depths of a box she drew forth a half dozen bags made of crash, and filled with some soft, sweet-smelling material. "Bath-bags," she said, "filled with almond-

meal, powdered orris-root and bran. Oh, they make the bath most delightful!"

She also showed me a pair of bath-mittens manufactured by herself on her own plan. Made of white crash, bound with Turkey-red calico, they looked exceedingly sensible, and were in their way quite artistic.

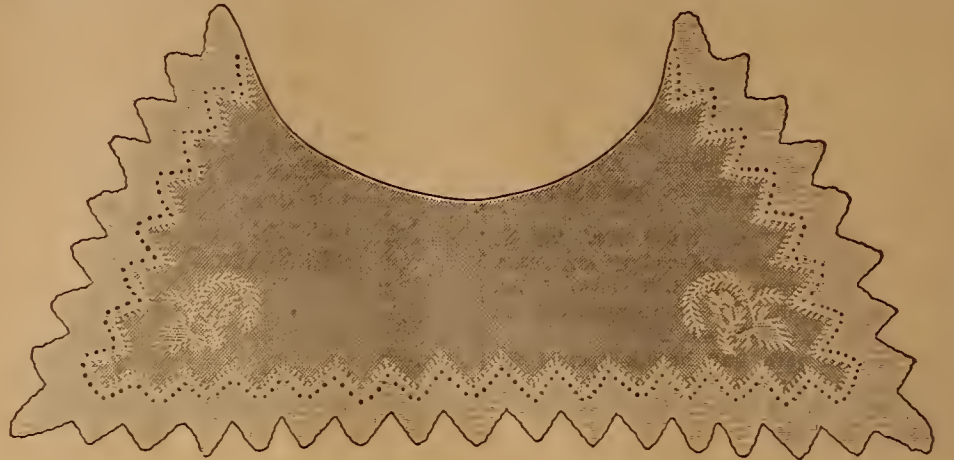
fume, or those rose-leaves I gathered last June, scattered over the cotton will finish it. Don't you think it will be sweet?"

"I most certainly do," I answered. "And you surely ought to be happy, if any one is, on Christmas."

MARGARET M. MOORE.

A DAINTY COLLAR ON NET.

There is nothing more becoming and nothing more enjoyed by young girls than



pretty accessories to their toilet in the way of neck-fixings. I give this pretty design for a collar on bobbinet. It can be worn with silk waists or muslin dresses, using a black velvet or ribbon stock, as the case might demand.

A collar made in this way takes a great deal of time; it is like lacework, and only

you will certainly feel repaid. The meat must first be prepared, minced very fine, and even pounded, which makes it very tender. Then prepare a sauce as follows: Melt one ounce of butter with a dessert-spoonful of flour until very smooth, then add a teacupful of soup stock, pepper and salt to taste, a tablespoonful of tomato catchup, and a small onion chopped fine; mix the meat in with this, and add the beaten yolks of three eggs, and the whites

beaten to a froth; put the mixture into buttered cups, and bake in the oven for twenty minutes; turn out on a platter, and put a ring of hard-boiled egg on top of each one, and a tablespoonful of catchup over each one.

You won't feel as if you were eating common, ordinary hash. When a roast has been served from twice, one must do something with what is left. A good idea through the winter is to utilize all the meat-bones into soup stock, which when cool should be skimmed of the fat, and the stock kept for soups, gravies and for adding to sweet potatoes or parsnips when they are cooked, as it gives them a tasty flavor nothing else does. A stone jar on the back of the stove could always have stock in preparation. When the bones are well boiled, strain off the liquor, and return it to the jar to cool. The fat skimmed off is nice for pie or biscuit—really better than lard. A vegetable or any other soup can then be made very quickly from this stock.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

HANDSOME AND USEFUL PRESENTS FOR MEN.

Next to the question of what to make comes the most puzzling one of what to buy for a man at Christmas. Some are supplied with dressing-gown, smoking-cap, pipe and slippers, so a search must be made for something novel. Fortunately, the merchant can solve the problem, for never was there such variety in the stores—pictures, lounging-chairs, writing-desks and tables in endless variety—while the small conveniences are even more numerous. Calendars, of which hundreds of designs are shown, mucilage-pots mounted in silver, cut-glass ink-stands, and pads mounted in like metal; then there are pen-rests in grotesque designs. Don't imagine that a man cares nothing for pretty toilet articles. If he travels, give him a wire soap-box or silver button-box. They can be had in cut glass with silver top, and are very handy for the bachelor who cannot keep track of his buttons. Brushes and small mirrors are always acceptable. Compact cases of leather containing brush and comb, tooth-brush, shaving-mug, bottle for bay-rum and one for toilet-water, can be purchased as high as the taste and means of the purchaser suggest. In the selection of scarf-pins the limit is boundless, except to the extent of the buyer's purse. Mufflers, handkerchiefs and slippers should never be forgotten. But if a box of cigars suggests itself as a suitable article for a friend, let a man who is a lover of the weed do the purchasing for you, else usually the gift will fail of its purpose.

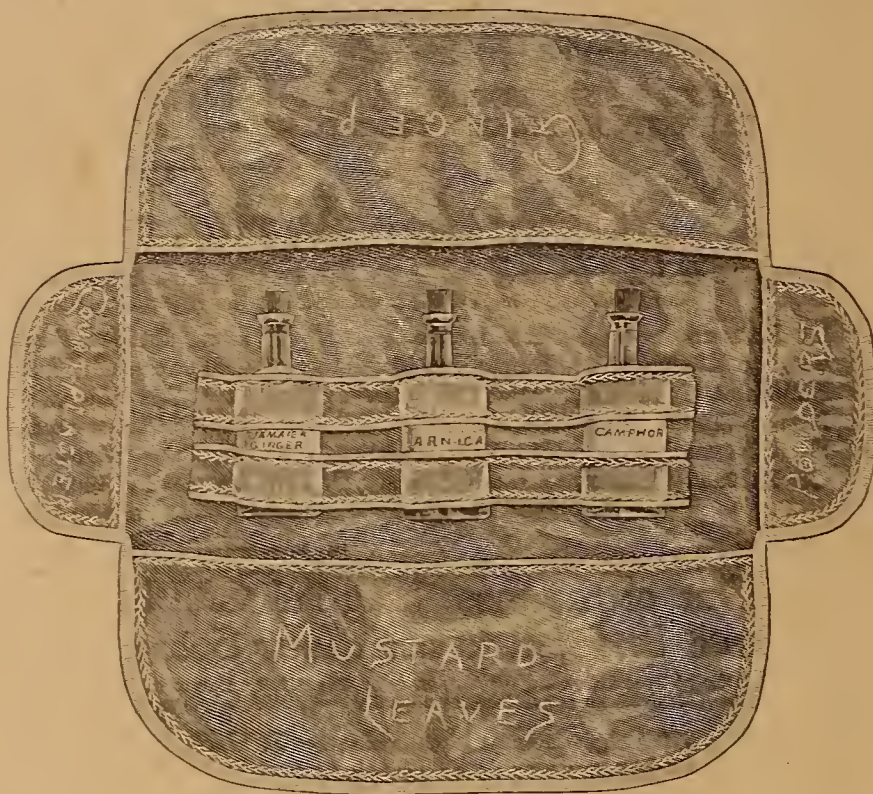
M. E. S.

MEDICINE-CASE.

Three bottles nearly always accompany the traveler, although this case could contain even more. They are Jamaica ginger, witch-hazel and camphor, also mustard-leaves and court-plaster and any other such things you are used to. Here, all nicely put together, they are ready for any emergency. The different parts are all embroidered first, and then put neatly together.

BELL KING.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.



A BLACK APRON.

A black apron is liked by many in stores and offices, and this one is a little more ornamental than a plain one. The material required is forty inches of twenty-two-inch wide sateen, two spools of linen thread No. 70, one spool of black silk and one yard of moire ribbon.

Any pattern of wheels can be used, and the illustration shows the manner of arranging them.

MEAT SOUFFLE.

That is a good-sounding name for a very plain, homely dish—now isn't it? It is pronounced as if spelled "sue-flay," and we have all known it under the time-honored name of just plain—hash. But that is a different sounding thing altogether. Now, with this toothsome dish—for it can be that—one must take pains, or it really merits the ugly, ill-sounding name. Mark Twain used to say he rather enjoyed eating it, because he always knew what he was eating. Well, maybe he did. But if you can find time enough to prepare it after this recipe,

A half dozen sachet-bags, made of silk-olene, and filled with cotton, violet powder and orris-root, to place in one's linen-drawer, formed a most luxurious gift.

She was working on the last—a lining for a dresser drawer. She had taken the measure exactly, and from cotton and fairy-pink silkolene she was creating the lining for a linen-drawer. "A dash of per-



brass ring to suspend it and a pretty pair of bright scissors finished it.

A half dozen linen handkerchiefs, with her father's monogram beautifully embroidered in the corner, she showed me next. "My own work," she said, in answer to my inquiry, pointing to the embroidered rings in her work-basket. An exactly similar gift was prepared for her mother.

HOME TOPICS.

TURNIPS AND BEETS.—We had always been troubled with our turnips wilting soon after they were put into the cellar, until we learned to leave the tops on and pack them in barrels. Keep the barrels in a place just above freezing, and the turnips will keep all winter.

Beets are hard to keep, too, without wilting, but for a good many years I have practised the plan of boiling the beets, cutting them into quarters if large, and if small, slicing them, then packing them in glass jars while hot, pouring hot spiced and sweetened vinegar over them, and sealing the jars. In this way they will keep perfectly, and have the added advantage of being ready for the table. If you want them hot, drain off the vinegar and put the sliced beets into a saucepan in which you have a spoonful of melted butter. Let the beets heat in this without browning, then stir a teaspoonful of flour



HANGING-POCKET.

The material required is one spool of black knitting-silk, two yards of satin ribbon one half inch wide, forty-eight small rings, one spool of sewing-silk. Use only the single crochet-stitch to fill the rings. Commence with twelve rings and go down to one.

TOILET HINTS.

All women dread wrinkles, and many are the lotions offered for their removal; but I have found that, regarding wrinkles as well as many other things, prevention is better than remedy. If a woman will carefully watch herself, she can readily prevent many of these unseemly lines, popularly supposed to be the marks of time, but more correctly the marks of carelessness.

What woman does not, when perplexed, tired or out of humor, draw down her brows, forming the perpendicular wrinkles above the nose, until by and by they become a permanent fixture? Frequently, when sitting, occupied with particular work or an interesting book, or particularly when listening to something unusual or exciting, the eyebrows are raised, causing long horizontal wrinkles across the brow that soon constantly remain. Oftentimes, when the mind is intently occupied with some important thought, the lips are pursed up, and so wrinkles around the mouth are allowed to grow. Mayhap one forms the habit of squinting the eyes when reading or sewing, until almost before they are aware, annoying crow's-feet are planted. All of which, if care is taken, may be readily prevented by keeping the features in repose. But it will take determined effort for some time. If one has carelessly allowed these disfiguring wrinkles to appear, they may be remedied. First, by being careful to always keep the features in their correct and natural position to prevent a deepening of the lines. Second, by regularly bathing the face and neck every night and morning in very warm water—or better still, hot milk—and while the flesh is warm and moist, carefully and gently smoothing and rubbing it until the unsightly lines are pressed out. Of course, they will return, but regular repetitions will cause them to become less noticeable, if not to altogether disappear if the bathing, rubbing and smoothing are persevered in. But as it took a long while to form them, so, too, it will require time and composure of features to eradicate them. A careful and gentle patting and pinching of the cheeks while warm and moist will also, if regularly persevered in, prevent the unsightly hollows which women dread even more than they do wrinkles.

For a comfortable, inexpensive dressing-sack, to slip on while these facial manipulations are in progress, there is nothing better than some delicately tinted tennis-flannel or outing-cloth. A pretty way to make one is to lay tiny plaits front and back, to simulate a yoke, and confine the fullness made by these with a belt of the

rinsed and dried, and be as good as new. I liked this cover so well that I made another to slip over the top of my bread-pan when I put the bread to rise.

A CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.—Conventions of women for various purposes have become common in the last few years, but it remains for 1897 to have the first convention of mothers.

This is to be held in Washington, D. C., in the month of February, and is called the "National Congress of Mothers." It is expected that delegates will be present from every state and almost every city in the Union. The congress will be in session a week, and subjects relating to the home and training of children will be discussed by eminent men and women—teachers, clergymen and physicians of both sexes.

Among the subjects to be presented are the following: "The Moral, Physical and Mental Training of the Young," "The Physical and Mental Evils Resulting from Some of the Present Methods of Our Schools," "The Best Means of Developing in Children Tastes Which Will Elevate and Ennoble, and thus Assist in Overcoming the Conditions Which Now Prompt Crime and Fill Jails, Workhouses and Reformatories."

This congress cannot fail of being of deep interest to millions of mothers, and those who cannot be present will eagerly read all the reports given by the press.

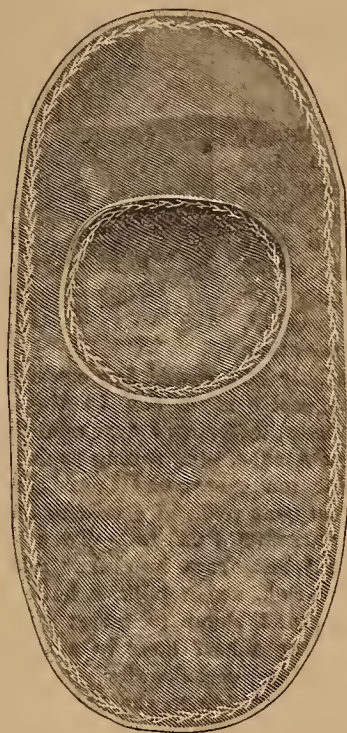
MAIDA McL.

same about the waist. The tiny plaits, belt, turn-down collar, and cuffs that turn back over the full bishop-sleeves should be embroidered with a triple brier-stitch of some bright shade of Asiatic filo silk which will launder as well as the cloth. This tennis-flannel or outing-cloth makes very pretty, dainty and comfortable night-robes, also. For these, an embroidery of fancy stitches of Caspian floss may be used instead of the Asiatic filo, as it ladders equally as well.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

BRUSH AND COMB BAG FOR TRAVELING.

The material required is a fourth of a yard of denim, one bolt of tape, and a ball of nun's cotton for the brier-stitching.



Each side should be bound and embroidered before cutting the slit, which is also bound and then covered with a flap.

BED-SOCKS.

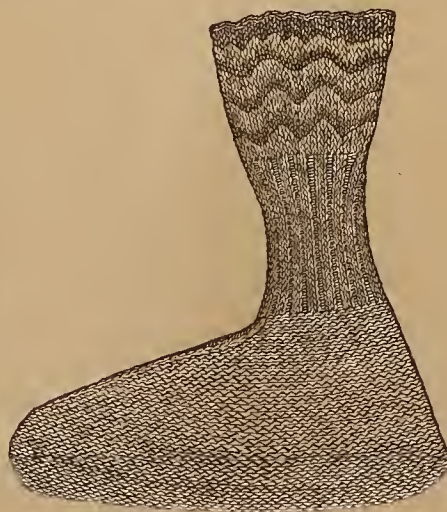
Two hanks of Germantown yarn and four coarse needles are required. It is begun in the middle of the sole.

Cast on 120 stitches, 40 on each needle. Knit plain around, making a new stitch in every eighth one by knitting the front part of the stitch and then the back part, thus making two stitches out of one, and five new stitches on each needle.

Second round—Purl.
Third round—Knit plain.
Then repeat alternately for twenty-six rounds.

In the middle of the needle opposite the heel-seam divide the stitches equally, so as to leave eight in the middle. Knit plain to the eight stitches, and knit 2 together. Knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, put needle in as for purling, and take off a stitch without knitting; knit 1 plain, and draw the slipped stitch over it to narrow. Do this on every round until but sixty stitches remain for the ankle.

Rib for the depth of three inches. Make fancy edge as follows: Knit 2 together twice, throw thread over, and knit 1 four times; knit 2 together four times,



throw thread over, and knit four times. Continue around; then knit two rows plain. For several rows knit a color in. Make as deep as desired. Take off, and finish with crocheted edge. MARY.

The latest returns include 194 yearly subscriptions in three days, 416 in seventeen days, and 19 in one forenoon. Farm and Fireside and Ladies Home Companion agents are having extraordinary success.

YOU CAN START THE YEAR WITH MAKING MONEY

And you can do it right at home and in a dignified way. A start now may mean a larger reward than you can think of. Our last offer, when distributed, surprised the people who received our checks.

The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia



HOME STUDY
of
SHORTHAND
and our instruction
BY MAIL
will prepare
Young Women and Men
to occupy positions of trust. We also instruct in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, etc. by same method, fitting young and middle aged people for success in any department of business life. It is at once the most inexpensive and thorough method of securing a practical business education. Trial lesson 10c. Interesting Catalogue free. Address
BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE,
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Mention this paper when you write.

12 Yards Torchon LACE Given Away.
All one piece FREE to all sending 10c. for paper 3 mos. Fireside Gem, Waterville, Maine.
Mention this paper when you write.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Willow chairs can be restored to their natural color by using a solution of chlorin.

Repeated dipping in a strong solution of borax, and drying in the sunshine, removes iron scorch if the fabric is uninjured.

A sponge large enough to expand when wet and fill the chimney, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean the lamp-chimney.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

In the dome building at the state fair of Illinois a beginning has been made of one of the most important departments with the purposes for which the agricultural board was inaugurated. For years attention has been given to the best methods and appliances for the production of food, but the methods and appliances for the preparation of food, and its ultimate benefit to men, has been entirely overlooked. The advance step in progress, therefore, now calls for this movement, and an introductory work has been begun through the efforts of the domestic science committee, which is comprised of Mrs. Henry M. Dunlap, chairman; Mrs. John M. Palmer and Mrs. L. H. Coleman; and Miss Emma C. Sickles, secretary and organizer of the National Domestic Science Association.

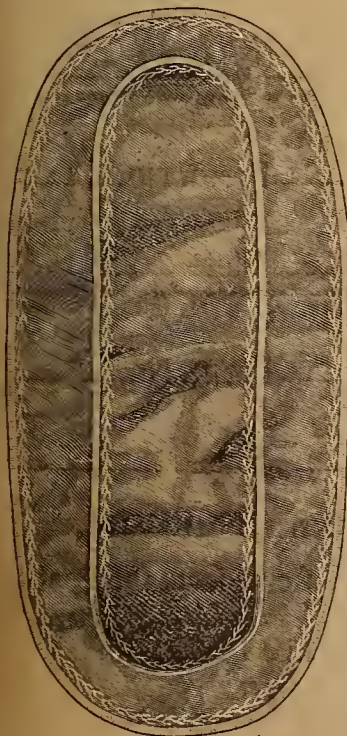
Although the time and means have been limited for this beginning, an exhibit has been made of many of the most improved cooking utensils and appliances. An electrical chafing-dish and stove and Aladdin oven were in constant operation. Health foods and many standard food materials were found here which housekeepers can rely upon for best results.

From half-past nine in the morning to half-past ten, and from two to three in the afternoon, practice cooking-classes have been conducted daily. The classes were each composed of nine Springfield young ladies, who publicly prepared the food under instruction, learning the reasons for and the effects of each step. A review and recitation of the lesson followed the practice class. Not only is attention given to cooking, but to that no less important part, the housekeeping, as shown in the care of the utensils and room. The lessons were a progressive series of simple dishes selected with reference to their most practical use at home, and were also an object-lesson to the public as to the need and practicability of this department.

smooth in a teaspoonful of the vinegar drained from the beets, pour it into the saucepan, and as soon as it boils up the beets are ready to serve.

These pickled beets cut into dice and fancy shapes make a very pretty addition to winter salads.

COVERS.—The cover to my flour-barrel was the head of the barrel with a cleat nailed across it to hold it together; but this did not fit closely, so I had to put a cloth over the top of the barrel under the cover, and it was always slipping off or down into the flour. At last the "gude mon" took a piece of fence-wire, bent it into a circle, and twisted the ends together, making a hoop large enough to slip easily over the top of the barrel. This I laid on a piece of heavy unbleached drilling, and cut out a circle two inches



larger than the hoop, and sewed it to the wire all around, holding it a little full to make it fit. This cover slips over the top of the barrel, and fits so snugly that no dust or insects can get in. When it becomes soiled, it can be taken into a tub of water, scrubbed with a hand-brush,

Our Household.

BE SURE OF YOUR RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with
the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide
o'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass
away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go, to
seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance,
To move at the breeze's will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and
meeting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the
winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on
their appointed way.

For each one has a rudder, my dear little lad,
with a stanch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the
will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night, that
the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her
course and the helmsman's watchful
care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy,
on life's wide, treacherous seas—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength
to stand the stress of the gale;
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch
whatever the tumult be,
For the will of the man, with the help of
God, shall conquer and prevail.
—Boston Globe.

HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTES.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Joint a chicken,
drop into boiling water, and stew
until the meat will drop from the
bones and liquor has nearly all
evaporated. After it becomes fairly ten-
der, add salt and pepper to season; when
done, remove all skin, bones and gristle,
keeping the light and dark meat separate;
press into small molds and let cool; when
cold, chop finely. To the liquor in the pot
add a bit of mustard and celery seed, or
use celery salt for seasoning, return to
the fire, and cook until not over a cupful
remains. Pour boiling hot over the
chicken and mix thoroughly. Put a
spoonful of white meat in the bottom of



old cups, and on this a spoonful of dark
meat; press to make it smooth and firm,
and set away until cold. To serve, turn
on a platter, when the dark meat will be
below, the white on top. Stick a tiny
sprig of parsley in the center of each
dainty little mold, garnish edge of platter
with parsley, and one has a dish as attrac-
tive to the eye as to the palate.

THE MOST HANDSOME TABLE-SPREAD I
ever saw was of a peculiar shade of felt—
greenish golden brown—with a heavy
scroll design outlined with rich golden-
yellow Roman floss. The edges of the
cover were cut in narrow strips three
inches deep to form a fringe. Above this
as a heading was a double buttonhole-
stitch done in long-and-short stitch of the
Roman floss; and seemingly knotted into
this heading was another fringe of the
floss cut long enough to allow of one row
of knots being tied in it nearly an inch
below the heading and falling just the
length of the felt fringe.

TO PROTECT HOUSE-PLANTS FROM
FROST.—During the cold weather procure
a dry-goods box of suitable size, and line
it with several thicknesses of newspaper.
Put the cover on with hinges; line it with
paper so that when closed the lining will
cover the opening or cracks about the lid.
At bedtime set the plants in this box,
close the lid, and they are safe from Jack
Frost's blighting breath. In one home
such a plant-box, the sides neatly covered

with wall-paper and a chenille table-cover
over it, took the place during the winter
if the reading-table, as there was hardly
room enough for both.

WINTER GARNISHES.—A bit of green on
the table in the winter brightens it up
wonderfully, and we seem to appreciate it
more than when flowers are plentiful.
For this purpose a box of parsley should
be kept in the kitchen or dining-room
window, or even among the plants in sit-
ting-room. We
often tuck in a
plant or two
here and there
in the flower-
pots that are
large enough to
hold them. When
a garnish is de-
sired for the
table, clip the
under leaves,
leaving crown
of plant intact,
and in a few
days a new sup-
ply will have
grown, so that
often a single
plant may be
clipped weekly.
I read the other
day of a lady who sowed five cents' worth
of parsley-seed in a box in the house
in December, afterward transplanting to
small boxes, cans, etc., selling each box of
plants for ten cents, and from her five-
cent investment realized a sale of \$2.50.

A NUTRITIOUS PUDDING.—To a cupful
of oatmeal left from breakfast add two
cupfuls of rich, sweet milk, a half cupful
of raisins, and sugar to taste; stir well,
and bake for a half hour in a moderate
oven, stirring occasionally to prevent
raisins from settling to the bottom of the
pan.
CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

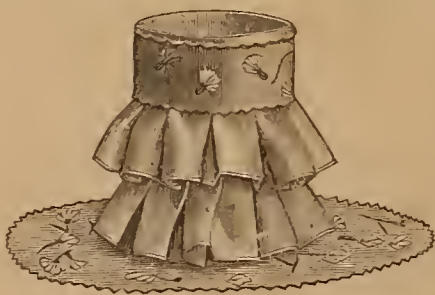
HAIR-PIN HOLDER.

For the bottom of this holder cut a
round piece of cardboard four and one
fourth inches in diameter, and cover the
under side with silk, or leave the white
cardboard and the upper side with a circle
of chamois or cloth pinked on the edge
and embroidered with a delicate flower or
vine in colors to correspond or match the
quilling that covers the cylinder. On the
circle of cardboard set a cylinder-shaped
piece of cardboard two and one half inches
high and one and three fourths inches in
diameter; cover on both sides with satin
or silk. This cylinder is trimmed with
two box-plaited ruffles of satin ribbon one
inch wide. The upper ruffle is headed with
a pinked stripe of cloth or chamois em-
broidered to match the bottom.

A needle-book of chamois-skin like the
one illustrated can be made by almost
any little girl.
OTT.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

The years slip by so quickly. Here we
are again at the same place we were this
time last year. The same worrying over
our Xmas preparations. But there have
been many changes—changes in so many
homes. Many to whom we gave gifts in
love last year will not appear on our lists
this year. Death, estrangement—worse
than death—have come between many to
whom last year's gifts were a pleasure to
prepare. This year others will take their
places. There is always a strain of sad-
ness in every Xmas. The memories of
other times will intrude, and every heart



must heave a sigh for what is lost. Our
preparations go on all through the year.
Whenever we see the suitable thing for
each one, it is quietly bought and laid
away. It is a gown for one, a lovely
toilet-set for another, visiting-cards and
stationery for another; gloves, in an ap-
propriate case, for one who gets away
with a great many gloves; a package of
pretty ribbons in yard lengths for a girl
who wants bows on her braids. Among

our prettiest gifts are some fine handker-
chiefs with Honiton lace borders. These
were home-made, and are very pretty.
Remember, nothing reaches the house-
keeper's heart like fine linen. One more
table-cloth, a dozen more napkins or a
couple of handsome towels are never out
of place, but let them be of the very finest
quality. A dozen lovely dinner-plates in
china are only six dollars; club together
rather than divide the gift into dollar
ones.

For one or two we have beautiful large
white aprons—these of the finest cross-
bar muslin. A pair of fine linen pillow-
cases, hemstitched, and one's initial nicely
embroidered upon them, is a dainty gift.

A quilt made of Maisie's delicate ging-
ham dresses, put together with half-
bleached muslin, and lined with the same,
can be put away in her hatching-chest, to
appear years hence in her own home with
a perfect garland of memories. A girl
friend of mine on a visit quite a distance
from home said it was a perfect comfort
to her to find in her box one of her
mother's handkerchiefs in which she used
to cry when she was homesick. So some-
thing from one's old home will often com-
fort when nothing else can. We have a
picture-frame for a cabinet photo made
of lichens and sweet-grass that brings
back every day of a lovely summer.

Let it be appropriate, and not some-
thing so out of place as the booklet
"Where Did You Come From, Baby,
Dear?" which was sent to an old lady
friend of mine from one who could have
done something kind if she had only had
the thoughtfulness one might have ex-
pected from her. The gift hurt more than
the absence of one would have done.

So let your gift, whatever it be, carry
love and Christmas joy with it, or else re-
frain from sending what would only be a
ghost to the feast.
CHRISTIE IRVING.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Right now is the time to round up a good
list of subscribers for FARM AND FIRESIDE
among your neighbors. All needed helps
sent free on request. Liberal commissions
to earnest workers.

HANDY BOOKS.

These come already to cover, and are a
patented article. This one is for news-
paper clippings, with the envelopes marked
for the subjects. Another is for embroi-
dery-silks, another for cooking-recipes.
The backs are neatly covered with blue
linen embroidered in appropriate mottos
and flowers. They make a very sweet gift
for Christmas-time.

PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME IN GOLDENROD.

DESIGN BY IDA G. BENNETT.

This should be worked in shades of bright
yellow in long knot-stitch, making the



shades a little deeper at the base of the
branch of flowers than at the top; the
leaves in cold greens. A very suitable
frame for a brunette's picture.

CLEANING MIRRORS.

The really best method of cleaning mir-
rors and windows is to rub them with a
paste of whiting and water. When this
dries, polish with dry chamois, and re-
move the powder. A little alcohol in cold
water also gives a brilliant polish. Soap-
suds should never be used.

Clean cane-seated chairs with salt or
ammonia and warm water. Apply with a
clean brush, and dry thoroughly. Wet
the under side of the seat, and it will
become taut when dry.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

Cut this out and send to us with the money, or send your order in a letter.

FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Inclosed find One Dollar and Twenty Cents (\$1.20), for
which send to **EACH** of the **THREE** addresses given below
Farm and Fireside for one year and the premium called for by
the premium number set opposite **EACH** name. See the list of
premiums below which can be accepted with this offer.

Name _____ Prem. No. _____

Post-office _____ State _____

Name _____ Prem. No. _____

Post-office _____ State _____

Name _____ Prem. No. _____

Post-office _____ State _____

Order Premiums by Premium Numbers.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| No. 100. Christ Before Pilate. | No. 26. Gems from the Poets. |
| No. 7. Life of Washington. | No. 34. Samantha at Saratoga. |
| No. 11. People's Atlas. | No. 15. Life of Lincoln. |
| No. 210. Christ on Calvary. | No. 180. Berry-spoon. |
| No. 28. History of the U. S. | No. 30. Beauties & Wonders. |

All of the above-named premiums are either advertised in this or
past issues of the paper. In every case we guarantee satisfaction or
money refunded. Postage paid by us in each case.

When this offer is accepted, no commission will be allowed, and the
names cannot be counted in a club toward another premium.

The new post-office money-order costs 3 cents, and is an absolutely safe way to
send money. Postage-stamps will be accepted if for every 25 cents in stamps you
add one-cent stamp extra, because we must sell postage-stamps at a loss.

Our New Set of Six Silver-plated Teaspoons

Premium No. 1.

These silver-plated Teaspoons are entirely new, also FAR BETTER spoons, and different from any ever offered by us heretofore. They make excellent Christmas presents. ❀ ❀ ❀

We guarantee that these spoons are made of pure and solid nickel-silver metal all the way through, and then plated with coin-silver. They can be used in cooking, eating, medicine and acids the same as solid coin-silver. These spoons cannot turn brassy, will not corrode or rust, and are so hard they won't bend.

Spoons of equal merit cannot, as a rule, be bought in the average jewelry-store for less than \$2.00 a set. In beauty and finish they are as fine as solid coin-silver spoons costing \$6.00 a set. For daily use, year after year, nothing (except solid coin-silver) excels these solid nickel-silver spoons plated with coin-silver. ❧❧

MONEY REFUNDED

Any one who receives these spoons and is not perfectly satisfied with them will confer a favor upon us by returning them, when we will cheerfully refund the money. Satisfaction guaranteed.

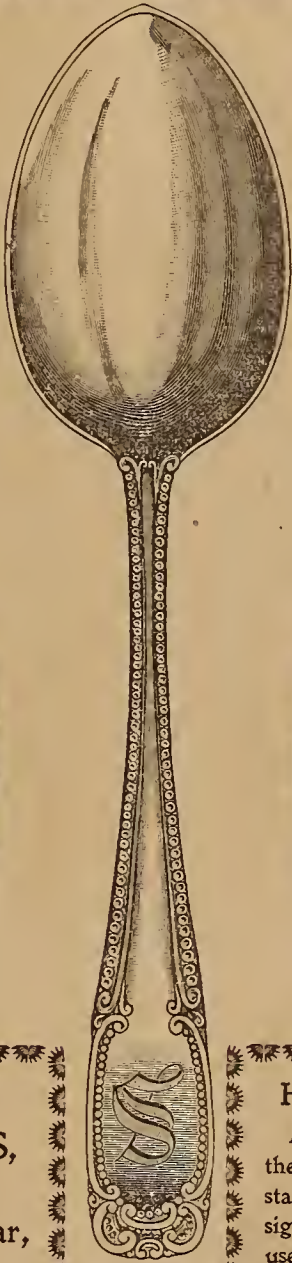
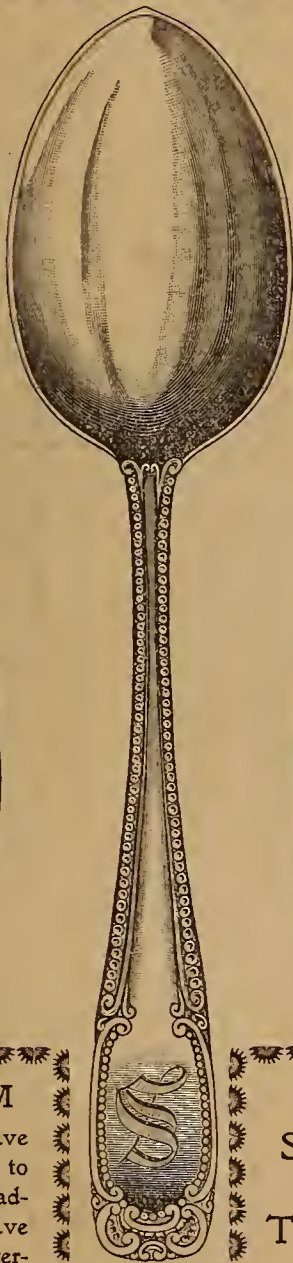
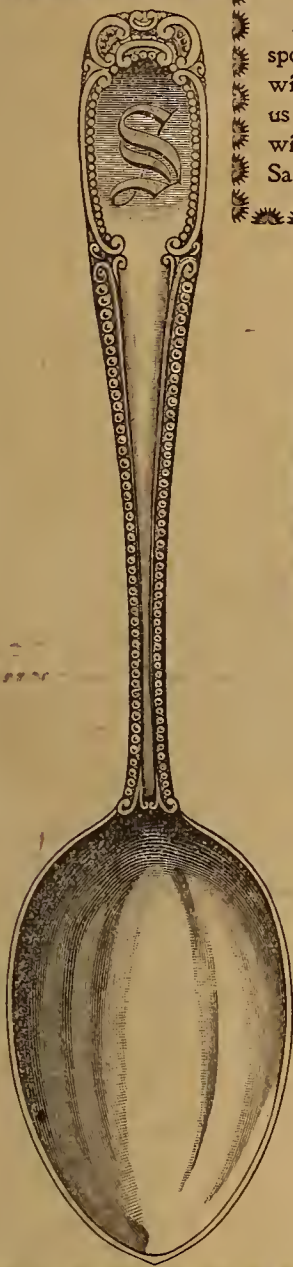
THE ENTIRE SET

of Six Teaspoons
Count as
ONE PREMIUM.

Premium No. 1.

INITIAL LETTER

Each and every spoon will be beautifully engraved with one initial letter in Old English. In ordering, always say what initial you want on your set of spoons.



A NEW PREMIUM

For a long time we have been saving No. 1 to give it to some premium worthy of leading all the rest. Now we have it in our new set of 6 silver-plated initial Teaspoons.


This Set of
SIX TEASPOONS,

and
This Paper One Year,
Seventy-five Cents.

HANDSOME DESIGN

As the above illustrations show, the handles of these spoons are stamped in a beautiful beaded design, which is very fashionable and used on solid silver spoons costing \$6.00 a set.

These spoons make superior Christmas presents. They are handsome, useful and durable. They will wear and give satisfaction for a lifetime, because under the plating these spoons are pure and solid nickel-silver, and are therefore silver color through and through.



To test the spoons, file one in two, and if not found as represented, we will refund your money and make you a present of the subscription, provided you agree to tell your friends about the test and what it proved. If you will return the spoon destroyed in making the test, we will replace it. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

At the very low price which we ask for this excellent set of spoons, and the paper a year, it is giving the biggest value possible for the money, for we do not make one cent of profit from this offer. Our sole aim in this case is to secure a flood of subscriptions for Farm and Fireside. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

This Set of Six Silver-plated Teaspoons, and Farm and Fireside One Year, 75 Cents

GIVEN FREE

This set of 6 Teaspoons given FREE as a premium for 4 yearly subscribers to this paper at the single subscription price, 50 cents each; or for 8 yearly subscribers at the clubbing price, 30 cents each. No premiums to the subscribers in this case. ♣♣♣♣

Postage paid by us in each case.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

Our Sunday Afternoon.

HOW WILL IT BE?

How will it be when the day is done,
And the field of the world we are called to leave

In the shadows of mercy's sinking sun?
Shall we go as reapers to joy, or grieve?
Shall we sing of hope in the harvest yield,
Garnered by us from the world's wide field?

Or, with many a sigh, if we remain,

Spared ourselves, for the little wrought—
Shall we look back to the golden grain,
Left afield which we might have brought?
Joy will arise as has been the strife
In the grasp of fruit for eternal life.

To find "much fruit" in the better land,

Safely housed from the storms of time,

Gathered and brought by a busy hand,

Will stand a pledge for a life sublime—

Linger and reap as the sun slides low,

The day is ending, we soon must go.

—J. Albert Libby.

THE WELCOME GIRL.

THE guest to whom good-by is said with regret, and who is always greeted by lips and heart, is thus described by the New York "Fashion Bazar":

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down half an hour before the hostess appears. The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting, and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them by putting away her own belongings, and so necessitating no extra work.

She is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion.

She is the one who does not find the children disagreeable, or the various pets of the household to be dreaded. She is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing or the writing of a letter.

She is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them. She is one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips the seal of silence, so that when she goes from the house she repeats nothing but agreeable things she has seen.

RIGHTS OF THE BABY.

He has a right to be "well born." He has a right to healthful blood and clear brains, not those impoverished and befogged by dissipation, narcotics and alcohol. He has a right to a happy, healthful mother—one not exhausted by overwork. He has a right to your first care and thought—baby first, self last. He has a right to be kept sweet and clean, that he be not repellent to those about him. He has a right to be "mothered" every day of his little life, not turned over to the mercies of the average ignorant hired nurse. He has a right to your deepest love and to your keenest sympathies, that you may, during his developing, enter largely into his joys and griefs. He has a right to wise discipline, since, if undisciplined and uncontrolled in his infancy and childhood, his future may be hampered by faults his mother should have corrected. He has a right to a good general education, that life's best gifts may be fully appreciated. He has a right to the cultivation of any special talent with which he is by nature endowed.

TO THINK ABOUT.

We cannot bring back a single unkind, untrue or immodest word, cross look or neglected opportunity of the year that is past. Yet we can try to remember wherein we have fallen short of our duty in all these particulars, and ask God to forgive all our shortcomings.

We can pray God to make us brave to do the right, and stronger to refuse to do wrong. We can give ourselves so wholly to Christ that we will be ashamed to do wrong, or to neglect the right, because we remember that we are not our own, but that Christ is honored or dishonored by our every act. We can remember, "Whatever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord."—Our Young Folks.

WHEN TO MARRY.

The real trouble of the man who has nothing but his daily wages to depend upon begins on his wedding-day. Marriage is honorable; the law honors it as the most solemn of contracts, and the church dignifies it as a sacrament in many countries; but neither law nor religion can teach a man to increase the purchasing power of a dollar.

What then? Shall not men and women marry? Must the joys, the rewards, the honors of wedlock be reserved for the rich alone? Not at all, but public sentiment, public morality, the very peace of the body politic, demand that marriage shall cease to be regarded as an indulgence excusable in any one who can pay the customary fee to priest or parson. Laws cannot specify the income which a man should have before taking to himself a wife, but public sentiment, which is more powerful than any law or body of laws, can make it dishonorable for any one to marry until properly qualified financially, according to his condition in life. Among the so-called higher classes there is an unwritten law that no one shall marry until able to support a family, and the man who transgresses it exposes himself to the contempt of his fellows. There is no reason why all other classes should not establish the same rule: for usually the sad results of improvident marriages increase as average incomes of the classes lessen.—Domestic Monthly.

THE SIN OF SINS.

It causes the child to cry and the aged to fret.

It mars the face of beauty more than can a hot iron.

It seals the door of service to the able.

It chokes and blights the tender plant of friendship.

It is the poison in the cup of love.

It manacles the hand that would minister.

It desecrates God's house and service.

It throws the pall of a blacker night over the beauties of earth. It bears the seal of society's approval.

It robs the poor man of his crust.

It is at home in the family, in the place of business, in the resort of pleasure.

It creates the hypocrite.

It puts the thorn in the wreath of success.

It erected the cross on Calvary, and nailed the Lord thereon.

It closed the gates of Eden, and opened the gates of hell.

It is none the less damnable because respectable, and no less dreadful because familiar.

Its incarnation is called Satan.

It is, finally, plain, commonplace, unvarnished, every-day selfishness.—Golden Rule.

READING.

If young people only knew the value of their youth! A half hour each day steadily given to the vanquishing of some real book in history, science, literature, is three hours a week; is more than twelve hours a month; is more than twelve solid days of twenty-four hours each a year. What cannot the busiest man accomplish by seizure of the fragments of his time? Oh, if the young people knew the culture possible for them by such simple means! And forevermore it is the man who knows who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chances for doing comes. Merely frittering newspapers and novel-reading—a youthhood devoted only to that, how pitifully sad! No ship drifts into harbor. No young person drifts into an achieving manhood or womanhood.—Wyland Hoyt, D.D.

LIFE BETTER THAN PHILOSOPHY.

To come into right relations with God involves no systematic philosophizing. We do not need to regard him as a collection of "attributes," nor to consider ourselves as having a "heredity" or an "environment." God's invitation to come to him as children to a father is simple enough; his wish to have us like himself is evident enough. We have no business to worry about the problem of evil while we ourselves are unwilling to turn our backs on evil; we have no concern with our impotency and poverty until we have begun to render to God the things that are God's, and have exerted ourselves to glorify him. The way to find out whether the gospel is true is, not to debate with it or to philosophize over it, but to live it.—Sunday-school Times.

A LIVE BIBLE.

There is no lack of signs that God's word is living and active to-day as much as ever it was. The Bible has not been crowded out by the numerous subjects that are absorbing public interest. Much is said and written about the general lamentable ignorance of the Scriptures. There is occasion for such utterance; yet their frequency and the sources from which many of them come are themselves symptoms of increasing interest. The Bible is not studied as it should be, but it is studied more and more widely and thoroughly. A striking illustration of this growing interest is furnished by figures collected as to the growth of the Sunday-schools of the country during the three years since the last international Sunday-school convention. It appears that for every week-day of that period nine new Sunday-schools have been formed, and eleven for every Sunday, while about eleven hundred new members have been gathered into the schools every day. It is well to keep in mind such cheering facts, as well as the less pleasant ones that call loudly for more earnest work.—Golden Rule.

THE TENDERNESS OF GOD

As a refiner sitteth.—Mal. ciii. 13.

As a mother comforteth.—Isa. lxvi. 13.

As a hen gathereth.—Matt. xxiii. 37.

As an eagle fluttereth.—Dent. xxxii. 11.

As a nurse cherisheth.—I. Thess. ii. 7.

As a shepherd seeketh.—Ezek. xxxiv. 12.

As a father pitieth.—Psa. ciii. 13.

As a bridegroom rejoiceth.—Isa. lxii. 5.

—Light-bearer.

Carlyle says, "Man sees what he has the eyes to see." Different men see different things in the same object. A builder sees in a block of marble a good building-stone. A stone-cutter sees in it a monument or a tombstone. A sculptor sees in it a hero or an angel. So we look at man, the grand handiwork of God; one sees in him a servant, another sees in him a short-lived and dying animal, but Christ sees in him an immortal nature made to live and shine forever.—Methodist Protestant.



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Queries.

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

To Keep Stoves from Rusting.—J. H. H., Maquoit, Mass. Mix turpentine with your stove-polish, and apply in the usual manner.

Sawdust for Fertilizer.—H. B., Highland, Ill., writes: "I have bought a large amount of fresh sawdust, to use as a mulch and fertilizer after it is decomposed. I would like to know whether it contains any substance while green which would be injurious to plants or to the soil."

REPLY:—If not applied too heavily, fresh sawdust will not injure the soil. It would be safer to use it partially rotted for heavy mulching around trees.

Best Grasses for Hay.—L. F. R., Walker, Minn., writes: "Please tell me what would be the best kind of tame hay for me to raise. My land is nearly all high and dry, the land being a clayey, sandy soil. I have some low land near the lake shore, but it is always dry, being about two feet above the level of the lake. I want the hay to feed to milk-cows, from which I want to make all the butter possible. How would timothy and clover do?"

REPLY:—Raise clover. Timothy is better for market, but not for feeding to cows. Bright clover hay and good corn fodder are the best winter feeds for cows.

Tanning Hides.—S. C. L., Dumas, Ark. To tan hides with the hair on, for rugs or robes, first thoroughly wash the skin and remove all fleshy matter from the inner side; then clean the hair with warm water and soft soap, and rinse well. Take one fourth of a pound each of salt and ground alum and one half ounce of borax; dissolve in hot water, and add sufficient rye-meal to make a thick paste, which spread on the flesh side of the skin. Fold it lengthwise, the flesh side in, the skin being quite moist, and let it remain for ten or fifteen days in an airy and shady place; then shake out and remove the paste from the surface, and wash and dry. For a heavy skin a second application may be made. Afterward pull and stretch the skin with the hands or over a beam, and work on the flesh side with a blunt knife. To tan for thongs, scrape all the flesh and fat off the skin; bury it, well spread out, in wet ashes or soft hair for a day or two, or until the hair starts readily. Remove the hair and wash thoroughly. Make a tanning solution by dissolving a large handful of pulverized alum and two handfuls of common salt in a gallon of water. Soak the skin in this solution for two weeks, then rinse thoroughly and pull; rub and stretch while drying. The leather will be soft, and will make good lashes as long as kept dry.

To Kill Rats.—B. N. G., Altoona, Pa. The following recipe originated with Dr. Ure, and is highly recommended as the best-known means of getting rid of rats: Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged into water heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit, introduce into it half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard, then add a pint of proof spirit, or whiskey, cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been heated to 150 degrees, taking it at the same time out of the water, and agitate smartly until the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, forming a milky-looking liquid. This liquid, being cooled, will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again for the same purpose, but not for drinking, for none of it enters into the combination, but it merely serves to comminute the phosphorus, and diffuse it in very small particles through the lard. This compound on being warmed very gently may be poured out into a mixture of wheat flour and sugar, incorporated therewith, and then flavored with oil of rhodium or not, at pleasure. The flavor may be varied with oil of aniseed, etc. This dough, being made into pellets, is to be laid in rat-holes. By its luminousness in the dark it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Note.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

Bloody Milk.—A. G. C., Oxford, Iowa. Please consult recent numbers of this paper.

A Diseased Knee-joint.—B. H. W., Algona, Iowa. Lameness caused by a diseased condition of the hind knee-joint (stifle), especially if of long standing (seven months), is a very serious thing, and, as a rule, incurable.

A Very Sick Calf.—A. P. T., Middlebury, Vt. The great weakness, emaciation and the vitiated appetite of your calf have been caused by the food—the sour milk—on which the animal was compelled to subsist. If it is not too late, and the calf is not yet past recovery, change the food; give no more sour milk, but feed sweet milk, good, faultless hay, bran, ground oats, etc., and your calf may gradually recover.

Inveterate Mange.—S. W. C., Washington, N. J. If your valuable dog has had mange for four years, the only way to have such an inveterate case treated with any prospect of success is to take the animal to a veterinarian who has a regular dog hospital, and consequently all the necessary facilities. Any attempt to treat such a case at home, even with the most minute directions, will result in utter failure.

A Fibroid Tumor.—E. M. A., Ayers, Ill. What you describe is a fibroid tumor, originally caused by too much pressure (bruising) produced by an ill-fitting collar. Ask a veterinarian to remove it by a surgical operation or otherwise, as may be deemed to be most practicable.

A Sick Horse.—O. L., White City, Kan. Your horse, undoubtedly, is sick, but as the symptoms are only such as are common to a great many diseases, and may be summed up as general lassitude and weakness, it is impossible to make a diagnosis. Therefore, I have to advise you to consult a veterinarian.

Unthrifty.—E. L. S., Girard, Kansas. Feed your colt less voluminous but more nutritious food, which at the same time is sound and easy of digestion, give pure water to drink, a good, clean place to rest, and last, but not least, see to it that the animal is well groomed at least once a day, and "the blood" will soon be "in order" again.

About Dehorning Cattle.—L. A. S., Fayetteville, Ohio. I have repeatedly stated in these columns that I am not an advocate of dehorning, except, perhaps, if a cow is very vicious or of a fighting disposition and injuring and domineering other animals. In such a single case the operation is best left to a veterinarian, who best knows how to properly close the frontal sinuses that have been opened by removing the horns.

A Very Lame Horse.—R. C., Sigourney, Iowa. A severe lameness caused by an injury to the patella is not easily cured, and cannot be cured at all if the horse cannot have strict rest, but has to pull and travel. Let your veterinarian, who has examined the animal, treat the same, and see to it that his directions are executed to the letter, provided it is not too late and the morbid changes have developed too far to admit a restoration to a normal condition.

Running Sores.—J. D. W., Valeta, Texas. You write, "I have a horse that has warts. They are running sores. The horse is covered." This is all the information you give, which, to say the least, is insufficient and contradictory. It does not enable anybody to arrive at a conclusion as to the nature of the disease, because warts and running sores are two different things. For all I can learn from your letter, your horse may have farcy (external glanders). Have the same examined by a veterinarian.

A Barren Cow.—J. T., Farmington, Maine. If your cow, which had no calf in the last two years, does not conceive on account of being too fat, she may possibly do so after becoming reduced in flesh. As she has been dry for a year, a good way to accomplish this, and a better way than to starve her, would be to train her to work like an ox. Of course, it is also possible that the fatty degeneration has already proceeded too far to admit a restitution to a normal condition, which possibility you will have to take into consideration.

Bloody Wart.—A. W., East Java, N. Y. Get in a drug-store a concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol and a short-haired camel's-hair pencil, and with this paint the wart on the upper eyelid of your mare once every minute until the whole wart is coated with a white layer of the corrosive sublimate, but be careful not to bring the latter in contact with anything else but the wart. If the latter shows within a few days a decided decrease in size, no further treatment will be required; if not, the operation will have to be repeated.

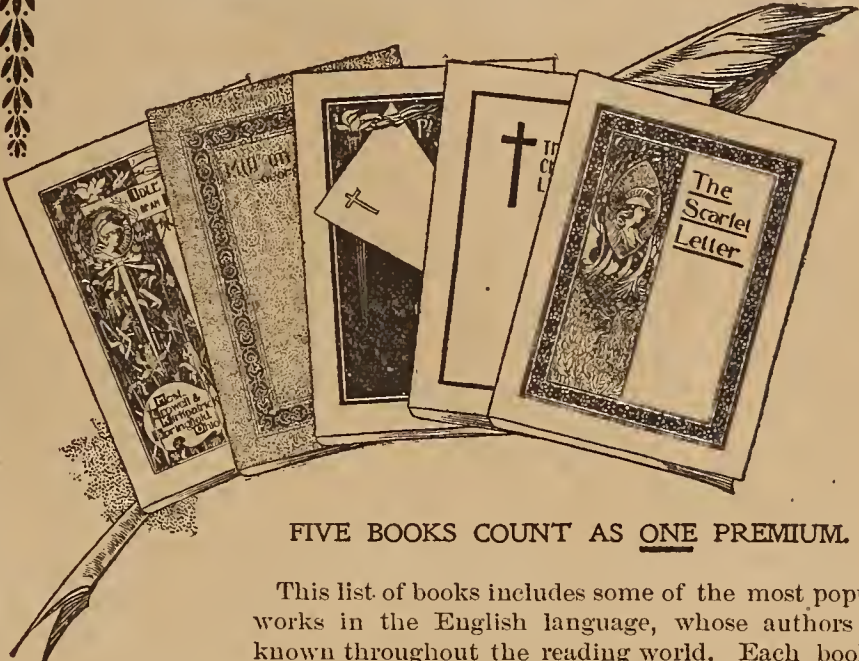
Tender Feet.—J. B. M., Ligonier, Indiana. From your description it appears that the great tenderness of your horse's feet is probably due to a degeneration of the hoofs (punctured feet), produced by a former attack of founder that did not terminate in a perfect recovery. If such is the case—which is easily decided if you have the hoofs examined either by a veterinarian or by an experienced horse-shoer—have the horse shod with bar-shoes which are sufficiently concave on the upper surface inside the nail-holes not to come in contact with the tender and more or less convex sole, and also broad enough to cover and to protect a good portion of the latter. Have the shoes reset at least once a month, and do not use the horse on hard and rough roads. Next time, before you buy a fat and sleek-looking horse that evidently has not done any work for some time, do not neglect to make a careful examination of the hoofs.

Jardon.—R. H., Pierre, S. D. The enlargement on the outside of the hock-joint of your trotting colt is either nothing but an extraordinary development of the cuboid-bone and of the head of the lateral (outside) splint-bone, frequently met with in warm-blooded and thoroughbred horses, or else the enlargement is merely in the skin, and may have been caused by bruising. If it is the former, it is natural, does not cause any lameness, and only constitutes a slight blemish somewhat marring the symmetrical appearance of the hock-joint, but cannot be removed. I do not know any definite English name for this formation, and probably none exists. The French call it "jardon," and to the German it is known as "leiste" and as "rehbein." If it is the latter, a thickening of the skin, it will gradually disappear, provided the causes which produced it cease to act. Its disappearance may also be somewhat hastened by applications, once a day, of an ointment of iodide of potassium, one part, to hog's lard, eight parts. It would be an altogether different thing if the colt were severely lame, for then the enlargement, very likely, would be the product of the morbid process of spavin.

Brittle Hoofs.—M. A. D., Purchase Line, Pa. The hoofs of horses will become brittle if they are repeatedly exposed to the influence of water, mud or manure, and thus alternately become soaked with moisture and dried out. Under such conditions, brittleness results the sooner the more thoroughly the external layer of elastic horn, which coats and protects the wall of the hoof and gives it a natural and glossy appearance, is or has been removed by the rasp of the blacksmith. Where this layer is left intact, as it exists in young horses which have never been shod, the hoofs will not become brittle if only moderately taken care of. Brittleness of the wall-horn may also be a consequence of the diseased condition of the matrix of the latter—the horn-derma—at the coronet; but this, however, is a comparatively rare occurrence. As only the moisture coming from within and derived from the blood will keep the hoof elastic and in a sound condition, all poulticing, stopping, etc., must be avoided. Brittle hoofs, unless the degeneration has proceeded too far or is a consequence of a diseased condition of the matrix of the wall-horn, can be restored to a natural condition in about a year if, first, an artificial substitute, perhaps in the shape of a suitable hoof-salve, is provided for the wanting external layer; second, if the hoofs are kept clean, receive good care and not allowed to become soaked with water, mud, manure, poultices, etc.; and third, if the horse is either kept harefooted, or where that cannot be done, is judiciously and carefully shod once every four weeks.

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Our Miscellany.

THE Democrats of this country will have to learn as truths these things before they can ever again hope to control the government of this republic:

That bimetalism, or the concurrent use of gold and silver coin at a parity, is a myth.

That there are never two monetary standards in use at the same time.

That there is no possibility of keeping two metals at the same valuation.

That there is no natural antagonism between labor and capital.

That socialism is negation of progress; and that progress is the key-note of the republic. That the federal government has the right to execute its own court processes.

That the credit of the United States must be sustained.—Mobile Register.

RATS frequently display much ingenuity. One trap which was baited for rodents was habitually plundered without a single rat being secured. The animals had invented a plan for safely stealing away the bait, and what it was could only be learned by setting a watch on the trap. Here is how the theft was effected: The trap was of the kind sometimes employed for catching mice. It was a box with a sliding door, which was sustained by mechanism connected with the bait. On the bait being nibbled at, the door descends and makes the mouse a prisoner. The two rats saw through the device, and resorted to the following very simple but effectual method to take away the bait, which was a piece of toasted cheese, and yet escape imprisonment. One of them placed itself under the door, so that it might fall on its back, while the other crept in and carried off the morsel of cheese. The first rat then drew itself from under the door, and joined its companion.—Boston Herald.

ONE who has deeply studied the habits of animals has discovered that there are humbugs among them. In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and, to make the deception surer, it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as is shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus bees which steal hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft. While he pretended to sleep, the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.—Harper's Round Table.

WHEN Cuba gains her independence New York will lose an interesting little colony of men who have been watching eagerly the news of the Cuban rebellion for many months. Their interest in the island is not a sentimental one, but purely speculative. This colony represents various nationalities, and all the professions. They know that if Cuba can throw off the Spanish yoke, she will prove to be an extremely promising country to develop. They are going to be on hand to offer their services in the developing process. One of these men said several days ago that he had gone to Oklahoma with the first settlers, and he had been on hand to get his share of the profits when other new tracts were opened.

"Cuba will distance them all," he said, "and there will be exceptional opportunities there for men who want to build railroads, run plantations, or even edit newspapers. I have found a lot of old acquaintances of mine in this city who are waiting here for the same purpose that I am. They want to be on the ground early when the time comes."—New York Sun.

"RECREATION BY THE WAY."

I do not know a more melancholy example of the human race than what is known as the highly successful American business man; the sort of a man who "opens his daily life with his office key and closes it with a letter for the late mail." He has, of course, secured what nine tenths of the young men of this country wish they had—business success, a large amount of securities, ample provision for his family and a certain power in the commercial world. If he has escaped pitfalls, and thus saved his character, he has certainly incurred the envy of a large proportion of his fellow-men differently situated. To regain the good feeling of his fellows he has one thing left, and that is to turn philanthropist. In doing this he can recover, to a certain extent, that portion of the respect of his fellow human beings which is worth the having; but as far as he is concerned, there is no other course left for him in life except either to keep on in the same treadmill, accumulating and perhaps dispensing, or accumulating and becoming a miser, or to give it all up and begin to learn to live anew. If his life per-

mit, that is, if it has not been worn out by too close application to work, he may probably, before he is sixty, go to the school of common sense and learn the joys of outdoor life—of flowers, music, art, literature, sympathy with his kind, a tender appreciation of everything there is in the world that makes life worth living. If he learns that successfully, the last ten years of his life—between sixty and seventy—may be passed in comparative comfort. But how much wiser it would have been if, after he had accumulated enough money to pay his bills and keep his family—not in luxury, which, ten chances to one, would ruin his sons and injure the future of his daughters—he had packed away, both in his heart and in theirs, the love for the things which would have made not only the last ten years, but all the years of his life, lovely and happy! In other words, to sum it all up, I would rather have my little piece of pie every day I live than wait until I am so old my teeth won't chew it.

It is said that the American business man is driven along by the spirit of the age and the force of circumstances, and must keep up with the procession. To that I say that it does not seem to me that the citizens of the United States of America are any better, in the whole scheme of the universe that has been going on for a good many thousand years, and which is likely to go on for a good many thousand years more, for having made in seventy years, by enormous expenditure of muscle, brain and energy, a country that, in the ordinary course of human events, should have taken 250 years to make it what it is to-day, thus allowing the people, during all that time, to enjoy the life the good God gave them to live, each man going down to his grave at seventy instead of from forty to fifty, as is so often the case at present. And I do not believe that any sensible argument can be advanced to disprove this position.—F. Hopkinson Smith, in the Independent.

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RESOURCES OF THE TALLAHASSEE HILL COUNTRY.

THE following article was written by Mr. Albert Phenix, especially for the "Southern States Magazine;" and as it describes so fully and minutely the hill country of Florida, the Tallahassee section, we deem it wise to publish it in full:

Singularly enough, to many people the "hill country" of Florida is an unknown region, the popular conception of the state being that it is wholly made up of low, flat, sandy lands or undrained swamps, and yet Tallahassee, in the very heart of the hill country, has occupied a position of prominence as the capital of the state ever since 1824.

No doubt the activities of the railroads and capitalists interested in the development of the peninsular portion of the state are responsible for the prevailing impressions of Florida as a whole. For until recently about the only agencies engaged in presenting Floridian attractions to the world were the railroads which had been pioneers in development work, and their interests did not lie in the direction of the hill country; and as the big hotels caught the crowds of tourists, and their route to and from home did not take them through the middle-western section, most visitors carried away with them ocular confirmation of their preconceived notions about the flatness of Florida. And so the pathway originally marked out has been followed year after year, and nearly all Florida settlement, as well as travel, has found its way to the eastern and southern parts of the state. Jacksonville was the original objective point, and from here the tide has reached every year farther and farther south, until now the peninsula has been occupied throughout almost its entire length. Thus it has come about that the Florida peninsula is commonly looked upon as constituting Florida, and the soil, flora and physical features of Eastern Florida are supposed to be characteristic of the entire state. As a matter of fact, that part of Florida west of the Suwannee river is, as to a large part of its area, a contradiction of nearly all the prevalent impressions concerning the state.

Only within recent years has any general attention been attracted to this favored section of the South; but now that its varied advantages are becoming more widely known, it bids fair to come in for a more generous share of the immigration which is pouring into the South from all portions of the country. The experience of Northern and European settlers who have taken up their abode in this section is a strong factor in inducing their neighbors, friends and acquaintances to follow in their footsteps, for their testimony is with one accord an enthusiastic indorsement of the climate, the soil, the people and every feature of the location. Although this may be denominated the "far South," in which broiling heat and bodily discomfort and ills of many sorts might be popularly supposed to accompany a residence here during many months of the summer season, the testimony of Northern settlers and the records of the weather bureau prove that the summer heat is less oppressive than in most places farther north. Children as well as adults are less subject to summer afflictions than in the North, while the nights are refreshed by a continuous cooling breeze which sweeps up from the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Rev. S. M. Provence, the pastor of the Baptist church at Tallahassee, recently wrote to a Northern friend:

"To those who know, the summer in Florida is its most enjoyable season. From Tallahassee to the Gulf of Mexico, the distance 'as the crow flies' is about twenty-five miles. The Gulf breeze never fails us. A sultry night, such as you often have in the North, is unknown here. When I first came to Tallahassee to live, I swung a hammock betwixt two oak-trees and attached a table (of my own design) to one of them. Their circle of shade I called my 'study.' I found it impossible to write there in comfort on account of the constant breeze. It is this which makes our summers so charming. Then, too, the rainfall, especially in the latter part of the summer, cools the atmosphere, and we have the summer's fruits and the odor of its flowers and its cool, delicious nights."

The soil of the hill country in Western Florida is generally a rich, reddish or chocolate loam, with a red or yellow clay subsoil, and of such great fertility that in many cases lands have been cultivated for forty to sixty years without fertilizing. Though the better lands have been taken up for a great many years, they were formerly held in large tracts by slave-owners, and with changed conditions following the war have passed into other ownerships. Much of this land is practically virgin soil, and a great deal of it is heavily timbered. The prices of land range ordinarily from about \$5 to \$20 per acre, according to improvements and accessibility to railroads, and it is the advice of immigration agents that small holdings, well cultivated, are, under ordinary circumstances, most desirable.

This is a fine grass and grain country. All the conditions are pre-eminently favorable to stock-raising and dairying. Horses, cattle, bogs and sheep are very successfully bred and handled at small cost. Poultry-farming

is likewise an industry yielding satisfactory returns, and chickens, turkeys, etc., are raised in large numbers for the home and export markets.

The wide diversity in agricultural products of Western Florida is evidenced in a more striking manner than otherwise possible by an examination of the published statistics of the state, compiled under the direction of the state board of agriculture. In order to show the variety of products, a compilation is herewith given covering the whole western section, and comprises the counties of Calhoun, Escambia, Franklin, Gadsden, Hamilton, Holmes, Jefferson, Lafayette, Leon, Liberty, Madison, Santa Rosa, Suwannee, Taylor, Wakulla, Walton and Washington: Corn, 1,765,006 bushels; rice, 13,600 bushels; hay, 3,267 tons; cotton (upland), 21,682 bales; cotton (Sea Island), 9,165 bales; sugar-cane, 33,243 barrels syrup, 73,377 barrels sugar; oats, 495,773 bushels; field-peas, 80,721 bushels; millet, 362 tons; peanuts, 402,137 bushels; tobacco, 652,976 pounds; cabbage, 10,799 barrels; tomatoes, 11,342 barrels; squashes, 10,181 barrels; cucumbers, 6,671 crates; caulatons, 2,033 barrels; beets, 9,057 crates; sweet potatoes, 791,507 bushels; Irish potatoes, 26,776 bushels; egg-plants, 1,828 barrels; beans, 32,379 crates; watermelons, 549 car-loads; English peas, 25,258 crates; oranges, 29,284 boxes of 126; peaches, 68,866 bushels; pecans, 1,668 bushels; pears, 22,762 barrels; strawberries, 10,500 quarts; wool, 190,357 pounds; honey, 279,817 pounds; figs, 2,527 bushels; grapes, 900,440 pounds; wine, 13,549 gallons; turkeys, 12,171; geese, 10,850; ducks, 4,665; chickens, 449,120; eggs, 691,138 dozens; milk-cows, 15,205; milk, 1,201,122 gallons; butter, 347,504 pounds; cheese, 989 pounds; hogs, 115,250; goats, 9,080; sheep, 81,564; stock cattle, 117,551; mules, 4,219; horses, 13,655.

The testimony of a dairy-farmer named M. N. Johnson, whose place is located near Tallahassee, may be given as showing what one man with energy, but no capital, has succeeded in doing:

"I have 2,000 acres of land, but rent a portion of it. I planted 200 acres of corn and gathered 3,000 bushels, which, in 1894, yielded \$1,800. Planted forty acres of oats, gathered 820 bushels, yielding \$560. Put the same land into peas, 320 bushels, yielding \$160. Grazed fifty-four cows on the same land in two weeks, obtaining ten pounds of butter a day, yielding \$48. Also planted crab-grass, sugar-cane, rice, and received as the total proceeds of my farm during the year 1894, \$8,674; leaving me a net profit of over \$4,000.

"I am making as fine butter as was ever put on the market in the United States, and am now making more than fifty pounds a day. Expect to sell in butter and cheese, during this year, more than \$10,000. I am planting oats, corn, pumpkins, peas, sugar-cane, potatoes and peanuts. I will say this is one of the best countries I ever saw for a poor man. If a man will come to this country, buy a farm, stay at home and attend to his business, it will not be long before he will have a bank account. I started in 1877 with nothing."

Publications devoted to the immigration interests of this section are filled with equally interesting testimonials of successful dairymen, truck-farmers and fruit-raisers, all of whom report a wonderful fertility of soil, a reliability of yield, a never-failing market demand, and conditions of climate and living which give this favored section very much the aspect of an agricultural paradise.

While cotton is not, as formerly, the main crop of this section, yet its cultivation is not altogether abandoned, and as a sure money crop under every condition it probably will continue to hold a place of more or less importance here as elsewhere throughout the South. But with the diversification of farming, the profitable demand for other products which transportation facilities have made possible, and the introduction of new fields for enterprise, it is doubtful if there will ever again be the same general attention given here to extensive cotton-raising as heretofore. The raising of tobacco in this section has been given an impetus by the successful results following the large operations of Straiton & Storms, of New York, and it seems likely that this industry is destined to become one of so great importance as to attract national attention. After many experiments, Messrs. Straiton & Storms were convinced that no better leaf is possible anywhere in America than can be raised in Leon and Gadsden Counties, Florida, and the claim is even made that the quality will be found equal to the best Havana. The extent of their confidence in the situation is shown by their purchase of about 20,000 acres of lands in these two counties, and the equipment of their farms consists not only in the construction of large numbers of curing-barns, employees' dwellings, etc., but they have brought in a herd of 500 head of fine cattle, four car-loads of Kentucky mules, and arranged every other detail necessary to supply the wants of their army of employees. They have built a large cigar-factory at Quincy, in Gadsden County, the plant covering about six acres, employing about 1,000 hands and turning out at present about 1,000,000 cigars a month. And the capacity is still inadequate, and will be increased.

These operations and the superior quality of the Sumatra leaf now raised in Leon and Gadsden Counties have attracted the attention of manufacturers all over the country, and will be followed by other similar investments, in all probability, so that the tobacco industry bids fair to become an item of prime importance in the development and prosperity of the section. The El Provedo cigar-factory has already been established at Tallahassee, and for the past two seasons representatives of half a dozen large factories have appeared on the field to bid for the Sumatra crop of Leon and Gadsden Counties before the tobacco was taken down from the curing-shed.

The growing of plug-leaf has also shown highly satisfactory results, Mr. G. W. Saxton, president of the Leon County Leaf Tobacco Co., reporting that he has raised on twenty acres 20,000 pounds of as good tobacco as is raised in Virginia or North Carolina, and for which he gets an average of twenty-six cents a pound.

The soil throughout the section south of the "hill country" is usually a sandy loam, and contains a large percentage of lime and decayed organic matter. It is a combination of sand, phosphates, shell and vegetable matter, etc., and produces fruits and vegetables of a most delicate flavor. In the great variety, abundance and superior quality of its wild grapes, this region shows the adaptability of its soil and climate to grape culture, and figs, pecan-nuts, plums, pomegranates, blackberries, etc., are produced in profusion and to perfection.

The lands here are usually divided into two classes, hammock, or hardwood, and pine, and these into subdivisions of high and low hammock and first, second and third class pine. The high hammock are usually considered the best agricultural lands, but according to Mr. H. S. Elliott, of the Florida department of agriculture, and other authorities, they are little, if at all, superior to the best pine lands. The low hammock lands are swampy, but as they are usually near running streams, they can be inexpensively drained, and as the soil is composed of decayed vegetable matter, they are doubtless of very fertile quality.

Of the pine lands, the first-class is covered with several inches of heavy vegetable mold, beneath which, to a depth of several feet, is a brown or chocolate-colored loam, mixed with limestone and phosphate pebbles, and resting on a substratum of marl, clay or limestone. This soil is unlike that of any other state, and is remarkably fertile and wonderfully durable. According to Mr. Elliott, the second-class pine lands probably form the largest proportion of landed area. They are likewise very productive; are also usually underlaid with marl, clay or limestone, and also produce crops for years without any fertilization. The third-class lands are best adapted to the growth of fiber-producing plants.

On the hammock and first and second class pine lands are grown corn, oats, hay, cotton, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco, peanuts and all the vegetables grown in any country; also peaches, pears and other fruits equal to the best. The yield from these lands, for good farmers, is, per acre, forty bushels of corn, forty to fifty bushels of oats, 200 to 400 bushels of sweet potatoes, sixty to eighty bushels of rice, one to two tons of hay, twenty-five to forty tons of sugar-cane and 500 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Elliott has made an exhaustive inquiry into the subject of sugar production, and has issued an elaborate report on the subject. The conclusions he arrives at are of momentous importance to this section. He affirms that Wakulla, and adjoining counties having similar conditions of soil, etc., can and do produce more cane to the acre, of better quality and for less money, than any other section of the world. "Wakulla County," he says, "is peculiarly adapted to a successful culture of sugar-cane, because its elevation above sea-level is such that it is neither affected injuriously by drought, continuous rains in summer nor cold winters. Its topography is gently rolling or undulating, which prevents the collection of large quantities of water on the surface by rainfall, and facilitates ample drainage; it is well watered by fast-flowing streams, many of which can be utilized with great profit for irrigation purposes.

"In addition to the usual well-known chemical constituents, so necessary to the perfect growth of all plant life, this soil contains one element in more soluble form and in greater quantity than is found in the soil of any other state devoted to like purposes, and which is absolutely essential to perfect growth and maturity and high quality of product; that element is silica.

"The cost of growing sugar-cane in this section excels in cheapness that of any other section of the country in the world.

"It is authoritatively stated that on good new lands in Cuba, and with successful cultivation, an average yield of twenty-seven and one half tons per acre can be had for five years. On the same authority it is said that in Louisiana a good yield of plant is twenty-two tons. In South Florida the average is set down at twenty-four tons per acre. Here a yield of twenty-two tons per acre is considered small for ordinary land. As a matter of fact, first year's cleared lands yielded from

thirty-five to forty tons per acre without fertilizer."

In considering the question of fertilization, and in noting the fact that the crops are raised for so many successive years in this section without fertilizers, it is well enough to know that nature has provided an ever-present annual restorative to the soil in the shape of a rankly growing weed called desmodium, which springs up spontaneously in June of every year wherever the surface of the ground has been stirred, and by the end of the year it leaves a crop of stems, leaves and roots weighing an average of ten tons to the acre. According to Mr. Collier, of the agricultural department, there are eight pounds of potash, sixteen pounds of phosphoric acid and forty pounds of ammonia to each ton of this weed. By turning this crop under in the fall, fertilizers which, in commercial form, would be worth about \$70 to the acre, are thus secured by simply utilizing the forces of nature.

Of the towns of this part of Florida, the largest is Pensacola, a charming and prosperous city of 15,000 people, beautifully situated on Pensacola Bay. The next in size is Tallahassee, the capital of the state. Quincy is a thriving town in Gadsden County. Apalachicola, on the coast, is a quaint old place, famous for having been thirty-five years ago the third largest cotton-shipping port in the South. Its cotton trade was lost when the wide territory that had only the Chattahoochee river as a transportation highway was traversed by railroads and cotton was diverted to Savannah and other ports reached by rail.

Within the district between Tallahassee and the coast are the extensive holdings of the Clark Syndicate, whose operations have attracted wide attention for their conspicuously broad and comprehensive plans for development and colonization work.

The railroad now in operation between Carrabelle and Tallahassee will doubtless be extended to Thomasville, Georgia, which will not only give market facilities to the fine farming lands of northern Leon County, but will give Thomasville a short line to the Gulf coast, which will be extensively used for both freight and passenger business. There are seven stations along the line of the present road, some of which will become towns of some importance. The Georgia & Florida Investment Co. owns 300 square miles of land along the line of the railroad, containing over 500,000,000 feet of fine long-leaf yellow pine. It has large and very complete milling plants at McIntyre and Hilliardville.

The farming lands of the syndicate companies are adapted to a wide variety of product. They extend from within eight miles of Tallahassee well on toward the Gulf, and embrace lands on which will grow hay, corn, oats, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, tomatoes and all kinds of vegetables, rice, tobacco, cotton, sugar-cane, figs, grapes, pears, peaches, peanuts, pecans, melons, and every other kind of fruit except the tropical varieties. The plans of the company are to encourage small farmers, tracts being cut up into from five to forty acres each. These are offered at from \$5 to \$20 an acre, payable in cash, or any way, almost—five per cent down, if desired, and the balance in instalments. The liberal arrangements offered by the syndicate companies are attracting a growing number of settlers, and must result in a very large immigration movement to that section.

(To be continued.)

EXCURSIONS TO TALLAHASSEE AND THE BEAUTIFUL HILL COUNTRY OF FLORIDA.

One-way and round-trip excursions will take place from Chicago and Cincinnati on the first and third Tuesday of each month. The single fare to Tallahassee from Chicago is \$18.10; from Cincinnati, \$12.65; the round-trip fare from Chicago is \$32.80, and from Cincinnati, \$25.90. The round-trip tickets are good for 21 days. In addition to this, we have very favorable rates for round-trip excursions on which the tickets are good for a period of six months. Full particulars regarding these can be obtained by writing us. We leave Chicago over the "Monon" Route, and leave Cincinnati over the "Queen & Crescent."

If you cannot join our excursion at either Chicago or Cincinnati, go to your nearest ticket agent and get rates from him. Then if you will advise us when you leave, we will have our manager at Tallahassee meet you at the depot on your arrival. He will show you every courtesy and attention, and arrange free transportation for you over our railroad and steamship lines during your visit in Tallahassee.

People wishing to go from the East can make the trip over the Clyde Steamship Line from New York or Philadelphia, or over the Savannah Steamship Line from Boston or New York, at low excursion rates, which include meals and berth on board the steamer.

For special rates by water from these Western points address either of the steamship companies at New York, Philadelphia or Boston, or write direct to this company.

Address
CLARK SYNDICATE COMPANIES,
1013 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Smiles.

CONSOLATION.

'Tain' no matter what yoh does
Ner to whah yoh strays,
T'ings'll make yer wish dey wnz
Dif'unt, lots o' ways.
When I's done de hes' I can,
Weary ez kin be,
Wish I was some yuther man,
'Stid o' heing me.

But, when mawnin' fin's me strong,
Ready foh de day,
Strikes me dat I may be wrong,
Pinin' dat-away.
Ef folks changed aroun' so free,
Comfort might be slim;
P'raps I'd wish dat I wnz me,
'Stid o' bein' him.

—Washington Star.

THEY ALL DO IT.

THE wanderer had returned after many years, and was inquiring about his old friends.

"Brown," he said, "is in the whole-sale clothing business, I believe."

"Wholesale clothing and bicycles," corrected the native. "The firm carries a side line of bicycles, yon know."

"And Jones has a grocery-store, I'm told."
"Yes. Full line of groceries and Bull Run bicycles. He's the agent for the Bull Run wheel."

"Smith went into the manufacturing business, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes. He got interested in a sewing-machine manufactory, and a little later they took up bicycles, and are doing a rushing business. I understand they have a capacity of over a hundred wheels a day."

"And what's White doing?"
"He's the agent of a famous gunmaker, and is doing well. Sells all kinds of guns, pistols and bicycles."

"And Johnson?"
"Oh, he's a manufacturing jeweler, and he turns out a mighty good wheel, too."

"Billings, I suppose, is still in the furniture business?"

"Yes; but I understand that he turns out a better bicycle than he does desk or bureau."

The returned traveler began to betray some surprise.

"Is—is Wilson still in the livery business?" he asked, with some hesitation.

"Certainly; but he devotes most of his time to the little bicycle repair shop in the rear of his stable."

"Ah! there goes old Bones, the sexton. The old fellow is—"

"Oh, he's agent for an automatic pump for inflating tires."

"Is there any one who isn't in the bicycle business?" asked the returned traveler, sadly.

"I don't think of any one just now," replied the native.—Chicago Post.

A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

They were testing a new armor-plate. It had successfully resisted shot after shot.

"Here," said a bystander, "try this new projectile," and he tossed a cube of dark brown material to the chief gunner.

A moment later and the charge passed squarely through the wrecked armor-plate.

"Have you any more of those remarkable projectiles?" inquired the astonished ordnance officer.

"I'll see if I can get you a couple of panfuls to-morrow afternoon," replied the stranger, with a grim smile. "Saturday is the day we have 'em to burn."

"Then they are—"

"My wife's Vassar biscuits."

By a common impulse the two men, so strangely thrown together, clasped hands in cordial sympathy.

"I married a Wellesley girl myself," said the ordnance officer.

"Have one with me," feelingly remarked the stranger.

Then they turned aside and sampled a small bottle of dyspepsia tonic.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LIKE THE ANCIENT KINGS.

An old lady applied at an employment-office for a maid.

"I want a little girl between ten years and fourteen years of age who is fond of mushroom-rooms."

"Fond of mushroom-rooms?" inquired the employment agent. "That is something I never inquired about of applicants. I don't understand."

"Well, I always require it," replied the old lady. "I am very fond of mushrooms myself, and there are so many mistakes made. The idea came to me several years ago, and it was a dispensation of Providence that it did, or I would have been killed. I have my maid eat a portion of all mushrooms brought to the house before any are served to me. I have lost two excellent maids from toadstools during the past five years, and, of course, I could not think of taking the chances of eating mushrooms unless I have a maid to test them."—Washington Star.

IT NEVER FAILS.

With a ringing cheer the enemy advances to attack the intrenchments.

"Fire!" hoarsely shouted the artillery captain, and the roar of the guns responded, but without checking the steady advance of the assailants.

One piece remained undischarged.
"Why don't you fire?" demanded the captain.

"I—I don't know if it's loaded," replied the gunner.

A gleam of joy lit up the stern features of the commander.

"Then victory is ours!" he shouted, hastily applying the match.

The discharge mowed down the advancing column, and the assault was repelled.

'Twas ever thus.—Truth.

A VALUABLE NOTE.

An honest old blacksmith down in Texas, despairing of ever getting cash out of a delinquent debtor, agreed to take his note for the amount due. The debtor wished to go to a lawyer and have the document drawn up, but the knight of the anvil, who had been a sheriff in days gone by, felt fully competent to draw it up himself. This he proceeded to do, with the following result:

"On the 1st day of June I promise to pay Jeems Nite the sum of cleving dollars, and if said note be not paid on the date aforesaid, then this instrument is to be null and void and of no effect. Witness my hand, etc."—Green Bag.

NEXT.

What next? we wonder. Some crank has discovered that a bicycle can be made that will give music to the cyclist as he or she screeches along the roads, and will at the same time give the necessary warning of the cyclist's approach. A portion of the front wheel is to be fitted with musical pipes and wires, so that as the wind passes through them sweet music will be emitted. The invention may come in handy for the luckless lampless cyclist who may, by the aid of his Æolian harp, "sooth the savage breast" of the gentleman in blue.—Scottish Cyclist.

ONE AUTHOR'S SCHEME.

Hojack—"Have you heard Trenchant Penn's plan for getting that weird spelling he uses in his dialect stories?"

Tomdick—"No; what is it?"

Hojack—"He dictates his stories to his nine-year-old daughter, who ticks them off on the typewriter."—Judge.

TEACHING BY MAIL.

Uncle Sam's Postal System is daily accredited with greater achievements. One of the many important enterprises made possible by the ever increasing facilities of the mail is The Correspondence Method of Instruction, the rapid development of which attests to its value as a factor of education.

Beginning with only one branch of instruction, the correspondence school system has been adapted to one study after another until to-day it embraces a wide range of subjects. These are suited to the needs of ambitious men who have been deprived of the benefits of a regular college education, or who have lacked opportunity to master all the details of their trade. To thousands of such young men, unable to give up work or leave home to study, yet anxious to fit themselves for more advanced positions, it has proved of inestimable value. Among the subjects taught are Steam Engineering, Mechanics, Electricity, Architecture, Plumbing, Heating and Ventilating and all branches of Mining and Civil Engineering. That these subjects can be taught thoroughly and quickly by mail is proved by the steadily increasing number who take the courses each year, as well as by the satisfactory results shown in the promotion of students in their respective trades.

One school stands pre-eminent not only as having the largest contingent of students and instructors and being best equipped and most successful, but as the pioneer of the correspondence system. This is the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, Pa. This splendidly equipped institution was organized in 1891 by The Colliery Engineer Company, a concern whose financial standing enabled it to secure the best of instruction and management for every department. That success has abundantly crowned their efforts is evinced by the frequent enlargement of their quarters, additional buildings now being erected which will cost not less than \$100,000, making this one of the foremost institutions of our country.

The International Correspondence School is always glad to make its system better known, and for that purpose sends to any who may be interested, books descriptive of the way in which each subject is taught, and giving the details of study by mail. The high standard first established by the school has always been maintained, and to-day Uncle Sam smiles kindly approval upon one of the most far-reaching institutions in existence for the promotion of higher standards of excellence in science and skilled labor.

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MARY A. DENISON.

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CHAS. A. LINDSTREM.

NORMAN, NEB.
I received the picture "Christ Before Pilate," and would not part with it for \$15.00 if I did not know where to get another. I will have it suitably framed, and I will give it the best place in our parlor.
N. L. JOHNSON.

ST. CATHARINE'S ACADEMY, RACINE, WIS.
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The scene chosen for the painting is the "Judgment Hall" in the palace of Pilate, and the hour "early in the morning." Around the Governor the priests are gathered, and the high-priest, Calaphas, is accusing Christ and demanding his death. The proud and furious bigot is all alive with excitement. There is a majesty about his pose, the consciousness of power in his look and gesture, and something of dignity in the superb audacity with which he draws Pilate's attention to the execrations of the mob (who are crying out, "Crucify him!") as expressive of the national will which the Governor is bound to respect, at the same time insinuating that to let this man go will be treason to Caesar, as well as a violation of the Jewish law which demands the prisoner's death for "making himself the Son of God." Pilate is yielding to the clamor, while his conscience, aided by his wife's message warning him not to condemn that righteous man, is protesting in tones which make him tremble.

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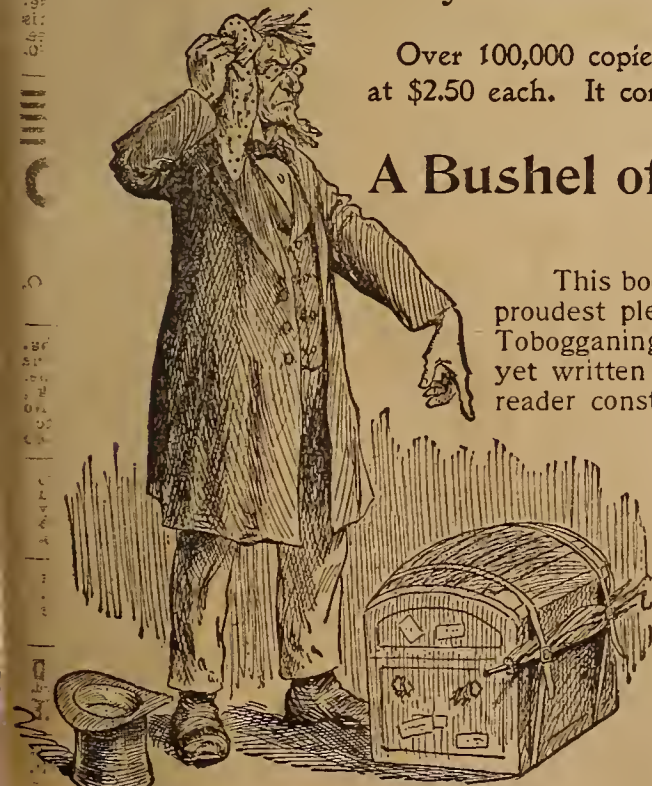
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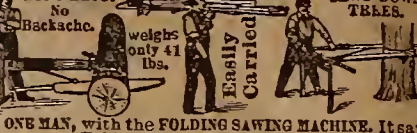
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